

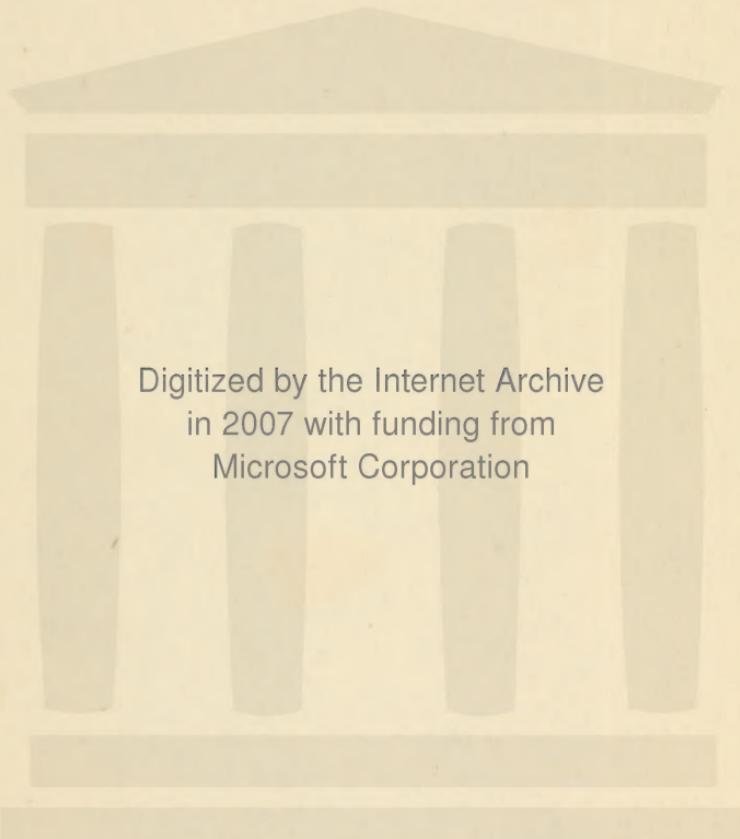
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THE MAN WHO SAVED AUSTRIA

BARON JELLAČIĆ

M. HARTLEY



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THE MAN WHO SAVED
AUSTRIA

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THE MAN WHO SAVED AUSTRIA

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF
BARON JELLAČIĆ

BY

M. HARTLEY

AUTHOR OF "A SERESHAN"

WITH 18 ILLUSTRATIONS

MILLS & BOON, LIMITED
49 RUPERT STREET
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Što Bog dade i sreča junacka.
(What God sends and a soldier's fortune.)

NOTE 1. Abbreviations of Austrian Military Titles.

F.M. = Field-Marshal.

F.M.L. (Feldmarschallieutenant) = Lieutenant-General.

F.Z.M. (Feldzeugmeister) = General of Infantry.

Inhaber = (lit. owner) Honorary Colonel.

NOTE 2.

Pronunciation—The Slav c=tz; č=ch; č=tch.

FOREWORD

I FEEL the necessity for an apology in putting this biography of a great man before the public.

Interest and enthusiasm cannot take the place of knowledge ; endeavour is not ability ; and I can lay no claim to the proud title of historian. Yet my subject is worthy of a great writer's best efforts ; the period covered is the most complex of modern times, and the setting is a country little known to English people. I do not write for the erudite Slavist—even the readers of Mr Seton Watson's most able books on Slavic questions will find my explanations unnecessary and my history too sketchy ; but those who know little of Central European politics may like to follow the career of a man whose contemporaries could write of him as “the greatest figure in Europe during these last two years” (1848–49).

My acknowledgments to the friends who have helped me with this book are heart-felt.

Professor Friedjung's kind counsel put me further on the road which his own excellent histories had shown me.

In Zagreb, I have to thank Herr von Bojničić, of the Archives, and Herr Braunschmitt, of the Akademie des Wissenschaft, for unending kindness and help.

But, beyond all, I owe a debt of gratitude to the Gräfin von Jellačić, and I must beg these ladies to accept, as a small return for all their goodness, this memorial, though it is an unworthy one, of their great uncle, the hero-Ban.

M. HARTLEY.

April 1912.

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THE MAN WHO SAVED AUSTRIA

1801-1810

CHAPTER I

THE BEGINNING OF A CENTURY

“Who thinks aright, proving and seeking it,
With God’s help for his good sword,
Is not perplexed what the result may be,
For his desire is all his honour’s crown.”

Motto of the Jellačić family.

THERE is a theory that centuries must needs begin and end in storm and strife, as though the waves of time gathered themselves to a wild effort when they surged over the man-made division. Certainly there is no more stormy period in history than that of the ending eighteenth and commencing nineteenth centuries, with its colossal transitional figure of Napoleon “heaving new worlds towards the day.” In this battle of the giants, names fling themselves upon our minds with a shock of acknowledged greatness, and a host of recollections. Wellington, Nelson, and Pitt for England; while Talleyrand, and all the wondrous group of soldiers called to leadership by the supreme genius, stand against her in France. Austria can hardly boast a great general; but, in January 1801, a rising young diplomatist

received his first charge, and Clement Nepomuc Wenceslas, Count Metternich, entered upon the struggle and triumph of his life: so long before the days when his name was a sign to men of unyielding hidebound opposition to progress.

This year of 1801 was full of important events throughout Europe. The First Consul of France drew towards the height of his power when he saw Cobentzl, the Austrian envoy, sign the "terrible" Treaty of Lunéville, and the check given by Nelson's "glorious day" of Copenhagen was counterbalanced by the preliminaries of the Peace of Amiens, when exhausted England cried truce for a breathing-space. In the north it was memorable as the year of Czar Paul's murder, when the mystic, impressionable Alexander mounted the bloody throne of Russia. The new Czar was to be a strong influence on the future, and a hastener of the "day of deliverance" for which Europe was beginning to long. He was to become the best ally that Franz II. of the Holy Roman Empire, soon to be Franz I. of Austria alone, would find in the struggle which humbled the Hapsburgs' pride so sorely before it ended triumphantly in 1815.

Apart from these great events, the 16th October 1801 saw the birth of the child whose history we are about to follow, the man who made so deep a mark in the annals of his country.

In the fortress of Peterwardein, to the general-commanding, F.M.L. Baron Franz Jellačić von Bužim, and his wife, was born their eldest son. He was christened Joseph, and here let me say that in writing of Slav people I shall use their own spelling of surnames, and the more familiar version of translatable Christian names. "Iellatschich" may

approximate the sound to English ears, but it is a clumsy form with no meaning, while "Franje" and "Josip" seem pedantic when they may be replaced by the well-known "Franz" and "Joseph."

Genealogy is notoriously wearisome, yet it is necessary to know something of the hereditary feeling which partially forms a character.

The family of Jellačić, then, belongs to the class of Croat nobles which, for some two hundred years, has given officers to the Frontier regiments. The title "von Bužim" points to some Bosnian origin or achievement, as Bužim is a ruined castle not far from Bihač on the Bosnian border; but history is silent in the matter.

Baron Franz was born at Petrinja in 1746, and, through his mother, a Knesević, he was closely allied to another famous family of warriors. His portrait at middle age would make him appear a somewhat prim and heavy-faced gentleman, not distinguishable from many other soldiers of his time, but his history tells us briefly all that the painter has not seen. Just before his seventeenth birthday he entered into the 1st Banal regiment, and served in it for nine years, until in 1772 he became captain, in 1783 major, and in 1789 lieutenant-colonel. His first serious feat of arms was in 1790, when the Turks assaulted the block-house of Lijubina with great force. In September 1791 he was promoted to the Ogulin frontier regiment, and on 1st May 1794, as colonel, he took command of the sharpshooters' corps in the army of the Rhine. As in so many other cases, the great struggle with France changed the simple soldier's career into that of a hero. On the frontier, Franz Jellačić might have lived and died unknown, save by the Turks he harried and

the men he led. But, a man over fifty, trained in the good school of the Turkish border, he seized his chances and won honours which even the history-books, those graves of reputations, must mention. On 15th May 1794, at Wüllen, he beat back the enemy from a strong position, and on the 23rd he showed equal gallantry in retreat and rallied his men by his example. The names of other fights follow fast—Meissenheim (8th December 1794); St Wendel on the Blies (31st May 1796), where he took 8 officers and 200 men prisoners; and the battles of Wurzburg and Aschaffenburg, where he led the van. He was promoted to be major-general in February 1797. Besides constant fighting, those years contained the romance of his life; for, between the calls to boot and saddle, he wooed and won Anna, Baroness Portner von Höflein, a Bavarian lady, nearly thirty years his junior and in every way fit to be the wife and mother of heroes. Her portrait, which hangs by that of her husband, shows her to be a dark, slender woman with a vivacious face and marvellous brown eyes. The tale of her courtship during those stormy days, of her marriage at Schweinfurth, and of her devotion to her soldier husband, is remarkable, even in a time when the bride had so often to be “left at the altar.”

In command of a brigade, Franz Jellačić was next sent to Italy to be beaten by Mässena, but the defeat was soon retrieved at Feldkirch, in Tirol, where “three Croat regiments held back Napoleon’s army.” That crowning achievement must be told in a little detail. Mässena, in Switzerland, desired to force a passage through Tirol to co-operate with Jourdain’s troops on the upper Danube. Oudinot

was chosen for the work, and soon found himself, literally, in a tight place among the mountains. Jellačić held the only passage, the narrow valley of the Ill facing Vorarlberg, and Oudinot's three furious attacks were in vain. The last attempt, on 23rd March 1799, was attended with such slaughter, as the French tried to cross the Ill under a rain of bullets, that Oudinot, his force lessened by 3000 men, gave up "the ungrateful task." Mássena commended his energy, and soon after he became general of division, so that his defeat was recognised as no disgrace.

On 6th April, Franz Jellačić received the red and white decoration which the Austrian soldier prizes as an Englishman does the order which bears his great Queen's name—the Cross of Maria Theresa, for conspicuous service in the field.

Next year came the interval of peace, and it must have been indeed a blessing to Fieldmarshal-lieutenant von Jellačić and his wife to have a breathing-space for family life at last.

The name of a great fortress calls up innumerable recollections of attack and defence; for the strong place, especially if guardian of a frontier, is bound to have a stormy, romantic history. Peterwardein, on the southern line of Hungary, in Slav country, close to the Danube and not far from the Theiss, is a name which takes one back to the days of the Turkish wars and "Prinz Eugen, der edler Ritter." St John of Capistrano, soldier, churchman, and leader against the infidel, is buried there; and a book would hardly contain the history of who took, who lost, who defended, and who abandoned the great grim pile that rises, defensible still, beyond the bridge over wide Danube. There, and at

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Karlstadt, a little town in the Croat border-country, Baron Franz spent four years—a happy period, during which two boys and a girl were born to him.

1805 saw the beginning of a most disastrous campaign—the one that culminated in the Kaiserschlacht of Austerlitz.

In September Baron Franz took command of 21 battalions and 6 squadrons at Innsbruck in Tirol, with the object of covering Mack's left flank. But all the autumn, ill-judgment and indecision dogged the footsteps of the Austrian generals and led to reverses. Mack, more anxious that Napoleon should not think ill of his generalship than to win battles, found Ulm indefensible, and incontinently surrendered to Ney. Jellačić, coming up with reinforcements, found himself too late, and could only make his way back to Vorarlberg with some loss. Meanwhile, a gleam of success had shone on the Austrians in Italy, where the Archduke Karl was in command. In three days of obstinate fighting near Verona, he had beaten back Mâssena; but, on receipt of the bad news from the north, the weakness of the man came out. The Archduke was an able commander, the best general that Austria then possessed; but he was subject to terrible fits of nervous depression, and at such times, his initiative and judgment altogether forsook him. Now, he gave up his hardly-won advantage, and proposed the evacuation of both Italy and Tirol, giving orders that the different forces were to join him on the banks of the Tagliamento. Jellačić soon found that, cut off as he was with his small force, it would be impossible to attempt the march south. He called a council of war, and it was decided to capitulate. On the 14th November he

surrendered to Augereau, received the honours of war, and was allowed to proceed to Bohemia with his 4000 men. He saw no more service for three years, and in 1807 his youngest son, Anton, was born.

The Archduke's whole plan failed lamentably, for Rohan, after an adventurous march almost to Venice, had to give up his sword to St Cyr.

Pitt, indeed, had some reason for his bitter saying: "These gentlemen of Vienna are always behindhand by just one thing—an idea, a year, or an army!"

Austerlitz followed, the end of the Holy Roman Empire followed, Napoleon distributed kingdoms and ruled Europe as he chose; and then began the last stage, the downward path, plain to us now, though not so clear to the men writhing in the conqueror's grip.

1809 marked the turning-point, though the Emperor of France seemed still at the zenith of his power. In January was fought the battle of Corunna, and in July the field of Talavera showed that English arms in Spain were paving the way to lasting success; in March the desperate rising in Tirol was not all heroism thrown away, as it appeared at the time; and the summer campaign in Austria, though it ended in another occupation of Vienna, proved the French troops not invincible, and broke through that hopeless awe with which ordinary men had surrounded the Corsican's name. Loss of time and the Archduke Karl's nervous horror of Napoleon led to disaster in Bavaria, and there is a story which may be retold here as bringing in a name to be well known later. Radetsky, even then in command, impatient of fruitless marchings

and contradictory orders, sent to the Archduke's quartermaster-general the curt demand: "In God's name, what is our plan?" And the answer came back: "Plan? Plan? What do you want with a plan? We will march on the enemy with 148,000 men and beat him. That is the plan."

Nevertheless, after the defeat of Abensberg, the Archduke Karl rallied before Vienna, and, with great personal gallantry, led his stubborn troops in the bloody drawn battle of Aspern. This was the last campaign of Franz Jellačić's life. He was in command of a division of 10,000 men at Salzburg, with orders to march on Munich when operations began and join the army of the Archduke Johann. No great success was gained, for bad commissariat arrangements hampered their movements. Wounded and worn out with the long strain of a life spent in the field, Jellačić retired with his pension as F.M.L. and the honour of being made "Inhaber" of the infantry regiment 62, later Tursky. He died, aged sixty-three, at Szala Apáthy in Hungary, on 4th February 1810, and the example and memory of such a father must have played a considerable part in moulding the character of his sons, children though they were when he left them.

CHAPTER II

CROATIA AND THE FRONTIER SYSTEM

*“Si par virtuti Slavis fortuna fuisse
Orbis adoravet slavica sceptrum tremens.”*—FRENZEL.

IT will be as well here to give some description of the little country whose fortunes, in those of her great son, we are about to follow. To the ordinary mind, the words “Croat” and “fighter” are almost synonymous, and a consideration of natural conditions will show why the Austrian Empire has always found its best fighting men—the simple born soldiers who make the backbone of armies—in the land between the Drave and the mountains, between Bosnia and Carniola.

“Antemurale Europæ, contra immanissimum nominis christiani hostem” ran the title of Croatia after 1389, and the beating back of the Moslem hordes was for centuries her incessant work. By her position she was the bulwark of Christianity, and the women who bore their children in a perpetual armed camp saw them grow into soldiers as inevitably as the mill-hand brings little mechanics into the world. Back to the dawn of history, the Croat branch of the Slav race had lived hardly and fought for existence. They had struggled with Avars, Longobards, Franconians, Saxons, and Germans; allied with Hungary, they had beaten off a Mongol

invasion; and against Hungary they had upheld their independence, until, in 1712, the National Diet of Zagreb accepted the Pragmatic Sanction, and Croatia, with special rights and privileges, became part of the Magyar kingdom under the Hapsburgs.

For the most part it is a mountainous country, and where wide open districts spread before one, they are plateaux, borne high on the shoulders of the hills and swept by all the winds of heaven. Only the course of the two great rivers make some alluvial plain. Save and Drave wind slow and wide through reeds and meadows, and are the waterways that lead to the great Danube road of commerce with the East. No wonder that Mother Save lives close to the popular mind in such songs as the following:—

“Sava, Sava, silver river, art thou murmuring? Art thou sad? Is not thy water sweet? Do not weep, pale river, while we are young as flowers. . . . O Sava, our glory, how the woods resound with the shouts of boys, happy as angels. Quiet night, thou hearest us with joy, as we tell our songs to the Sava. Sing, brothers! Let it resound, that hearts call to us rejoicing.”

In the space between the Save and Drave lie the districts of the Sljema, Zagoria, and the wooded heights where legend places the cradle of the Croat race. Indeed, I think there can hardly be a view in all Croatia not bounded by a blue line of hills, unless, standing on the Drave bank, one looks across towards the Hungarian plain. The river is an obvious, natural frontier; for, beyond it, the face of the country changes as much as the dress of the inhabitants. The rich, flat, heavily-cropped land has no more in common with wooded, hilly, barren Croatia than the long-horned Hungarian

oxen have with the tiny cattle that roam the oak-woods, or the big-hatted Magyars with the round-capped Croats.

It is not for the riverine country, fascinating though its ditches full of meadow-sweet, and its red-and-white clad peasants may be, that some of us love Croatia. To those who worship the beech as queen of trees, who call a stake and wattle fence "tinnent," and who see in each grey outcrop of limestone a possible cromlech, the uplands of the Granica will appeal with a sure spell. It is all on a bigger scale than our little stretch of the Welsh border, for there are uncounted miles of beech-woods, harbouring bear and wolf as well as fox and badger; there are stretches of bleak rocky waste, houseless so far as the eye can see; and there are the towering crags of the Velebit in place of rounder Welsh hills. More poignant than anything to be found under grey English skies is it to come suddenly on that garland of jewels, Kozjak and her sister lakes, turquoise and emerald and amethyst tarns linked by the silver spray of cascades, while, deep-hidden under the great beeches, one can sit on a fallen tree and wait, in the waterfall-haunted silence, until the roe shuffle softly up to look at the stranger, and the kite screams a note of inquiry from the blue above the flickering green canopy. A country of very scattered population, the "great houses" are few and far between. Now and then the ruined wall of a Frangipani castle crowns a crag, occasionally old stones have been used for a present dwelling with a cluster of black cottage roofs round it, and the little towns are busy with the timber-trade; but the whole effect is one of a poor country, and the big fair men, and strong,

ox-eyed, Hera-like women look still what they have always been—a fighting race.

That is Croatia to-day: opening to commerce, proud of the fine university at Zagreb, enthusiastically national and full of the pressing questions of future development.

In the beginning of the nineteenth century the political situation was very different, though the genius of the nation has changed singularly little during these hundred years.

Many races and communities have evolved their own systems of government, differing from those of the great world-known powers; and Croatia, from disposition and necessity, produced a law of life peculiarly suited to her circumstances, and so remarkable for its simple efficiency that it deserves a few words of explanation.

The fundamental principle of Slav life is, as M. Cyprien Robert avers, the inviolability of the paternal home. The head of each family is absolute lord of the hearth and clan, and, consequently, each commune forms itself into a little commonwealth, a true republic. When it became necessary to face an ever-present foe—the Turk—the Croat communities organised themselves into a system of defence, out of which was formed what is known to all students of Austrian history as the Military Frontier. It was an association strictly military as communal, and the Slav disposition made it easy for the generals of the Empire to rule these regimental districts as though the country were in truth a perpetual camp of war.

When the great blow was struck at the Empire by Napoleon, and the Illyrian provinces were wrested from Austria in 1809, Marshal Marmont

was sent as governor, and his evidence as to the state of Croatia is not the least interesting part of his delightful *Mémoires*.

Illyria, then, extended for 230 leagues from north to south. It included "Lientz and Lillion in Tirol, Villach in Carinthia, Carniola, Goritzia, Trieste, Croatia civil and military up to the right bank of the Save, Istria, Fiume, Dalmatia, Ragusa, and the Bocche di Cattaro: two million inhabitants of various nationalities, with all the very diverse laws and organisation necessary for military Croats, Triestine merchants, gentlemen of Carniola, miners of Idria and Bleiberg, and the sailors of the Coast."

In 1806 Dalmatia had been absorbed by France, and Marmont, as governor of that important coastline of the Adriatic, had beaten the Russian Admiral Siniavin out of the gulf of Cattaro, and thence, coming north, had occupied Ragusa and begun the settlement of the new territory. In justification of his methods, he quotes a Dalmatian saying: "The Austrians for eight years discussed plans for roads without making them; Marmont mounted his horse to get them done, and when he dismounted they were done."

When war broke out again in 1808, the French marshal did a deed which was characteristic of his service and type—a deed which, as he freely acknowledges, embarrassed him later. A piece of land on the left of the Unna (the Bosnian border) had been ceded by Constantinople to Austria in 1791, and the Bosnian begs still protested against the Croat occupation of it. It must not be forgotten that a Bosnian Turk is Slav by race and Moslem by religion, owning scant allegiance to the temporal power at Constantinople.

Marmont's plans demanded that his advance by Zermagna should be unchecked, so he secretly encouraged the begs to raid these almost defenceless Croat outposts. The scheme succeeded admirably, for General Stoïsević had to send two battalions to protect the remaining inhabitants of the border, and, in the absence of these Austrian troops, the French entered Croatia unopposed. That part of the great campaign of 1808-9 went against Austria, though General Knesević, kin to the Jellačić family, gave Marmont trouble among the swamps of Ottoschatz. In July 1809 came the terrible battles of Aspern and Wagram, and then, as we have seen, Napoleon gave his newly-won Illyria into the worthy hands of the marshal who had fought so much there. The first work was to establish peace, for, even then, in November 1809, General Knesević, a true Croat in not knowing when he was beaten, was blockading the towns of Dalmatia and rousing the people to their old allegiance. This last hopeless resistance was soon quelled, and there began the settlement which shows whether or not the conqueror can hold his conquest.

Perhaps the most amazing feature of Napoleon's career was the way he flung his men into executive saddles with a sure hand for the right horse and rider. The first trial of Marmont's governorship showed how fitted he was for his place. The affair of the Bosnian raid now took a new complexion for him. When he had instigated it, the Croats had been enemies; now they were his own folk, to be protected against the aggression of their Moslem neighbours and racial brothers. The French consul at Travnik, David, had been the instrument in the former intrigue with the begs, and it is hardly

surprising that he did not understand his chief's present intentions. "He behaved badly, and backed the Turks," says the Marshal, "but justice to the Croats was now a vital matter to me."

In pursuit of this justice, messages were sent to Constantinople demanding the restitution of the invaded territory. Both Turkish slowness and Bosnian independence made the embassies of no effect: the Pasha promised freely, but nothing was done. A marshal of Napoleon was not apt to be patient at delay. Marmont gathered a little force of his new subjects—about 4000 men, 800 horse, and 20 pieces of ordnance—at Sluin, entered into communication with the Turkish captains at Isachich, got no satisfaction, waited a month until they fancied his words were only bluff, and then, on a sudden, attacked their headquarters. The fight only cost him five men, and, master of the position, his next orders were thoroughly appreciated by his Croats. They were told to sack and burn the little town of Isachich, as an example to insolent Turks for the future. The Marshal himself slept at the best house in the place, and when he came out of it next morning, he found ten Croats waiting, torches in hand, like children eager to begin the final bonfire.

Needless to say, his people's hearts were won, for they recognised that this was a general who understood the rough justice and fierce vengeance of the border folk. The further march to Bihač was a joyful spring pilgrimage. On the hills above that pretty spot, where the Unna makes a green thread through the barren land, a battery was placed, and word was sent to the Turkish commandant that hostilities would cease when justice was obtained.

The Turks recognised their master, for Captain Hadji-Ali came to the camp so sure of the usual consequences of surrender that he said to the interpreter: "Nicoletto, tell me frankly and truly, for I have enough courage to bear it, *does* the Marshal want my head?"

Marmont was graciously pleased to be merciful, and the written guarantee that the stolen land should be restored was gladly given by the relieved captain. The frontier posts were replaced, the Croat regiments of Ogulin and Ottoschattz returned to their quarters, and peace was established all along the border. After this show of power, all went well, and Marmont's name was great in the land. The Turks said the Croats had "taken French skins," and Bosnian mothers scolded their children with "Be quiet, or Marmont will come!"

So far as Croatia was concerned, the Marshal knew the way to manage his subjects, and though the heavy taxes consequent on Napoleon's exorbitant demands kept Illyria, as a whole, backward and poor, the Military Frontier had no cause to complain of alteration or hardship in its people's mode of life. The roadmaking, paid by food in a year of famine, went on with a swift determination truly Roman; a sanitary cordon was drawn along the Turkish frontier; while, at the same time, the commerce with the East was encouraged and protected. The state of public safety became such that money could be left on the open ways without fear of a thief, and the last brigands' corpses hung on trees by the roadsides. In spite of all this, there was a feeling of constant anxiety in the French minds as to the loyalty of their new subjects. General Knesević had saved what he could of his

fighting force by taking part of the 2nd Banal Regiment across the Save into Austrian territory, and these men now demanded their rights of property in their native districts, and proceeded to enforce their demands in the usual Croat manner. Marmont resisted, not on the grounds of invasion of French territory, but as a matter of disobedience to the law of the country. In military Croatia no individual had land ; collective families alone were proprietors, and the chief of each administered the revenue. No chief could sell part of his property without consent of his colonel ; and when a family was extinct, the property returned to the Emperor, for it was only held by right of military service rendered. Therefore, the men of the Banal had legally abandoned their land, and "military Croatia being different to other places," the Marshal's reasoning was approved. Petty disturbances on the Save frontier never ceased, but the people of the Granica appreciated the governor, who toured their country constantly, gave them the personal privileges a simple folk enjoy, made roads and did justice, all without delay, and with due regard for their ancient customs. On his side, Marmont writes to Paris from Karlstadt : "The *régime* of military Croatia is a master-work in all ways. I cannot sufficiently praise the force and value of its arrangements. It is certainly one of the best things that the moderns have instituted. . . . All holds together in this system which was slowly established in an obstinate people and is at the base of all their institutions. . . . To multiply officials would mean anarchy, for these men's intelligence is not sufficient to conceive reports : to obey and command, that is the sphere of their conception. But, if the power is

concentrated and in military form, there are plenty of precautions against its abuse, and the splendid results are that the Croats, vowed to service and belonging entirely to the State, are so happy and contented that they would certainly abandon their homes and go to Austria if menaced with a change. . . . The legal procedure is simple. There is one tribunal to each company ; that is, seventy-two for the six regiments. This tribunal is paternal and one of conciliation as much as justice. The captain of each company, a lieutenant, two under-officers named in turn, and two privates chosen in the same way, form a session which meets once a week to decide disputes. If one of the disputing parties is dissatisfied, he appeals, and the matter goes before the regimental tribunal. Now it is supposed that the affair is obscure, and so a man of the law, an auditor, must judge it, with twenty officers as witnesses. Although the auditor is a lawyer, he carries the uniform and rank of a soldier, because no one without a military uniform and title would be respected in Croatia. Only in the rarest cases is there an appeal from his decision, and such an appeal, under Austrian rule, was taken to the Head Administration at Agram (Zagreb), and for this work we must establish a Civil Court at Karlstadt. Criminal causes go before a council of war presided over by the major, and composed of superior officers with a certain number of under-officers and men, and instructed as to procedure by the auditor. In cases of public danger, such as revolt, the death sentence, approved by the colonel, is executed at once : in all other cases it must be confirmed by a Court of Appeal composed of the auditors. . . . Croatia ought not to be considered as a province,

but as a camp, and the population as an army having with it the means of recruiting women, children, and old men. It is a Tartar horde, which, instead of living in tents, lives in cabins, instead of existing by flocks and herds alone, cultivates the fields; but it is an organised horde, disciplined, happy, and progressing rapidly towards civilisation (for the military law is applied to husbandry by the chiefs) and, at the same time, it furnishes the Emperor with an army of 16,000 men, brave, fine, educated, drilled, and always ready to march. . . . If the present system is preserved, I undertake to make the Croats better troops than the best Germans, and, if the system is changed the risk is great, for the spirit of the people would also change."

The higher administration of the Frontier under Austrian rule was carried out by brigade-commissioners, the commander-in-chief resident at Zagreb and the general commanding in Croatia, who corresponded with the Frontier section of the War Office at Vienna.

A way in which the French occupation of five years may have influenced the life of Croatia was the sending of some two hundred lads to be educated in France. The Emperor of Austria had long established the custom of educating some of the sons of his Croat officers, and Marmont only amplified this scheme. It was one of great benefit to the boys, for, as he says: "Almost all Croat soldier-families are poor, and the classes are not divided into noble and bourgeois; there are only peasants and soldiers, officers and under-officers, serving or retired."

Whether all this changed the life of the Border or no, the spirit of the Napoleonic era, doubtless,

gave a remarkable impulse to that desire for unity in the Slav race which is still slowly developing. The foundation of schools everywhere roused the faculties of the young people, and it was the French editors of the *Télégraphe officiel des provinces illyriennes* who began to collect folk-songs, and plant the germ of Croat and Slovène literature.

Perhaps their nascent hope and aim is best expressed by the Slovène poet Vodnik in his most popular ode, "The Awakening of Illyria."

—“Napoleon said: ‘Arouse thee, Illyria!—She woke, she sighed, ‘Who calls me to the light?’

O great hero, is it thou that callest me? Thou givest me thy powerful hand, thou raisest me up.

What shall I give thee? I look around and scarcely can I recognise my children.

Where are Mesula and Terpo, my towns? Emon and Kardona, scarcely do I know you! . . .

. . . Then came the Frank, the Goth we call the German, and Illyria in the shade lay forgotten.

For fourteen centuries the moss covered her. To-day Napoleon orders her to rise from the dust.

The Greek and Latin called her Illyria, but all her sons call her Slavonia.

The citizen of Ragusa, the coast-man, the man of Cattaro, of Goritzia, of Pokupa,—all in the ancient tongue are called Slavs.

. . . She will be glorious, I dare to hope it. A miracle is preparing, I predict it.

Napoleon penetrates to the Slovène; he flings an entire generation to the ground.

Resting one hand on the Gaul, I stretch forth the other to aid Greece.

At the head of Greece is Corinth, in the centre of Europe is Illyria.

They call Corinth the eye of Greece; Illyria will be the jewel of the world!”

1809-1819

CHAPTER III

METTERNICH AND HIS MASTER

“*Justitia Regnorum Fundamentum.*”—*Motto of Franz I. of Austria.*

THE foregoing chapter may be considered extraneous, but the tale of Marmont's dealings with the frontiersmen has been used to give an idea of the people and the habits of the country; while the passion for nationality and unity which first found voice in Vodnik's poetry became a factor whose importance can hardly be overstated. The secret of the Croat character seems to me to lie in that mixture of savagery and kindness, wild love of freedom, and simple obedience to a chosen leader which the Napoleonic general used so skilfully.

It was this devotion to their nationality which, in later years, made his people remember so proudly that Joseph Jellačić was all Croat by family and birthplace, and that the 16th October 1801 was the thirtieth anniversary of the birth of that hero of Serbs, Czerny Georg.

Before his death, Baron Franz did one great service for his eldest son. The little boy showed his military leaning at a very early age: “His first book was the *Iliad*, and his first plaything a sword,” we are told.

There was one very natural request that a retired general with small fortune could make to his

Emperor, so, in 1809, father and son travelled to Vienna for an interview with "good Kaiser Franz."

The Emperor was easy of access, for his custom, which is observed with modifications still, was to hold public audiences twice a week. It was only necessary to write the applicant's name and request a few days before, and anyone with a just cause was admitted to receive counsel from the kind, gentle man, whose dignified simplicity must have been very soothing to his anxious subjects. Kaiser Franz might have many failings as a ruler, but he succeeded in being a true father to his people, and never was king more loved and sustained through the awful troubles of his early reign to the peace of later years. All sorts of folk crowded the tapestried rooms of the old Burg, on the audience-days, and each came away from his Emperor's bureau comforted or satisfied. Men would say, in moments of great distress: "I will go to the Emperor about it," as if the audience were a panacea for all ills. Innumerable tales were told of the Emperor's simplicity and kindness of heart, little stories that all loved to hear, and which showed the relation between sovereign and people. For instance, once when walking with his aide-de-camp near Hietzing, he met a poor man's funeral followed only by the priest.

"He goes too lonely," said the Emperor, "let us follow"; and he walked to the cemetery and stood bare-headed to throw the first clod of earth over his humble subject's coffin.

There was no difficulty, then, for Baron Franz to face in approaching the Emperor for whom he had fought so long, and little doubt as to the result of a

request that Imperial interest might be taken in his son's education.

We have already seen that many sons of Croat officers received their military training at the Emperor's expense, but Pepi Jellačić was granted more than that.

The eight-year-old boy brought up in wild quiet country places must have felt tremendous awe when the narrow streets closed round him and the mighty pile of the Hofburg opened its doors to receive him : awe which culminated when, up the wide stairs and through the high anterooms, he walked at his father's side into the plainly furnished study where the tall, thin man with his high, narrow forehead and gentle eyes was sitting. Then the Emperor asked questions—the simple puzzles which all kind elders put before small boys—and something in his face gave little Pepi back his natural courage, for he answered so quickly and shrewdly that the thin mouth above him widened to a smile.

It was a most satisfactory interview. Baron Franz went away with his son's future assured, and the boy had a life-long recollection of a pat on the head, and the quaint, kind address hoping that "my dear little Jellačić" would like life at the Theresianum.

For it was to the great nobles' school of Maria Theresa that the Emperor proposed to send his protégé.

In those days the fortifications round the Innere Stadt had not been entirely demolished and made into the broad Ringstrasse, where now the incessant trams and motors whirr. Vienna was, therefore, more plainly divided into town and suburbs than it is to-day, though even yet the gardens by the little

river Wien seem to make the districts beyond a separate city. Across the Wien, down the noisy Favoritenstrasse, one is struck by the severe lines of a great building rising above modern houses on the left. There are two big doorways, surmounted by a Latin inscription and a coat-of-arms upheld by two lions; and, looking through the main entrance, one can see the trees and green walks of a garden, large indeed for this place in the midst of bustling streets. The Favorita palace, as your guide-book will tell you, was converted into a school for the sons of nobles under the auspices of those presiding deities of Austrian institutions, Maria Theresa and Joseph II., and is called, therefore, the Theresianum. In 1783 the Collegium Nobilium of Brunn was incorporated with it, and the joint institutions can boast a long list of famous pupils. When Radetsky learnt his lessons at Brunn, the "knightly exercises" of riding, dancing, and fencing received special attention, while "as much literature, history, heraldry, genealogy, and elementary diplomacy as a noble needed" formed the main part of the curriculum. By the time that Joseph Jellačić came under the almost monastic discipline, the preparation for either a civil or military career was a little more modern and complete, and included all the usual studies of classics, mathematics, and languages.

Of the effect of life in the capital, yet bounded by those high college walls, on the impressionable boy, we can only guess. That he was a highly-strung, quick-minded lad we know, and the influence of his mother's gentle poetic temperament was apparent in him from his earliest years. Baroness von Jellačić had established herself in a little house at Kurilovač



KAI SER FRANZ GIVING PRIZES.

in the Turopolje, the flat district beyond the Save, not far from Zagreb, where the gipsies still love to camp, and there, in very great simplicity, she brought up her three boys and little daughter. From her, undoubtedly, her eldest son inherited that gift of speech which he used magnificently in later years—a gift which was so apparent during his school-days that his instructors actually prepared him to be a jurist. But it was to sword and horse that his mind always turned, to military history, preferably ancient, and to everything concerning his hereditary profession of arms. When he had finished what was called the “philosophical course,” he spoke to his relative, Baron Knesević, so strongly on the subject that the kind general went to the Emperor to beg permission that the boy should be given a commission in his regiment, the 3rd Dragoons. At the time, so soon after the peace of 1815, no promotion was to be had in the army, commissions were almost impossible to obtain, and any advancement was most uncertain. Nevertheless, the Kaiser granted the request in consideration of the lad’s marked abilities.

The director of the Theresianum, Herr Bruckner, a Triestine, and a man beloved by all, called young Jellačić to him and determined to try him a little.

“Your wish is fulfilled,” he said, “and you can enter the army; but, as there is no promotion to be had, will you serve as a dragoon private?”

The assent was so joyful and immediate that no further evidence of the boy’s real desire was necessary.

“Well, I see you have a true vocation for the career you have chosen,” said the director, with a smile; “so I’m glad to say you have been nominated lieutenant, after all.”

Later, when Kaiser Franz himself was giving the prizes at the Academy, Herr Bruckner, still meditating on his favourite's future, observed : "It is a pity that a young man of such great intellectual promise should be intended for the profession of a soldier."

The Emperor, knowing very clearly how much the boy had dared to accomplish his design, answered, smiling at the anxious director : "The government of every country needs clever heads, but Jellačić will do best where his irresistible vocation leads him."

Ten years, from eight to eighteen, bridge the gap between child and youth, and those ten years from 1809 to 1819 made tremendous changes in the history of Austria.

Our grandfathers counted time as before or after the Peace, and I suppose that none of us can realise without an effort all that the thunder of Waterloo meant to the world. When the soldier-work was over, the politicians' task began, and Wellington, Blücher, and the rest stood on one side, while Metternich took up the threads in his delicate hands, and wove webs across the green tables which lasted for thirty years. The game of "Congresses," something like that of "Arbitration," which we play at so happily to-day, was a pleasant occupation and a display of the powers of the politicians of all nations at whist and patience. Prince Metternich excelled at both, and if the Congress of Vienna, which settled the map of Europe in 1815, was his *chef-d'œuvre*, the meetings at Aix-la-Chapelle (1818), Carlsbad and Vienna (1819), to say nothing of many later, were proofs of Talleyrand's dictum : "Austria is the House of Peers to Europe" for the ultimate settlement of international affairs.

Very many volumes have been written about Prince Metternich, and we believe that we can now look back far enough to judge him correctly. Perhaps, even yet, we do not make sufficient allowances for his circumstances, or perhaps the figure seems to us a strangely small one when the robes of legend are pulled away. There is the monstrous shape of iron-handed malevolence which the Italian patriots (our chief authorities in England on Austrian affairs) have made of the man they used as a peg on which to hang all their just grievances, and there is the diabolically correct man of the world, with his fine taste and love of feminine chatter hiding ruthless cynicism, which some romancers have given us. And between those figures, stands Metternich of his own memoirs, the lover of the just mean, the adorer of the commonplace, and the wronged, misunderstood hero of order and justice which Princess Mélanie's diary would make her husband to appear. A composite portrait which no brief characterisation and no pretty or savage epigram can convey. Perhaps, treating of his political career alone, one could call him "a maker of perfect theories in writing, theories which altogether failed in practice," but that would leave out much both of positive good and bad that he did for his country. He must remain a many-sided, half-hidden personality, a charming portrait by Lawrence of an over-refined aristocrat, and the ogre who sat listening to Rossini making music, while he sent the maestro's fellow-countrymen to the torture of the Spielburg for singing a patriotic song.

"What a voice!" cried Princess Metternich, when Prince Belgioioso, lately returned from exile, sang to her at Milan.

"And what a loss for music," said Belgioioso, "if your husband had hung me!"

We may wonder whether the Prince's own saying was true:—

"My lot is laid in an abominable period," he complained. "I was born either too soon or too late, and in the present time I am good for nothing. I ought to have been born in 1900 with the twentieth century before me."

Yet he acknowledges: "Heaven placed me by a man who was created for me. The Emperor Franz never wastes words; he knows what he wants, and desires always what my duty leads me to desire."

Those glorious days of Kaiser Franz's long reign were looked back to wistfully by many an Austrian of the old school, when the unrest of the '30's began to boil into the storms of the roaring '40's.

After 1815 Vienna revived from the terrible shock of the Napoleonic occupations, and attained her greatest fame as a capital. Paris was broken, uneasy, impoverished; London was still but a manufacturing centre; and Vienna shone with all the glory of the art, literature, and science of the time. Her university gained a world-wide reputation, no composer thought his work of value until it had been produced in the Kaiserstadt, Grillparzer and other native dramatists made the theatre of Burg rival the *Comédie Française*, and celebrated people of all nationalities gathered to make the Viennese season brilliant. Everyone agreed as to the gaiety and charm of society, and even that ultra-particular traveller, Lord Dudley, in the *Letters to Ivy*, acknowledged that he found the Viennese ladies "very well-looking, perfectly well



PRINCE METTERNICH.
(By Raphael Morghens.)

dressed, and far better educated (in proportion) than their male relations."

The years that produced Scott and Byron's best work, as well as *Endymion* and *Prometheus*, were remarkable for much besides peace and social pleasure, and the literature of the moment, especially the productions of the young men, showed the tendency of the "Zeitgeist" towards reform and new ideals. For "the grains dropped from the knapsacks of French soldiers all over Europe" were taking root, and the secret societies, the cult of Liberalism and Nationalism, spread and worked under the surface, giving many an anxious moment to Kaiser Franz and his chancellor. Metternich and his master steadily adhered to the line of repression, and, seeing that they had lived through the awful storm of the French Revolution as well as the war, one cannot blame them. A Hapsburg could never forget Marie Antoinette, and Metternich's boyish days at Strasburg and Maintz would never fade from his mind. Peace, order, and moderation, they called their policy, while the "new spirits" dubbed it stagnation, repression, and tyranny.

All Europe was smouldering under the surface. Italy had received a vision: she had seen herself in fancy, as a united kingdom, and she had wild longings, from Piedmont to Naples, for the accomplishment of that dream. Germany was stirred by a mystic breath, a whisper of vague national sentiment, hardly formulated as yet. And the Slavic peoples laid down their weapons to wonder whether they had not also rights and a future under the strange new words "Nationality" and "Constitution."

It had all the snowdrop fragility of the first springing re-birth, this movement towards freedom of thought and act. "The world's coarse thumb and finger" crushed it, and far stronger, bolder men marred and achieved the poets' and philosophers' dreams; but, like a very dim pre-Raphaelite painting, the spirit showed through the form much more clearly than when real flesh and vestments clothed it.

Meanwhile, Vienna danced, and praised Rossini's *Othello*, and laughed at tales of Byron's extravagances at Ravenna and the "Lady of the Lake" of Como—the errant Princess of Wales. And the organisation of the great Austrian Empire went on with such perfect precision that Metternich believed no cat could sneeze rebelliously from Milan to Galicia without his receiving a report of it.

1819-1824

CHAPTER IV

THE SERVICE

“ Not every hero becomes a field-marshall, but then not every field-marshall is a hero.”—*Military saying.*

ONE year younger than the century, Joseph Jellačić was eighteen in 1819, when he left the severe shelter of the Theresianum and received his commission as under-lieutenant in the dragoon regiment belonging to Baron Knezević of St Helena, Vice-Ban of Croatia.

Physically, he was a strong, active lad, not tall, but broad-shouldered and muscular. His reputation as a speaker and student was counterbalanced by his readiness as fencer and rider, and his regiment soon found that their new subaltern was no military pedant immersed in history and the theory of war. If ever a boy took life with both hands and flung himself joyfully into each adventure that came his way, it was young Joseph Jellačić, and the Imperial service gave him all possible opportunities except, during those first years, the crowning joy of active service. The mainspring of the Austrian army, its dearest tradition and most prominent characteristic, was a genuine spirit of *camaraderie*, from field-marshall to private. The many foreigners who fought under the Black and Yellow have left us records of the strength of this feeling. Once in a regiment, the Irish or Scotch lad had as many

brothers as companions at mess, and he need never fear loneliness while he wore the Kaiser's uniform. They were all gathered in—Scotch cadet still too Jacobite to serve England, French adventurer, or Irish Catholic, and they found men of many nations already there: Poles, Hungarians, Czechs, and Croats as well as Germans—all making a solid phalanx of real union in the service of the Empire. As the soldier-song says:—

“In bright and in bitter hours,
In hunger and sorrow and strife,
To-day are we bound together
In the field, for death and for life.”

In this freemasonry, young Jellačić found a home at once. Besides being “a good officer” in his superiors’ reports, he speedily became the best man in the regiment’s playtime. The charm which gained him friends through his whole career is first to be noticed in the accounts of him by brother officers. Other men were good riders, other men were cheerful companions; but the one man who could put that delicious spirit of life into an evening’s amusement, and who could turn a dull piece of duty into an adventure, was a comrade to be prized above rubies. He gave so much. Quick of perception, he flung himself into the mood of the moment, led the way, and spent himself, as a leader must, to give impetus to his followers. His gaiety and spirits never seemed to fail; the days were always too short for the work and fun to be crammed into them, and the nights were used unsparingly to carry on the game. No difficulties, weather, distance, or the like, stopped him if sport were in prospect, and his friends laughed and followed, carried away by his inexhaustible energy.

The Knesević Dragoons, under Colonel Olah von Nanas, a famous man with the broadsword, were quartered at Tarnow in Galicia. After prim Vienna, that wild, uncultivated district must have seemed homelike to the young Croat, and the open-hearted hospitality and reckless living of the nobles did not differ very much from that of his own country. It was not an easy climate, for the long, bitter winters and the habit of heating the guest-rooms to at least thirty degrees centigrade, were trials even to those in rudest health, while shooting expeditions in the mountains were no comfortable days with a gun among the partridges, but dangerous adventures needing both skill and toughness.

Like most men whose physical energy is tremendous and who love the open air and the work they have to do, Jellačić found little time for the boudoir side of life. He did not shun women; indeed, he liked their society, and was never at a loss for words, or shy in their company. But, simply, where was the time for love-affairs while the regiment filled his heart and head? He could make compliments and turn a verse to a pretty girl with the best, but no passion stirred him during those early years. Very deep in his being was the shrine occupied by the brown-eyed, vivacious mother to whom he owed so much and the delicate lovely sister Cecilie, whose life was cut off in early womanhood. Family affection sufficed for the idealist side of his nature, and the regiment, his comrades, and his men, employed all his time and thought.

Four years of this happy life passed quickly enough, and then an unexpected trouble fell upon the young soldier. Even his fine constitution could not stand the strain he put upon it, and the entire

carelessness with which he risked life and health daily was revenged by nature in a way that threatened to end his career in a slow agony. A disease of the throat began, was neglected, and proved both serious and obstinate. The doctors called it phthisis and could do nothing; but it is certain, from the sequence, that the young man was really suffering from one of those still obscure nervous complaints, incurable, unless, as by a miracle, they cure themselves.

For more than a year he lay in his mother's house in the Turopolje, dying as he thought, and facing his fate with steady courage. His grip on life was too strong to make him leave go easily, even at an age when it is generally a simple matter to let the cup drop, almost untasted, from the hand. "We who saw him lying there, calm and cheerful, with death by suffocation before him at any moment, knew that he was no ordinary man," writes a brother officer.

It is a quiet, watered land, the Turopolje, with its great fields of maize and little woods of poplar and oak. The hills are blue in the distance; Samobor, with its wooded, castled heights, lies to south, while north of the Save rises the Sljeme Vrh, where the snow falls first in October, and is last to go in May. The peasants wear white linen, both male and female, with splashes of red in belt and kerchief, while their red umbrellas make them look like walking poppies in the rain, as they stride through the marshy fields in their knee-high boots. Life is very slow and primitive and quiet there yet, and in 1823 it must have been much the same. Not far away, Zagreb's tall old houses clustered below the "grad" of the Upper town, where the holy shrine

under the Steinthor led to the square of St Mark and the official buildings, but in the Turopolje, beyond the Save, there were few echoes from the capital.

Baroness Anna found more than enough to do in managing the estate and the little wooden house where her boys rioted through their holidays and where now her eldest and most promising seemed about to leave her. Georg, the second son, was at the Theresianum, preparing to enter the Prohaska regiment, and a letter to him from Joseph, of elder-brotherly advice and very real feeling, gives a picture of their life and family relations.

“KURILOVAC,
“March 20th, 1823.

“DEAREST LITTLE BROTHER,—Your two letters I have received safely and with pleasure, though sometimes they have not been pleasant reading, for I see in them that you have many physical trials and psychical sorrows to bear—the first you can, if you like, overcome easily with the thought that everything, sooner or later, comes to an end, and, believe my experience, the hour will come when you will remember these days spent at the Academy with pleasure; think, too, that it is a proud, high feeling to raise oneself above one’s *Fate* and *Pain*, and that a son of Franz Jellačić, even though a boy, should be greater than both.

“For, by God, up to now I have loved our father only from instinctive natural feeling: I have had what I might call a pleasant vanity in being his son and admiring his life and deeds; but, as I sit here in this peaceful stillness, cut off from all affairs, I have come, by reading over his papers, to feel *what* he suffered, and *how* he bore it, and now,

brother, I can say with conviction, he was a great man, a noble man, though at the same time a sick man; and involuntarily the thought oppresses me: it is our family burden in the everlasting conflict, to be born with no genius but for work and to have to choose if, like our father, we will suffer manfully. You are my brother, therefore I know that the customary consolations are not enough, with which weak souls in any danger carefully avoid words when something unpleasant has to be hinted at, because, knowing their mortal weakness and womanly fears, they tremble and are overcome even at the idea of pain which may be hard to undergo.

“So, courage, brother, courage; not despair, not gloom. I still suffer for a while, perhaps for a long time, perhaps for my whole life. All my ardent wishes—you know my ambition—may never be fulfilled; I could often despair as I count the ducks and hens here at home, where, before my career was stopped, I was so busy and restless, and wonder how I can make myself do my duty—and then I think of my father and I pray ‘May you be strong as he was’; and, brother, by God, the thought gives new life, new strength to my being—because from it comes courage, Juritza,¹ courage.

“With reference to other things, we will indeed take care that you get some leave; no one longs for your coming so much as I. I will suggest it as well as possible, and I hope that my pains will not be fruitless—then we will have some good days, happy days together.

“Now for household affairs. Mama and Cilli are well, so cheer up. A fortnight ago I was not so well; but since the 19th of March, since my name-

¹ Jurica=Georg.

day, on which you didn't congratulate me, you little pig, I have been better. We had a fine gay company. Frau von Markovich with naughty, pretty Fräulein Minna, who, in the way you know, greeted me kindly. B. Bauch with his wife and Fr. M.P., who so often gives messages to me to send on to you. B.S., on leave from Palermo. . . . Captain Halectky d'Espine, who is making a cure of Cilli, etc. We were very gay, and danced and played. The gentlemen went back to Agram at six in the evening, and I, in an impromptu rhyme, begged the ladies, mamma and the aunts, to let the girls stay, which they did, and they went back to Agram early in the morning. I believe I am so well because dear, pretty Minna was there, and, little brother, I am just a bit in love. Mamma and Cilli greet and kiss you, and so does dear little Tonerl a thousand times. Adieu, adieu.—Your brother
JOSEPH."

It is well for an active outdoor man at such a time if he has any interests besides those he must lay aside, and very well if the trouble within can express itself in words. Love leads to rhymes in most youngsters, as we know, and any other affliction also becomes lighter if it can be put into verse. Joseph Jellačić had a facility which amounted to a poetic gift, and, naturally, to those weary days of his illness belong many of the poems long afterwards collected and published under the title of *An Hour of Remembrance*, for the benefit of his fund for his wounded frontiersmen. I have translated parts of a few that most certainly belong to this period, and if, in keeping the metre, I have altered the words here and there, it seemed to me

that the ring and swing was worth preserving so long as the general meaning was not changed.

He summed up the feeling of the moment in the following lines, sad but not so bitter as one might expect :—

THOUGHTS ON MY FATE

Rich and glorious in pleasant dreaming
 Opened fair my life's career,
 Up to heaven's far unfrontier'd seeming
 Leapt my hopes without a fear.

Oh, I thought, when ranked our helms are glancing,
 My place will be in the foremost line ;
 When, at last, the swords are freely dancing,
 Surely then the hero's honour shall be mine.

Now I lie here on my bed of weakness ;
 Say, where now shall all my gallant fancies go ?—
 In the churchyard's quiet, peaceful meekness
 They must moulder with my body there below.

Not alone that all the glorious joy of living
 And the chance of fame away from me is torn,
 But the soldier's hope of life in battle giving,
 Ev'n of that have I been left forlorn.

I shall watch and see my brothers take their sabres
 When the trumpets to the battle call again,
 Watch them going, proud and happy, to their labours,
 While I lie here—oh, beyond words the pain !

Fate or God ! Do you rejoice at my lamenting ?
 Can any pray'rs of mine my wish fulfil ?
 So I protest awhile ; then go, consenting,
 And thus the Master of my Fate I may be still.

There is a great deal of psychological interest in these studies of a young man's mind, and the author's preface to the edition of 1851 increases it. He said to his friends and brothers-in-arms : “ Ever dear and unforgettable are the days spent with you,

and still like a beautiful dream would the course of my life have run, had not a bitter trouble fallen upon me from heaven. Then only the happy memory remained to me, . . . but life is no empty illusion and the time was not lost, for I proved your love and sympathy. I employed the weary days in writing, and sent many of my fancies to you in letters. Now, in return for your friendship, I have only my good will to give you ; but if these poems remind you of happy days and bring you a pleasant hour of remembrance, I am content."

Included in the little volume are many boyish pieces, such as almost any man can number among his early echoes of other poets : lines on "My Father's Grave," "To Minna," and so on. We have a "Farewell," not strikingly original, perhaps, but pathetic as being a real good-bye and not an imaginative effort :—

"Do not weep because my life is fading,
Happier meetings we shall have than these below ;
Do not weep because I have to leave thee ;
Little mother, to my Father I must go.

Mother, mother, listen in your weeping :
Short indeed the span of life will be,
When with God for ever we're united ;
Boundless is Eternity."

The same spirit shows in "My Belief" :—

"Peaceful I am as my spirit is leaving
And the dark doors of death before me appear,
For in sweet thoughts of me you will be grieving
And my undying remembrance still shall be dear.

Little girl, give me the lamp of your sorrow
To guide me through death to the sunshine above ;
Then I say, 'Fate, though you take my to-morrow,
Yet you leave all, for you leave me my love.'"

But the aims and ideals of the man that he was to be, appear in two short pieces, aphoristic and clear-cut, among the songs of good-bye and memories of heroes. "Strengthening":—

"Bear with a steadfast courage what your Fate ordains you to bear—

When a seed is hardened and strong, more perfectly blooms it at last.

Iron can only make steel through the fire's consuming embrace. So also the boy becomes man through the weight of sorrow and care."

Above all, we have his ideal in "The True Soldier":—

"Useful and fine as a horse must the warrior be, bulwark of peace, Though when the country's in danger, swift as a stag must he fly ; Trusty and true as a hound, he stands in the van of the host ; Brave as a lion he fights when the crash of the battle has join'd ; Then, if the victory's gained, as a lamb to the beaten he seems, While, in defeat, like a fox, he leaps from the snare that is laid."

In a different mood he wrote a flippant little epigram called "Valour":—

"If you go looking for risks, then men will call you plucky ; And if you keep out of all danger, they'll praise your spirit of peace."

And his profession, naturally, inspired some swinging lines, as in the "Rider's Song":—

"'Tis the soldier's trade I ply,
If I live or if I die,
Honour is my sole reward ;
And the only joy I know,
When the foeman waits my blow
And to battle leaps my sword."

with the chorus :—

"There the soldier's honour lies
When the foeman he defies."

I claim no great poetic merit for my hero's verses, but in reading them the inevitable loss of spirit in translation must be kept in mind, and, quite apart from any beauty of form, I think they express a nature by no means of the common order. They are all in German, and it is certain that through his life German was the language in which Joseph Jellačić thought and preferably wrote, though Croat was his second mother-tongue, and he attained considerable fluency in Italian and Magyar. At school, in the regiment, with his Bavarian mother, German was naturally the language used, though to the peasant folk and servants they talked Croat, as in Wales people use English and Welsh to this day. Not until some years later than the date of these verses, did the nationalists, under Gaj and Drasković, make the great effort to bring back, purify, and popularise the national speech among all the people, gentle and simple, of Croat blood.

It is a great satisfaction to feel that, as he says, the time was not lost, and that the gallant struggle with death was a victory at last. The proving gave him something which otherwise he might have missed: a deepening of the inner nature and a real knowledge of the meaning of suffering. With courage tried in the fiercest of fires, he came back to life as keenly interested as ever, and with a fuller realisation of its limitations and possibilities. Not lost indeed was the time, and the man might have been only a good soldier without those months of inaction, which gave him a pause in the midst of his wildest fling of youth. The idealist, the patriot, and the poet developed, the mother-influence was deeply felt, and his whole character must owe much of its sensitive sweetness to this almost unbearable check

in his chosen career. In youth, environment goes for so much. Something of the soul of his country had time to imprint itself firmly during the days when the tiny affairs of farm life were the principal events, when a gipsy horse-dealer was the hero of the hour and the marriage of a peasant-girl made gossip for a week. The bustle of Vienna, the quick-change and endless activity of garrison life, all shrank into dim echoes, and the quiet, everlasting hills, the pointed church-tower rising above the maize-fields, were the facts within vision, the setting of life, unalterable as death itself.

1825-1829

CHAPTER V

“A GERMAN SOLDIER”

“The Austrian has a fatherland,
And has a right to love it, too.”

THE miracle happened, and the time of trial came to an end, though the perfect health of youth was never restored.

In May 1825 Joseph Jellačić was promoted to be over-lieutenant, and, shortly after, he went back to his regiment now quartered in Vienna.

Meanwhile, in 1824, a young man had joined the Knesević Dragoons whose career is of interest, and to whose talent we owe much knowledge of Austrian soldier-life. Karl Bigot, Count von St Quentin, was born and educated in Bavaria; but he chose the Imperial service, and entered the army, at the age of nineteen, as under-lieutenant. His character was given six months later as a “very good rider” and with “good horse-knowledge” (most important qualifications in a cavalry officer), and so, in spite of his facility with the pen, which is not a capacity always admired by superiors, he was considered an acquisition to his regiment. More than twenty years later, he became well known as the author of the books *From a German Soldier* and *Our Army*, which, recently republished, are still a fine mirror of the spirit of the Service. The first title

was carefully chosen. Above all things, he was "German," meaning "of the Empire," and, in 1850, when national feeling was so passionately bitter, he begged his fellow-soldiers to forget their differences in their loyalty, and to remember the ancient unity, the brotherhood of arms, which was so much more binding than any tie of race or creed. The *German Soldier* seems to me to sum up his earlier years, and to set forth the experience and ideals of a man who had served long and seen his surroundings always from the detached point of view of a born observer. It gives a very clear picture of what the young soldiers of the '20's and '30's hoped and demanded from their profession.

St Quentin's standard soars too far heavenward, perhaps. He would have his happy warrior perfect; but then, what less than perfection can youth aim at? Jellačić, in his little poem, gives us his view of the true soldier; St Quentin expands his ideas into many chapters, and book and poem make an interesting study, for, with six years' difference in age, both men served their Emperor during the same period, and there can be no doubt of the influence of the elder upon the younger.

"On enthusiasm is grounded our entire work, and woe to the army in which it is overlooked by crusty pedants or mocked by pitiless wits."

"Soldiers must be and must remain idealists, else they sink to being badly paid wage-earners."

"Next to enthusiasm, which is the spirit of all soldierly existence, stands love of honour as its soul."

"The merchant may indulge in shady practices; the official may consider discretion the better part of valour; a minister may play sly games, and a

nobleman may pocket insult . . . without losing their places in firm, office, palace, or herald's court . . . but the soldier and the maiden have nothing more holy than their honour to lose, and the least fleck robs it of its brilliance.”

Those are the “German Soldier's” texts of discourse, and he follows their consideration with dissertations on the qualifications of a good soldier—absolute trustworthiness, blind obedience, unity of purpose (“all warriors must unite in their devotion to monarch, fatherland, and duty, until they fulfil the saying ‘a hundred thousand hearts and one blow’”), contempt of danger and death, humanity, and the fear of God. He cites numerous instances from the old books on war: Maximilian, Rudolf of Hapsburg, and their knights, supply some examples of gallant doings and sayings; but the names most often to be found on his pages are those of Prince Eugene, Starhemberg, and Loudon, and, coming nearer home, the Archduke Karl, whose feats against Napoleon made him still the hero of the army.

The long peace might be good for the country in general, but it fretted these earnest young men, and made them anxious beyond measure to prove their troops and swords. The finest army in the world was rusting for want of use, and no man who loved his profession could fail to see the slackness and the pedantry which were creeping in. Theories, manœuvres to prove them, useless, obsolete exercises, all the book-learning of war and no practice under real conditions, were the banes of garrison life in those days. We, in England, may have heard some complaints of the kind in our time, and we know, when our proving came, how sorely in-

adequate was the army to the need, until it had been "shot over" for a few months.

St Quentin's passionate plea for revival of the "soldier-spirit" and less attention to the forms of discipline was, doubtless, the outcome of much talk and feeling, and, so far back as the late '20's, the matter was put into rhyme by Jellačić, in a poem which had an enormous success at the time, and was afterwards considered the special property of his regiment, sung on all solemn occasions, and handed down as a sacred trust from subaltern to subaltern.

I make no apologies for giving it in full, for its lines may rouse sympathy in other soldiers whose operations are also hampered by "the beans of the Herr Baron."

THE ACCURSÉD GARRISON

By JOSEPH BARON JELLAČIĆ, Bužimski k.k. Oberlieut.,
Baron Knesević Dragoons.

With pleasure I went for a soldier,
And wandered from south-land to north,
For money was never my fancy,
And the world gave me all I was worth ;
But suddenly peace overtook us
And ended Napoleon,
Which sent me to what I'd avoided—
The accurséd garrison.

No laurels are there for the getting,
When the cannons' thunder is still,
The pedants and cranks together
Can work on us as they will,
With all their noisy theories
For the column and flying squadron—
They bore us to death with their chatter
In the accurséd garrison.

When the snow is scarce melted in springtime
The bother begins for us :
“Herr Lieut’nant ! quick, to your men, sir !
The recruits must be handled thus !”—
From left-and-right to evolutions
Most elaborate under the sun,
There’s never a moment idle
In the accurséd garrison !

For after six weeks of the goose-step,
When the men are all bored and tired,
You take your fourteen out marching
To test what they may have acquired.
Five vanish to hospital promptly
And six have to punishment gone—
For ev’rything leads to a scandal
In the accurséd garrison.

So the summer goes by in a muddle
Of work and mistakes and fuss,
Until our inspecting General
Comes charging down on us ;
Our bandoliers’ length he jeers at,
And sneers at each baggage waggon,
Till ev’ryone’s hot and unhappy
In the accurséd garrison.

He finds one man’s equipment shocking,
The bridle is wrong of the next ;
In fact, in one way or another,
The whole of the reg’ment’s perplext ;
All your care and your pains go for nothing,
And a scowl is your only guerdon—
Oh, life with the devil’s a jest to
The accurséd garrison !

At last comes a War Office mandate,
That it is the Kaiser’s will
We quicken our minds and bodies
By practising section-drill,
So the General-Commando chivies us
And from pillar to post we’re thrown—
Year in, year out, we are harried
In the accurséd garrison.

We are told to go and manœuvre,
 And devil-a-one knows how,
 For the strength that looks well upon paper
 Is diff'rent enough in a row.
 Twenty troops, with four of them missing,
 Make a feeble sort of squadron,
 But that's the best we can do in
 The accurséd garrison.

When the reg'ment at last is set marching,
 It is quickly brought to a halt,
 For, small though it is, we are sharply
 Accused of another fault :
 We mustn't destroy the potatoes
 Or the beans of the Herr Baron,
 And the Count won't have his land trampled
 By the accurséd garrison.

Not to mention reports and statements
 In which someone is daily blamed,
 And a thousand vexatious orders
 Which we carry out half-ashamed ;
 There's a crop of crimes and offences
 To hold court-martials on
 And to keep us hatefully busy
 In the accurséd garrison.

I wanted to show you clearly
 How the soldier in peace earns his bread ;
 But though I have bored you with verses,
 It's little enough I have said ;
 So I won't insult my Service,
 Or write any more thereon,
 To make you turn up your noses
 At the accurséd garrison.

But are we no longer soldiers
 Since the Peace of Paris was signed ?
 Our honour, our deeds, and our merits,
 Have they passed clean out of mind ?
 If you think of those bitter hours
 And the blood that was shed for the Throne,
 Perhaps you will feel more kindly
 T'wards the accurséd garrison.

When the trumpets called us to battle
With the Archduke Karl at our head,
When we hacked a road for heroes
And lined it with our dead,
Then all men gave us honour,
From peasant to Prince's son,
And they took their hats off gladly
To the accurséd garrison.

And if ever the northern storm-cloud
Shall find a wild release,
We shall hear the voice of our calling
And rise from the lap of peace.
The standards shall flutter gaily
And clear be the trumpet's tone
That calls us, rejoicing, to part from
The accurséd garrison.

Besides these ever-present questions, there were many specific grievances and old customs to discuss, which seem quaintly out of date now. But in 1826 it was a very serious question whether the soldiers' pig-tails were or were not an integral factor in the system. They were a sign of retrogression, a ridiculous survival of an obsolete custom, or they were the Samson-strength and distinguishing mark of the fighting caste. The matter was finally solved in the words of the witty poet:—

“The long moustache has now become
The pig-tail's latest pose,
For what once hung behind the head
Now hangs beneath the nose.”

Another, and more vital matter for consideration (though all who know soldiers know that scarcely anything is of more consequence than personal adornment) was the abolition or retainment of corporal punishment. In 1826 it was in full force, and the “corporal's staff” was, proverbially, the pivot

of Empire for many years later. A French pro-Italian in the '40's, gave it as his opinion that "the Austrian soldier was a machine only governable with the stick. Corporals carried a 'baguette,' under-officers a middling-thick cane, and officers a heavy one. They all used them . . . and the punishments were horrible." He adds sweepingly, "the Austrian soldier is a thief by nature," so that his opinion cannot be considered a perfectly unprejudiced one.

Yet St Quentin is witness that there was a strong feeling against the punishment by flogging. On the whole, he favours its continuance as severe enough to deter the careless sinner, not dishonourable by custom, and more quickly over and less likely to embitter a man than imprisonment. He reasons, however, that hard and fast rules cannot be laid down, and men must be treated differently according to their nationalities. The educated North German, the sensitive Austrian, cannot be served in the same way as the "Russniak" who only feels in his stomach; the Hungarian, who can bear no word of insult—who must be addressed by his corporal, "Hero! consider yourself under arrest!"—has no objection to the lash; and as for the lazy, witty Pole, it is the only way to get any work out of him. These divers races under the one command formed the problem of the Austrian officer, even as the soldiers of many races and faiths do to their English leaders. In the matter of the lash, it is interesting to note that when Jellačić succeeded to the command of a Croat regiment he abolished corporal punishment—a lenity thought very remarkable by his fellow-soldiers.

To return from the thoughts and aims of these

young men to their deeds, the Knesević Dragoons were, as we have seen, at Vienna for a few months before they were sent again to Galicia, this time to Láncut. Jellačić was chosen by Major-General Géramb (probably a brother of the Baron “whose plumed kalpak and furred pelisse made such an impression on the British military authorities as to cause the creation of certain cavalry regiments dressed as hussars which are still part of the British army”¹) to be brigade adjutant, and he became so necessary to his chief that he was kept in Vienna for some time after the departure of his regiment. On his way to rejoin, he was stuck for want of travelling money at Prossnitz, and it was while waiting there for supplies, enjoying the company of the Uhlan Schwartzenberg regiment, that he wrote the “Garnisonlied” given above. He continued in the post of adjutant at headquarters—hard office-work, often of a pedantic precision which must have tried him to the soul. After many hours of it, he would ride off to join his comrades at one of the different posts in the neighbourhood, and then the fun would begin. He was still the dashing, reckless leader in all sport, and had the same utter disregard of comfort. Midnight only warned him to saddle his horse and gallop off to get home in time for his work in the early morning. Of course, these wild rides across country led to disasters. Once he and his horse found a bog-hole, from which they only escaped with their lives by the exercise of presence of mind and by the help of their comrades. But something of that immunity from the dangers of other men which made him “shotproof” later, already surrounded young Jellačić. It was not foolhardi-

¹ Lady Dorothy Nevill’s note-books.

ness, but an absolutely fundamental courage which led him into and safely through feats which others would never have dared.

A sore family trouble fell on him in 1830 when the pet of them all, the pretty, delicate Cilli, died. The letter which he wrote to his mother on hearing of this sorrow shows a simple piety that is not afraid of expression, a deep grief covered as best a man may, and the closeness of the bond between mother and son.

“ZOLLYNIA,
“July 3rd, 1830.

“DEAREST AND BEST OF MOTHERS,—I have received your letter of the 14th, and in all the great pain in which we are left so lonely, I see to my consolation that you are bearing the weight of sorrow as a true Christian, and that your feelings are striving to regain that peaceful, reasonable disposition which leads to some degree of calm if not to entire tranquillity.

“Dear mother, God gave you in such a daughter a rare jewel, as to so many other thousands of mothers, and God has taken her again to Himself; the grave gives nothing back save the knowledge that the goodness of God is eternal, and the ways of His Providence are unfathomable, though all are certainly good. That is, in short, all the holy comfort that religion gives to strengthen us in great sorrow by whispering to the heart of better things. Cilli has ceased to suffer; an angel in God’s glorious purity, she looks down on us and is our mediator at the throne of the Almighty, and the only sorrow that can trouble her happiness is that you, her beloved on earth, may be hurt by suffering through her death. Dear mother, we

cannot but weep ; tears are relieving, tears are a gift from merciful heaven. But our tears shall be a tender duty, helping us to sweet recollections, and no tears of despair, no upbraiding tears against the dispensation of our all-holy Father in heaven. This is indeed the road by which we all travel to the everlasting, undisturbed reunion beyond. We will pray and be strong. And will not the old father, who passed that way so long before her, rejoice to have his dear child at his side as a pure, happy companion in the realm of unchanging joy ?— We three are left to claim your holy motherly authority, and, above all, to love and honour you. Give your dear life to us ; Cilli belongs to heaven, we still live under the troubled powers of earthly existence. What Cilli was to you, we can never be, for even here she was an angel ; but the desire to be like her, the constant endeavour to prove our love and gratitude to you, with all our strength, in every opportunity, is also worth something. We shall not, indeed, fill the blank, but perhaps we can make the loss you undergo more bearable.

“ Immediately on receiving your sad letter, I wrote to M. Simonich and to Headquarters, and I wait nothing more anxiously than the speedy decision of my fate, so that I may fly at once to your arms and, if it be God’s will, lead with you for a long, long time a peaceful life of gratitude.

“ On the whole, things do not go ill with me ; I am away from the streets, in a quiet station, have good men, good comrades, and could be quite contented if I knew you to be happy ; but, as it is, I have no peace or rest from sorrow, and wish myself away from here. Toni will perhaps be already with you ; kiss him a thousand times for me.

Please give my respectful greeting to Frau Johann T., and say all pretty things to Mili. If you can, I beg you to write soon to me; perhaps you have already some more definite plans. When my promotion as captain comes, if my money suffices, on the day after I shall be on my way, and shall not lose a moment that would bring me to you. I kiss your hand a thousand times and beg and implore you to be calm. Give us more of your love, which is the highest good that we have in this world. May you be peaceful, well, and, so far as possible, contented.

—Your ever grateful son, JOSEPH."

1830-1834

CHAPTER VI

RADETSKY

"At the time when for others the laurel-wreaths must wither,
Fresh and even fresher dost thou gather them again;
Grey in years but young in strength of body and of spirit—
Austria asks a hero, nor calls to thee in vain."

KING LUDWIG I, OF BAVARIA.

ON 1st September 1830, according to one account through the influence of Baron von Radosević, vice-president of the War Office Council and an old friend of his father, our hero was appointed lieutenant-captain of the 7th company (Dressniker) in the Ogulin regiment, in which his father had also served. The MS. memoir of his brother by Count Georg von Jellačić attributes this advancement to F.M.L. Count Lilienberg, who was then commander-general at Zagreb.

The parting from his old regiment—after the death of Baron Knesević known as the Archduke Franz-Joseph's Dragoons—was hard on both sides. Eleven years of close friendship makes ties that cost much to sever, but the events of the time were stirring the army to its depth, and a man must go where his chances lead him.

The French revolution of July brought the long-simmering agitation to the surface all over Europe. Louis-Phillipe was acknowledged by Austria in August; but Charles X., the discrowned king, was

granted an asylum in the Empire at the end of October, and all official sympathy was against the political meaning of the change. Insurrections broke out at Leipzig (a hotbed of free-thought and professorial new ideas), and at Dresden in September. When the Emperor went to open the Hungarian Diet at Pressburg in October—the Diet which Metternich calls “one of the most boring constitutional amusements on earth”—the word of the day, to quote the Chancellor again, was “‘fraternity among the nations,’ and we know what the revolutionary faction means by *that*.”

The year ended with a rebellion in Poland, and Galicia was only kept quiet with difficulty by Prince Lobkowitz and a display of armed force.

In Italy the disturbances were general, and the situation there at the beginning of the year 1831 looked very serious for Austria. Especially in the Legations, at Ferrara and Bologna, violent feeling was shown, anti-Austrian riots took place, and everything pointed to the necessity of a strong man to take the military command of the Austrian province of Lombardy and to guard the interests of the Empire all over Italy. Fortunately, the Emperor knew where to lay his hands on such a man. Count Joseph Radetsky, born on 2nd November 1766, had seen constant service through the Napoleonic wars and had gained every step of his advancement on the field. In 1831 he was governor of the fortress of Olmiütz, when he received a summons to Vienna at the end of February. On 2nd March his audience with the Emperor took place.

“Dear Count Radetsky,” said Kaiser Franz, “you shall do me a favour.”

“Your Majesty has but to command, and I obey.”

“No, no : this is really a favour that I ask of you. I wish you to command the Italian army.”

There was hesitation in the round, wrinkled, clean-shaven face.

“Your Majesty,” he stammered, “I am no longer young, and I have debts——”

“Well,” laughed the Emperor, “if I undertake your debts, I think you can manage your years.”

So the thing was done, with the fatherly touch that Kaiser Franz loved, and the one man who could hold Italy was sent there to fulfil twenty years more of faithful service and to gather fresh laurels for his grey head.

More troops were necessary in Italy, and one of the first regiments ordered south was the Oguliner—a famous name in the Frontier service, for the men were drawn from that wild plateau between Karlstadt and the mountains, and they are still a special type of blue-eyed, fair-whiskered Vikings.

This march, its disagreeables and mistakes in organisation, Jellačić embodied in a poem he called “Strauchen.” The army read and laughed over it ; but there was displeasure in Vienna, for the pointed verses were none too flattering to the War Office Council and its ways.

During the next four years our hero, now a captain, lived in the country he afterwards described as “all one Capua,” the woman-country adored by so many, and where men from the North often left their manhood behind. Perhaps it was the quality his friends called “southern,” the quick readiness of feeling and thought, which saved the young Croat from Italy’s enervating influence. Usually there were two consequences of Italian service : either a

man slipped into the idle, haphazard ways of the place, became a passionate lover of freedom and lost all sense of proportion and order, or he hated the whole thing and flung himself into rigid opposition to change and progress. Moderate feeling seemed impossible where the peninsula was concerned. Jellačić, however, was an exception: his service was not long enough to give him a hopeless bias on either side, and sheer love of his profession gave him so much to do that we find him clear of the usual political entanglements.

Vater Radetsky was indeed a chief after any enthusiastic soldier's heart. A little, spare, strong man, he was soldier through and through, knowing no life but that of the field and garrison, and having a thousand foibles and weaknesses which his troops appreciated. If he loved good eating, so did most of his men when they could get it, and their general could starve on occasion as gaily as they. His pleasures were theirs—a good dinner and a ballet with lots of pretty dancers in it; or, even better, a chat, cigar in mouth, over a bivouac fire, when anyone, down to the youngest subaltern, might tell a good story if he had it in mind. He was said never to forget the face and name of any who served under him, and a thousand anecdotes were told of his recognitions, and the tears of joy that came into the eyes of the men he remembered thus. The soldier is almost always a simple being, with a fund of deep-felt sentiment not far from the surface, and once he has made a demi-god of his leader, there is no limit to his adoration.

"It was very remarkable," says Baron von Phillipsberg in Milan at the time of the Sonderbund war, "to watch the soldiers when the Marshal

appeared; an electric thrill ran through all, some were pale with awe, others red with joy, and not for a moment did they take their eyes off him."

Radetsky could make himself obeyed, but it was by love rather than fear. There is a little story of his elder days which shows his way of dealing with his "boys"—the staff that adored him as blindly as the simplest private.

He had a servant, Karl by name, ex-dragoon and groom, and, in his old age, general factotum of the Marshal's establishment. To his master Karl was not reverential, and to everyone else he was overbearing in the extreme. One day, his impertinence reached such a pitch that hot-headed young Count Schönfeld jumped up, flung the old man out of the room, and bundled him down the stairs. The excitement of the staff was immense, for they all rejoiced at Karl's downfall, but feared the consequences.

"I'm afraid," said Schonhals, the chief aide, "that will finish your career with us, young man, and you will have to go back to your troop."

Schönfeld, desperately uneasy, went in to Radetsky with his heart in his mouth.

"I have told Karl what I think, so that no more shall be heard about this business," said the Marshal gently, putting a hand on the young man's shoulder; "but you know, on his side there's this to remember, —one must be patient with old people. I'm an old man myself."

No wonder the boy was almost crying with shame and relief when he left his chief.

Torresani, who recounts this, gives a comic little sequel to it. The affair had to be reported to d'Aspre, a commander noted for severity strongly tinged with gout, and again Schönfeld trembled.

At first d'Aspre frowned ferociously, then suddenly he gave way, burst into a roar of laughter, hugged the young man, and cried : " You're a plucky beggar to have tackled that old curmudgeon ! When I have a Theresa Cross to spare, you shall have it for your bravery."

Lineal successor to Prince Eugene and the Archduke Karl in the Austrian soldiers' hearts was Vater Radetsky. He rode big grey Mecklenburg horses, and he rode them at a hard gallop ; his spare frame never seemed to know fatigue ; his eye never overlooked a fault or failed to appreciate a piece of good service ; above all, he was careful for his soldiers' comfort, and, while he worked them hard, he never exposed them to unnecessary risks.

" One good leader is worth an army," said the " German Soldier," and proved it by examples from Cicero to " the victor of Aspern." The qualifications of a good leader he gave also, with illustrations : clear-sightedness, first and most important, inward vision especially—for a great commander may be as short-sighted physically as Gustavus Adolphus. Quickness, energy, the freedom of handling and decision that makes orders easy to obey, were further requisites, and he summed up the whole by saying that, with these, and the confidence of his men, a general might be sure of success. In Radetsky these qualities were certainly combined, and the proof of their value came in the year 1848, when, hard-pressed and outnumbered, in a hostile country and with no hope of help from home, the old man of eighty-two beat the Piedmontese by sheer superiority of generalship, and saved Italy for Austria.

The year 1831 is a very important date in the history of the peninsula, for in it Charles Albert

succeeded to the throne of Sardinia, and Mazzini founded his famous society of Young Italy. Metternich thought he had safeguarded Piedmont and bound it firmly to the *ancien régime*, when he made the "Prince de la Jeunesse" receive his kingdom practically from Austrian hands. Charles Albert of Carignano was heir to King Victor Emmanuel and his brother Charles Felix of Sardinia. In 1821 the prince showed his Liberal sentiments so clearly that, after an abortive rising, he was banished from the kingdom. Old Victor Emmanuel would have pardoned his nephew, but he abdicated, and his successor, the monkish Charles Felix, was obdurate. Through Metternich, a reconciliation was finally effected, the Prince's succession to the throne was assured, and he returned to Turin, soon after to succeed his uncle. Naturally, the Austrian chancellor had not given his good offices for nothing ; Charles Albert had signed a declaration that his state should remain as he found it and that no new constitution should disturb his relations with Austria. A daughter of old King Victor Emmanuel was married to the Archduke Ferdinand, now King of Hungary, and a Tuscan Archduchess became Charles Albert's queen ; and thus, by family ties and political interests, the unity of that little sturdy kingdom below the Alps and the great unwieldy Austrian Empire seemed assured. What followed showed that no arrangements by the Chancelleries could stem the tide of the people's desire, and that no signed treaties could bolster up an impossible alliance.

The tragedy of Charles Albert's life was that he was Liberal, yet forced to be reactionary, hampered, fettered, soured by early disappointment, and not

strong enough to take the bold course. Metternich was suave and reasonable, but always the claws could be felt beneath his velvet glove, and his subordinates often bullied and hectored in a way that roused depths of hate only to be washed out in blood. Piedmont strained at the leash, knew her king was with her in heart, and waited, as only a nation with a deadly purpose can wait, until the moment when she could strike a real blow at Austria. Lombardy, Naples, the Papal States, and the small dukedoms groaned under their various ill governments, listened to Mazzini's glorious visions of ideal republics, and plotted wonderful things. In Piedmont alone was every penny saved to be spent on the army; in Piedmont alone did cool-headed young men calculate how far they could go without open defiance and count each tiny reform, each school opened and each privilege abolished, as a step on the road they meant to take, with their king at their head—if possible. On Austria's side there was only Radetsky. The minor officials in Lombardy were lazy and corrupt, for the most part; the civil government was not much better than that of Naples; and, to uphold the might of the Empire, remained only the personality of one man, the head of a small foreign army. That the Lombard peasants cordially liked the Austrian soldiers was proved later when they gave information to the Marshal's scouts against their "liberators," the Piedmontese.

Radetsky worked his young men much as do our frontier commanders in India. His "Plovers," as they were called, were always in the saddle, mapping, observing, making friends with the peasantry, shooting a bear that raided down from Tirol, planning a new road or a bridge which would

help the farmer's ox-carts as well as ammunition waggons, and keeping generally in touch with the country. In the towns there was constant trouble during all the seventeen years before 1848. The students were impudent, the White Coat soldiers overbearing, the regulations were vexatious, and the whole feeling was one of growing exasperation on both sides. But in the hills and away from the cities, a Croat officer was welcome enough to a seat by the fire and a day's shooting, during which he would learn a good deal more than the best post for quail or swamp for duck.

Four years passed thus, in constant expectation of the war that did not come. In 1832 the whole Austrian army was mobilised and ready to march against France; but that trouble blew over, and Louis Philippe seemed to be fairly established on his unstable throne. That year, too, marked the pitiful end of a great epoch. The young Duc de Reichstadt died on 22nd July, at Schönbrunn, in the room which his great father had occupied as a conqueror. The story has often been told, and Rostand has shown us somewhat flimsily on the stage the pathetic scene when the Archduchess Sophie was chosen to prepare the boy for his inevitable death and to let his last Sacrament be hers of thanksgiving for the birth of her second son, afterwards the unfortunate Emperor Maximilian of Mexico. Thus l'Aiglon passed away, leaving "the young Louis Buonaparte engaged in plots," as Metternich warned Louis Philippe.

The choice of the Archduchess Sophie for this kind office to a dying boy was by no means fortuitous, and from this time she continued to be an important personality at the Austrian Court.

One of the six “unhappy Bavarian sisters,” she had more than her share of brains and a heart very easily moved to pity, while her quick sympathies led her into innumerable difficulties in the stiff Court in which her lot was laid. She was quite young when married to the Archduke Franz Karl, second son of the Emperor Franz, and, in 1832 her little son Franz Joseph was beginning to “walk quite well, to talk, and to ask for his grandfather.”

It was well for her that her sons could give scope for her ambition. Her husband was a hopeless nonentity, of no account whatever, though not so ailing as the direct heir to the throne, the Archduke Ferdinand, whose coronation as King of Hungary was marked by one of his terrible attacks of epilepsy, and who was scarcely able to take any part in public affairs. The clever, religious, quick-feeling Archduchess saw her way to power and fame through her fine boys, but her genius wanted the masterly coolness of a Maria Theresa or Elizabeth of England, and her attempt to play the *maitresse femme* had eventually a sad ending. Yet she was a personage and a strong influence during her whole life, and we shall see how her warm feelings made her beloved, while her passionate partisanship led to her unpopularity as the years went by.

1835-1837

CHAPTER VII

THE “DAYSTAR”

“See now first dawns the rising day :
Night’s heavy foot its way backward is taking ;
Soon shall our hundred-year sleep pass away ;
United at last, our people are waking.
Rise then, O brothers, to-day is the hour,
There at the gates your leaders are waiting,
Rise now and cry, in the height of your power,
‘God and the Croats, the Croats and God !’”

A. HARAMBAŠIĆ.

IN the spring of 1835 Kaiser Franz left his people for ever. There was sorrow in Austria, though in Italy Giusti wrote his ribald “*Dies Iræ*” :—

“ And at their suppers both near and far I
Hear the naughty Carbonari
Chanting hymns and songs of joy.”

25th February saw the Emperor down with pneumonia, and 2nd March ended the life which had begun at Florence in 1768. The chief anxiety of his latter years was the hopeless weakness of his successor. At one time he and Metternich had seriously considered the advisability of setting the Archduke Ferdinand on one side and declaring him to be *non compos mentis*; but the suggestion met with great opposition, and—most cogent reason—there was no capable man to take his place. It was decided to bolster up the fabric of State so far as possible, and things were arranged in such a manner

that at the Emperor's death the motto should be "All will go on as before," and the power should remain in Metternich's hands. Abroad, a strong alliance had been formed with Russia, which was confirmed by the meeting of the Emperor Ferdinand, the young Czar Nicholas, and the old King of Prussia at Teplitz in September, and by the subsequent visit of the Czar to Schönbrunn in October. At home a Council of State was instituted, with the Archduke Ludwig at its head. He was younger than the Archdukes Johann and Karl, but was the brother whose views most pleased Kaiser Franz, and therefore had been chosen by him to carry out his policy exactly. Never had a man more carefully ordered that his work should be continued as he had planned, and never was a family more obedient to the wishes of their late head. Both the Archdukes Karl and Johann were at variance with Metternich, but they accepted him as permanent guide without a murmur. The Archduke Karl and another brother, the Palatine Joseph of Hungary, had strong Liberal sympathies and desired many reforms, yet neither had the strength to insist or to change by a hair's-breadth the regime of the dead Kaiser.

"To let things alone is the best way round," was a favourite saying of the Archduke Ludwig; and unfortunately Metternich was entering upon that last phase of his political career when he deliberately blinded himself to the tendencies and needs of the time, and was only occupied with preserving the outer shell of government, absolutely ignoring the rottenness and corruption within. Four years later Grillparzer wrote of him as "The Sick Leader":—

" He is sore wounded, take him from the fight !
A gallant fighter was he, a bold leader,
The foresight of the host in deepest night.
Now a sharp arrow from the Light-God's bow
Brings all his might to end
Carry him off ;
Nurse and prepare him in the grave to lie,
For though not dead, he 'll never live again."

Indeed, already the weakness of age, the stiffness of mind and body was upon him, and we may say that with Kaiser Franz passed the greatness of his Chancellor.

With such advisers, poor Ferdinand entered upon his heavy task handicapped indeed. On hearing of his father's death he flung himself into Metternich's arms and begged the Chancellor not to desert him in his necessity; and, with the best will and strongest head in the world, it would have been hard to steer Austria through the next twenty years of her history without some terrible conflicts. The complications of the different chancelleries—Hungary, Transylvania, Italy, Bohemia, Inner Austria, etc.—were very many: there was no unity of government and no organisation which gave the least satisfaction to any one part of the Empire.

We are chiefly concerned with Croatia, and it is at this point that her sons began that settled opposition to Magyar oppression which had, presently, such fruits.

When the Ogulin Regiment was ordered home from Italy, the men found a strange new stir in the social life of their country. Their immediate concern, however, was the peace of the Turkish border, which was threatened to an unusual extent by brigand bands.

Radetsky parted from Jellačić with the commenda-

tion : "I expect the best of him, for never yet have I had a more excellent officer"; and the proof of his quality was required very soon. As a little Croat history-book somewhat quaintly puts it: "According to their custom, the Turkish frontiersmen broke into our adjacent country to sack and burn. Our frontiersmen returned the Turks' pleasure with goodwill . . . and Jellačić, with his Oguliners, often invaded the west of Bosnia."

One of these punitive expeditions took place on his birthday, 16th October 1835, when he led the reserve column in an attack on the Turkish marauders at Gross Kladusch. The wild, roadless country, all woods and rocky slopes, gave endless opportunities for ambush and unexpected assaults, and the brigands had the advantage of knowing the ground. As usual in such warfare, it was the enemy's habit to melt away before the advance of the regular troops, and, gathering again, to harass the returning column. Just vengeance had been taken, and the march back to the Croat side of the border was begun on 17th October, when the Bosnians attacked unexpectedly and in great strength. With absolute coolness, Captain Jellačić and his men defended the rear of the retreating troops, and so successfully did he dispose his forces that the Oguliner loss was very slight. He was mentioned in despatches; but greater than any official commendation was the satisfaction of knowing that his first border fight had carried on so well the tradition of his family. It was akin to the feeling with which the man, whose forebears have served for generations on the Indian Frontier, rides back from his first expedition against the Pathan tribes.



A CAPTAIN OF SFRESHANS.

There is a picture still extant of the three Jellačić brothers, which must date from this period. They are all in uniform: the eldest, grave-faced though keen-eyed; Georg (called generally by his family, Jurica), also a conventional young soldier; and Anton (Toni of the letters), an eager-faced, slim lad: three sons to make very proud the heart of their mother as she watched their careers until her death in 1837. During her last years she had parted with the estate in the Turopolje and lived in Zagreb; but, long after, her second son bought back the place of his boyhood, in memory of the mother who was never forgotten by any of her children. Her death was the deepest sorrow of their lives, and none of them could ever mention her name without emotion.

Zagreb had become the centre of a very important national movement, and the man of the hour was Ljudevit Gaj. Even beyond his country his name is known, yet the story of his life and of his never realised dream of Illyria may be new to some English readers.

Ljudevit Gaj was born at Krapina, in the hilly district between Zagreb and Warasdin, in 1809. His parents were not noble, but in fairly easy circumstances, and the clever boy received a good education. His first school was at sleepy little Warasdin, where the old round-towered fortress lies within its green embankment, and the frontier Drave flows only a mile or two away. The gymnasiums of Karlstadt, Grätz, and even Vienna, knew him as a student, and finally, he went to Pesth to complete the course of his law studies. There, the object of his life became plain to him, for he made the acquaintance of the great poet Kollar, was intro-

duced to Bohemian literature, and was inspired with the idea of a literary renaissance. If the Czechs and Slovaks had found their interpreter, why should the Croats be left in unknown darkness, and why, indeed, should not all the branches of the Slav race join to form a literature worthy of their old traditions? It was a magnificent idea, and it came to one whose brain was big and bold enough to carry it out. Gaj began by collecting materials for a history of his people—a work that entailed much searching for old documents, gathering of oral traditions, ransacking of monastic libraries, and such-like research. But he was no book-worm and scholar only, and the events of the moment had more importance for him than the tales of five hundred years gone. Kollar and his friends were busy producing as well as gathering the half-forgotten spoil of past ages. They had a very vital interest in the affairs of the present, and the preservation of the national language gave them much thought. For some years the Magyar Diet had shown pride and arrogance towards the Slav deputies who had a right to a share of the government, and, in the case of the Croats, an independent constitution to maintain. In 1830, doubtless as a checkmate to any expansion of nationalist ideas, the Hungarian chamber passed a law enacting that the official language of Slav Hungary and Transsylvania should be Magyar in all schools, offices, and official documents. Since 1805 Latin had been the official speech of Croatia: undoubtedly it was a clumsy means of communication, but that it should be threatened with a change to Magyar instead of to the national tongue, was a maddening insult. The order of the Hungarian Diet was neither

obeyed, nor actively enforced ; but the impetus this attempt at "Magyarisation" gave to the national movement in Croatia was immense.

Gaj, stirred by this development, seized on a new means of carrying out his idea, nothing less than Southern Slav unity founded on language. The dialects were widely different: Croat could hardly understand Istrian, Montenegrin and Slovak had only a few words in common ; but, could the whole be welded into a settled written language, there would be a medium of close intercourse and a means which could be used as a great political lever against Hungary. He saw all the provinces: "South Steyermark, Carinthia, Carniola, Istria and Goritzia, Croatia, Slavonia and Dalmatia, Bosnia, Herzegovina and Montenegro, Serbia and Lower Hungary" joined in a "great Illyrian brotherhood," as in the national dance of the *коло*, where all take hands, and "then will neither one foot nor the other be in front nor behind, because if one pulls one way and one another, then there is no *коло*, no ordered dance."

"Illyrian," as a name for the movement, had a fine romantic sound. Vodnik's songs of Illyria were still in the people's minds ; no tribal jealousy could be roused by the adoption of an old historic title ; Austrian suspicions would be lulled by the purely literary significance ; while, to all the Slavs, it was a name endeared by a thousand memories of the "great days gone."

"From the Adriatic gulf,
To the waves of the Pontic shore,
And where the holy Athos stands,
Is the Illyrian heritage."

There was the Idea, there was the man whose

talent was great enough to carry it out, and the third force necessary—the money—was not wanting. Drasković is a name well known in Croat history, both in the fighting line and among the small list of learned men produced by the little country, and one of the family was patriotically ready to help Gaj in his need. Count Janko Drasković was a great noble, president of the Council of the Ban, and a man of weight even beyond the Drave. He flung himself heart and soul into the Illyrian movement, and gave time, money, and influence unsparingly to the cause. I have before me his pamphlet, published both in Croat and German—“A Word to the High-hearted Daughters of Illyria”—which was an appeal to that last court, the women of the nation, to remember their race and to help in the regeneration of it by using their national language.

After a preface begging his readers to let Croat be, literally, their mother-speech, he recapitulated the ancient history and legend from Cadmus and his Phœnician colony, to the last Illyrian king, Gensius, who fell under the conquering Romans. The story of the Middle Ages followed briefly, while the “patriotic lady reader” was referred for further enlightenment to the soon-to-appear *Dogodovština Ilirie velike*, the history by Dr Ljudevit Gaj. Then he examined the claims of the various Slav dialects, and showed how the purity of the ancient language had been best preserved in the republic of Ragusa, where a literary school had flourished from the end of the fourteenth century, producing, long before Milton’s day, an epic—*Osmanide*—and whole volumes of lighter poetry quite worthy of comparison with the work of Tasso and other writers of Italy and France.

Ladies, too, had there courted the Muses with success, and the theatre of Ragusa, up to 1825, had been supplied with historic dramas whose very names showed their national feeling—*Pavlimir*, *Captislava*, and *Danica*. Vialla de Sommiers, a French savant, had declared the "Illyrian language" to be "at the same time rich and laconic, energetic and harmonious. It is equally suited to both sexes, can be employed as happily in love-songs as in martial strains . . . it is sonorous, noble, oratorical, vehement—in fact, it is the language of heroes."

Our author ended with an account of the most recent renaissance of this Illyrian tongue. In January 1835, at Zagreb, Gaj published the first national daily paper, the *Novine Hrvatska* ("Croat News"), and, as a weekly, the *Danica Hrvatska Slavonska i Dalmatinska* ("The Daystar of Croatia, Slavonia, and Dalmatia"). These were written in Latin script (it must be remembered that the orthodox civil and religious script is Cyrillic to this day, and that the majority of the Serbs and Slavs of South Hungary are of the Greek Church) with local orthography, and were easily to be read by anyone speaking Croat. In January 1836 it was found possible to enlarge the scope of both daily and weekly papers. They became respectively the *Ilirske narodne novine* ("Illyrian National News") and the "Daystar of Illyria," and their language enriched itself with all the beauties of the Ragusan tongue and established a more perfect form of orthography. Print and paper, also, were improved, and, three years later, Dr Gaj received royal permission to set up a printing press and to publish books. The first printing press in Zagreb had

been started in 1690 by Baron Paul Vitezović, an unfortunate gentleman not appreciated by his countrymen. In 1837 times were different, and the moment had come for Croatia to lead her brother Slavs on the way to enlightenment and progress. There was a mass of material waiting to be given life and form. Songs of Carniola, Carinthia, Steyermark, and Croatia were being collected by Stanko Vraz; grammars and dictionaries were being compiled; the old poets—Gundulić, Zrinjski, Katančić, and many others—were to appear in worthy editions, and the way was clear for all the writers of this new, glorious era of national life. Gaj's aim was unity of speech, and for this he strove in choosing his so-called "new" orthography and grammar. If the five million Slavs of the Austrian monarchy used the same speech, read the same political paper and the same books, the Illyrian Literary League, which was discussed at the National Council of 1836, would become an important factor in the development of the race. As a final word, Count Drasković quoted Dr Gross-Hoffinger of Vienna, who wrote: "While the literature of western Europe labours under satiety, want of stimulus, and nervous weakness, and is sunk in refined sensuality, the young tree of Slavic literature puts forth such strong branches heavy with fruit that we must consider the Slav mind-plant more promising than the dry, exhausted, intellectual life of what is called, *par préférence*, civilised Europe."

My German edition of this little brochure is dated: "Agram 1838. Druck der k.p. ilir. Nat. Typographie von Dr Ljudevit Gaj." Its title-page is ornamented with a symbolic design of a harp and

lily, and the print and paper are good and clear; in fact, it is a very promising example of all that its author claims for his literary movement.

We cannot enter into the whole subject of the Slav renaissance—a movement much sneered at by German writers of the time. Kollar took the widest ground when he wrote: "The Slavs have counted themselves and have found that they are the most numerous race in Europe. . . . Give us union and enlightenment, and you will see a nation such as these times have never produced." Gaj, in the *Danica* of 1835, used similar language.

"In one half of Europe lies a giant of enormous size; his head is central Illyria, his breast is Hungary, his heart beats under the old Tatra, his midriff is made of the plains of Poland, body and shanks are the immensities of Russia, his feet are planted in the northern ice and snow of the Chinese Wall—and one blood flows through the veins of this giant: the Slav nationality."

In a later number of the *Danica*, Gaj declared "that we are Illyrian in speech, literature, and nationality, and in inner politics we are Croat"; and, further, he held that "the Illyrian national name should be borne by us all, as in Italy, Venetians, Tuscans, Romans, and Neapolitans are all Italians, and Italians, French, and Spanish are all of the Latin race."

"That our nation, separated and divided though it is in many kingdoms, should develop its national life nobly," was a very worthy desire, but the political exigencies of the time put many difficulties in the way. The Magyar outcry that the Slavs wished to desert Austria and become part of the Russian Empire had no foundation so far as Catholic

Croatia was concerned, but there is no doubt that many Orthodox Serbs in Hungary looked to the "Colossus of the North" to deliver them from Hungarian tyranny. For Austria dared not offend Hungary, any more than English politicians dare reckon without Ireland. Hungary had to be petted and coaxed into good behaviour, and her very haughty magnates must be allowed to talk, if they chose, of the Slovaks as "no men," of the Serbs as "wild Raizen," and of "German dogs."

English sympathies have always been on the side of Hungary. The romantic, sport-loving, hospitable Magyar took our hearts long ago, and Jokai's delightful pictures of his life and history have increased our pleasant knowledge. I do not for a moment deny the fascination of the people's character, any more than I deny the fascination of the far-stretching *puszta*, that plain which gives one an illimitable sense of space and which turns to a golden vision in the shimmering gossamer of an autumn sunset.

A shrewd French observer summed up the characteristics of the race soon after the time of which I am writing.

"I am a Magyar, and above me is neither Cæsar nor God!" was their cry. There are two good qualities in the pure Magyar—hospitality and courage. The same Tartar virtues and faults run through the race from magnate to vagabond horse-herd."¹

¹ *Voyage en Autriche*, par la Baronne Blaze de Bury.

1837-1842

CHAPTER VIII

THE SOUTHERN-SLAV RACE

“Slavus sum, nihil slavica alienum a me puto.”—
Motto of the Slav Literary League.

Two years of border service put Joseph Jelačić into close touch with his native land, its internal problems, desires, and feelings. In 1837 he was promoted to be major in the Gollner Infantry (the 48th), quartered at Zara in Dalmatia, and immediately afterwards he was chosen by Count Wetter von Lilienberg, just appointed Military Governor of Dalmatia, to be his adjutant. This was a tremendous opportunity for wider development on the political side, for a soldier has little time or chance to tackle questions of government while he is busy with the affairs of his regiment. Lilienberg, himself a man of talent and capacity, found his adjutant of great use in unravelling those tangled skeins of near-Eastern diplomacy which are always in the hands of Austrian officials. Much of the actual drawing up of military enactments was left entirely in the hands of Jellačić, and there is a proposal due to him for a militia (Landwehr) law which would have been of the utmost value in later years, had the authorities at Vienna thought fit to adopt it. Besides internal organisation, Dalmatia's trade with Turkey and Italy led to constant diffi-

culties, and the hinterland of Herzegovina, then groaning under misgovernment by pashas, gave rise to plenty of conciliatory diplomatic work. Especially that little barren state of Montenegro made itself, as it does still, of importance disproportionate to its size. The sturdy mountaineers preserved their independence, piled Turkish heads on their walls irrespective of European desires for peace, and delicately held the balance of their favour with a bias towards Russia which made Austria all the more anxious to conciliate them. Their history of gallant struggle against Moslem domination gave them every claim to Christian sympathy, and their extreme independence of character kept them far from being indebted to any Great Power. Even their relations with Russia, united as they were with her by religion and interest, were never servile. It is recorded that when the Empress Elizabeth founded a Serb regiment, a band of poor Montenegrins went to Moscow to be enrolled. But they found they would have to serve under a foreign leader and promptly departed, without asking for passports. At Kief the authorities refused to give the necessary papers to men they classed as deserters, so the Montenegrins said simply, "Sbogom! (good-bye) neither in our country are there any passports"; and proceeded on their way. How, by cunning or force, they passed the frontier is not known; but, strangers as they were, they managed it, and, twenty-five days later, they marched into Laibach in Carniola, from whence they went to their home safe and sound.

Of such temper and habit was the Montenegrin, and much of Lilienberg and Jellačić's time was

taken up with what were called, generally, Montenegrin affairs, which naturally bulked big in relation to Dalmatia. The Vladika of that day was Petrović Niegosh, invested with his title by Russia in 1830, and the last churchman to rule the Black Mountain. His successor, in 1851, took the title of Prince, and so ended the line of fighting bishops which had begun at the end of the seventeenth century.

Petrović was a wise ruler and a cultivated man. He dabbled in literature, after the fashion of the time, and wrote *The Crown of the Forest*, a work translated into Italian. A contemporary description of him at a great Czech ball, held in Prague in the '40's, puts his romantic personality before us:—

“All wore national costume, which made the scene remarkable. The Vladika of Montenegro attended; that Slav Rinaldo Rinaldini, Prince of Filibusters, who is Slav in the morning and Turk in the evening, a hero out of one of Byron's tales, the most adventurous personality in Europe. All eyes turned on him as he entered, a very fine man, strong and big in make, wearing a rich, fantastic dress, of which he might have said, like a young Englishman who carried an unknown Order: ‘It is entirely my own invention!’ He came in with princely dignity, was greeted in French, which he spoke poorly, then English, which he answered with difficulty, and finally conversed fluently in Italian. In Petersburg, I am told, he always wore the black robes of a Greek priest. He dreams of freedom, or a protectorate under Russia, and is the enemy of Austria and Germany.”

This brief summing-up of the political aims of the Vladika was not altogether accurate. It was the

business of Austria to see that Montenegro remained friendly to her, for, even then, the axis of Empire was moving eastward, and expansion towards Turkey was a vital necessity. In 1837 Petrović went on a political mission to Vienna, and was welcomed there by the Emperor and society. Princess Mélanie Metternich recounts in her diary how this "giant who thinks more of Turks' heads than of his diocese" was brought to dinner at her house by "M. de Lilienberg and his aide-de-camp, who interpreted," while Prince Felix Schwartzenberg and some others helped the conversation.

The Vladika might dream of a protectorate under Russia; but, as a matter of fact, he remained on good terms with Austria, and one reason for this was his personal friendship for Jellačić, which was proved later by letters and acts.

The relations of the Balkan rulers have always been an intricate study. There are so many reasons for racial alliance and racial hatred between Serbs, Roumanians, Bulgars, and Montenegrins, that the ordinary observer of their curiously involved political actions is apt to put the whole "Balkan Question" on one side as an unsolvable mystery.

Through the last century and a half, the desire of a few great men among the Slavs of all nations has been unity. Scattered among many states, divided in religion as they were and still are, that unity is very difficult to attain. Gaj might dream of his "kolo," but the fact remained that the Orthodox Serb of Serbia was not equal in mental development to the cultured Ragusan or the Catholic Croat, and could neither follow the time nor dance in accordance with his fellows. Yet in union alone could the Slav people show their strength, and Gaj and Drasković

set forth upon their work with hopeful hearts and very cool heads. In 1840 the great fear was lest official Austria should hamper the Jugo-Slav movement. Metternich was crushing every attempt at Italian literary development for fear of that patriotism which saw the light in the hidden form of Amari's *Sicilian Vespers*, Sismondi's *Republics*, and all the other books we can read now, and wonder why our grandfathers found them so thrilling.

Gaj was more cautious, or the reputation of Croat loyalty outweighed the silly fears of the authorities. There could be no harm in collecting old songs and stories from the Black Mountain to the hills of Carniola, and no political meaning in their publication ; also Austrian diplomacy saw a handle against prepotentious Hungary in this cry of Croat nationality. The Magyars had proclaimed themselves to be The Men, descendants of Arpad, and sole supporters of the Hapsburg throne, until German politicians were very weary of them and of their much-insisted-on constitutional rights. It was convenient to conciliate Montenegro ; it was necessary to maintain peace, so far as possible, in Serbia ; Bosnia and the Herzegovina were the next steps in the inevitable advance eastward ; therefore, a Slav literary league, which would keep all these folk happily developing their nationality, while Hungary was irritated and alarmed by a breaking away of her Slav dependents, was a thing to be permitted, if not encouraged.

Not until after 1840 was the word "Illyrian" forbidden by the Austrian government, and even then the *Čitaonica*, the literary club started by Drasković, was allowed to continue and to remain in relation with the *Srbska Matica* in Pesth, and

many similar associations. Sabbas Tököly, head of the Pest *Matica*, wrote:—

“We are all true to our church, but we follow the precept of Christ to love one another. Greek or Latin letters, what does it matter which we use? And why should we be divided, though some cross themselves from left to right and some from right to left?”

Stephan Moyses, the royal censor, and professor of philosophy at the Academy of Zagreb, allowed the young writers full play. Kukuljević parodied Arndt’s famous song with “Wo ist das Slaven Vaterland?” Ivan Trnsky, who died, a very old man, in 1910, Stanko Vraz, and many others, wrote passionate patriotic poems, plays, stories, and articles, unchecked and uncontrolled.

Meanwhile, as Deprez wrote in the *Revue des deux Mondes* :—

“The Magyars write everlasting diatribes against the Croats, and discourse four times a year, passionately calling down the anger of the king on the Illyrians of Zagreb . . . but Austrian policy is silent. Austria, with Illyria as her catspaw, is looking to Bosnia and the Catholics there. Illyrianism will soon take moral possession of Bosnia, political possession will follow, and Austria will benefit.”

Certainly, the antagonism between Catholic and Orthodox began to subside in Bosnia and the Herzegovina, and the Franciscan monks zealously forwarded the nationalist movement. Marmont had found the Franciscans in Dalmatia valuable allies, and, with the adaptability of their Order, they had survived and flourished even in the Turkish provinces. A Moslem beg would sometimes call in

a Franciscan to hear his last confession, either from some vague hereditary recollection of his Christian ancestors, or from a desire to leave the world with the blessing of both faiths upon him. The Orthodox Church in Central Europe had four divisions: the Patriarchate of Karlovitz; the Vladikate of Montenegro, which sent its head for consecration to Karlovitz or Moscow; the church of Serbia, governed by a synod paying tribute to the Patriarch of Constantinople; and the church in Turkish dominions, which was governed by Greek prelates. Catholic and Orthodox Bosnians had deep and ancient enmities; but the new idea of nationality seized them both, with the singular result that Gaj was accused at the same time by Bishop Varasčić of being a revolting Catholic and by the Turkish Pasha of being a prime mover of unrest in the Moslem provinces. Both charges to Pope and Emperor were triumphantly refuted; Varasčić was deprived of his see, and the Emperor Ferdinand sent his loyal subject, Ljudevit Gaj, a diamond ring. So fast the work went on, that ten years after the first beginning of the Jugo-Slav propaganda, Gaj could say: "Now every child in my country is mine." And in the Diet at Pressburg in 1840, he answered Déak proudly: "The Magyars are an island in the Slav ocean. I did not make the ocean; but now its waves have risen, look out lest they rise over your heads and drown you."

In that same year of 1840 the gymnasium curator at Zagreb burnt all the Magyar school-books, while the students dressed up a straw man as a Hungarian and beat it to pieces in the cattle-market, with wild demonstrations and with no interference on the part of the authorities.

Zagreb was the centre-point of the rising storm, and every municipal or national event was the signal for a show of the popular feeling. That necessity of such warfare—an active enemy on the spot—was not wanting, for a certain large landowner in the Turopolje, Count Anton von Josipović, declared himself to be a pro-Magyar. Josipović was suzerain of several villages, and could gather about five hundred followers—“noble peasants,” as a contemporary calls them—whose titles went back to the first annexation of Croatia by Hungary, and who, therefore, claimed a right to vote at the Diet of Pressburg and so swamp the Croat Nationalists.

The Landtag of Zagreb in 1841 was made the occasion of the first appearance of national costume, when the *surka* (cloak), the *opanke* (soft leather shoes), and red caps with a star over a crescent as a badge, were worn by the deputies in the Chamber, and by hundreds of students in the streets. Costume, in those years, played a larger political part than now, though the Socialist red tie and the Suffragist colours are not unknown to us. In Italy, then, a Calabrian hat was considered a menace to Austria; and all over Europe “national” dress on any man but a peasant was a key to the wearer’s political opinions. Gaj took full advantage of the possibilities of adornment, dressed himself in a loose embroidered jacket, stuck a *kandjar* (curved knife) in his many-folded waist-belt, and made a handsome figure, his thin, somewhat sad, intellectual face contrasting with his half-martial array. To this day the Croat national costume is the most becoming that a man can wear; and if our eyes follow with pleasure the slouching peasants in their white linen shirts and trousers, with embroidered, dark, sleeveless

coats enhancing every line of their figures, it must have been magnificent to see the young nobles of the nation driving their fine horses and dressed even more gorgeously than their innumerable lacqueys.

The official elections of May 1842 in the province of Zagreb were, naturally, an occasion for much political feeling. The Count of Turopolje appeared with his followers in the streets of the town, and they marched in a body to the council-hall. They were weaponless, and it is not recorded that any serious fighting took place ; but the Nationalists, "a mob of all classes," not unarmed, chased the pro-Magyars out of the hall, and then celebrated the victory with wild *davorien* (war-songs) and rejoicing. In October of that year the Hungarian government imposed a Magyar Ban on Croatia (no novelty, but the feeling made the choice resented), and Count Franz Haller was installed in spite of opposition. The Obergespan¹ of the county of Zagreb was Nikolas Zdenczay, a strong nationalist, so that the official situation became exceedingly difficult, and each month increased the tension.

¹ The office of Obergespan (in Croat *župan*) has no English equivalent. The holder has considerable political power in his county.

1841-1845

CHAPTER IX

ON THE BORDER

“Never had Jellačić equal
Since the days of our kings of old,
For his word was like to the Prophets’,
Spotless as virgin gold.
Never the Banat wishes
That a better than he command.
Hero—true to his people,
His king, and his native land.”

Popular Croat Song.

LILIENBERG was a difficult, hard-working chief, but his adjutant more than satisfied his exacting requirements, and became almost like a son to him. Under such guidance Jellačić gained much valuable knowledge and experience, made friends in all Dalmatia, and, in 1839, received the honour of the Saxon Civil Service Order. The death of the governor in 1841 was a real blow to him. It ended his appointment, and on 1st May of that year he received promotion to the rank of lieutenant-colonel of the 1st Banal Regiment. This meant going back to the Frontier, and work after the Croat’s heart. There he had, comparatively, a free hand, authority over a large district, and plenty of the haphazard guerilla fighting which is meat and drink to those men who love the greatest game of all. At forty he had still a boy’s heart and love for adventure, while a man’s wisdom and experience

kept a bridle on his rashness and his military talent had reached its full height.

To make his regiment the most efficient on the Frontier was his first care; to form the militia Sereshans, who held their lands under pain of providing so many men and horses for service at need, into a reliable patrol against Bosnian invasions and so secure the peace of the border, was a long business needing constant effort. The headquarters of the regiment was at Glina, in the centre of the Banat—that district which forms the bulwark to the richer lands of Croatia—and at all points along the border the possibility of Turkish raids had to be reckoned with.

The little stone forts stand yet on every eminence, with their loopholes for muskets, and the ground cleared in front of them to leave no shelter for an attack, and the tales of those times are still told from Lika to the Save.

For instance, there is the story of the butcher of Bihać, head of the most savage of all the Bosnian robber-bands. This gentleman had cut off the right hand of a complaining customer, and, after his subsequent imprisonment, took to the mountains, gathering, by degrees, a strong force of kindred spirits. They pillaged and murdered right and left, and even dared to attack the blockhouse of Karlstadt by night during a storm. A sentinel roused his fellows, and the brigands were driven back; but the flagrant impertinence of the act roused Jellačić in earnest. He ordered out a small troop, and rode, rash in his hot rage, nearly to Bihać itself, through the narrow defiles in the wooded hills. After crossing the natural rock-wall which there bounds Bosnia, he and his men came to a waste

plateau, seamed with gullies and difficult ravines. As the troop rode along one of the narrow valleys, the brigands opened fire from both sides. It was a well-planned ambush, and the trap seemed complete. Resistance was useless, for the enemy held the higher ground, and the handful of troopers was not strong enough to try an attack. The situation looked desperate, but their leader knew his men and his horse. Wheeling round, he put himself at their head, and charged straight at the brigands, who were now gathering in the glen between him and safety. Thanks to his good horse and sabre, he forced a way through, and his men followed hard on his track. Unwounded himself, and with no loss, he regained Austrian ground, having found a way out of the tight place by sheer determination.

Years later, there was a sequel to this and other such stories, when many a Bosnian came to the Croat camp and asked to be allowed to serve against Hungary, for where Jellačić led there would be much good fighting.

No wonder his men loved him, laughed, and followed him, on many a brigand-hunt and long, weary patrol-ride.

An instance of his care for his troops is sometimes given as earlier in his career, when he was only a captain; but I have reason to believe that it took place during these days of his Frontier command.

It was on a day in winter when the snow lay heavy, and a visiting general chose to make an inspection. The hour was fixed, and the regiment was drawn up in the bitter cold; but the general had found the inn-fire pleasant, and he made no appearance. After an hour of waiting the commander lost patience, for the welfare of a whole

regiment was worth more in his eyes than one general-officer's comfort. The men were dismissed to barracks, and the warm, well-fed, but infuriated general found himself reported by his subordinate as not present for duty. It was a daring deed, seeing the strictness of etiquette preserved in such matters in the Austrian army, and it shows the value put on Jellačić by his superiors that no evil consequences were felt by him. Indeed, his seniors were as ready as his contemporaries to acknowledge his ability and his right to command. In 1842 he became full colonel, and there is a record that Brigadier-General Kempen, after his inspection of all the regiments of the Frontier, gave Colonel Jellačić the highest commendation that anyone had ever received from him.

A little book called *Colonel Jellačić in National Song* gives some quaint details supposed to be gathered from the mouth of an old shepherd who still remembered the glorious days of his youth when he served under the hero of the Frontier. Like all old men, the narrator contrasted the unhappy present with the perfect past.

“Do I remember Jellačić? As if it were myself!” he said, in answer to a question. “God give him eternal rest, for that was the spirit of a man! He loved the poor and lived with the poor. Oh, well I remember the happy days when Jellačić governed this country! Then all was different: lovely years, fertile corn, and prosperity to the least part. Today, evil is everywhere! When Jellačić came to our district, we knew at once that he was a friend of the people He punished all violence strictly, and every villager met with a hearing, even if he knocked at his window at midnight.”

After describing some of the hero's regulations and giving an account of the opposition of bad characters, with sidelights on modern affairs, he went on: "And what an honour it was, when, after hearing the holy Mass with us on a Sunday or a holiday, Colonel Jellačić would exhort us to lead brave and worthy lives, in obedience to the authorities and in loyalty to king and country!"

The picture of half-military, half-patriarchal life is very charming. As Marmont had said years before, the wearing of a uniform was essential to any authority on the Frontier, and here was one who carried the king's colours, did justice, and gave counsel in the old, simple way. Drill, discipline, and martial order were entirely to the minds of the border folk, so long as their rights were respected and the command was held by one they loved. This commander certainly knew how to share their lives and their amusements as well as work and duty.

"Small indeed is the house in which Jellačić has not been," said the shepherd, "either on a christening or wedding day. Always he was at the head of us, even in the kolo."

The description which follows is of the village gathering under a pear-tree, the head of the clan broaching a barrel of wine on Michaelmas day, and the lasses and lads forming circles and dancing to the music of the pipes. Someone sang:—

"Dance the kolo gallantly,
Dance it in full circle,
Play, young man, play cheerily
That all the village hear you
I juju ! I juju !

Sing with voice of youthfulness,
Sweetly sing and clearly ;
Love thy charming maiden, too,
Truly and sincerely
I juju ! I juju ! ”

And while the dance was in full progress, a clatter of hoofs was heard, and Colonel Jellačić, with his suite of ten, came riding up. The pipers dropped their pipes, the dancers ceased their movements, and all stood at attention.

“ What are you stopping for ? ” asked the leader on the black horse, laughing as he acknowledged the headman’s greeting. “ Go on, and let us see you dance.”

There was a moment’s hesitation. Then a piper struck up a new tune, a song that says :—

“ In the kolo is our joy
With our darling maidens,
And whoever will not dance it
To the rubbish-heap we’ll throw him ! ”

The boys and girls joined hands again, and the excitement grew as the time quickened.

In a moment Jellačić was off his horse and joining the circle, and no child of the village could have danced better than the Head of the District.

Again the pipers changed their time :—

“ Choose, choose, any one of us,
Agile little maiden, choose us,
Pretty little apple, choose us,
This one, that one, whom you please,
Anyone of these ;
Only do not tease, but choose us ! ”

They played and sang, while pretty Dora Mickcevu was pressed into the circle. Three times the chorus

begged her to choose her man, and the fourth time she held out a shy hand as she came opposite the sparkling brown eyes of the colonel. A shout of laughter and applause greeted her daring, and never did the old pear-tree see such a dance before or since. The other officers joined in, and the soft autumn afternoon was passed in an innocent revel of song and dance.

That was the bright side of frontier life. The long winter nights when the patrol had to be kept up, the hours of weary waiting behind a rock, in storm and cold, to intercept a brigand-band or a convoy of smugglers, the constant day-and-night watchfulness and care, made the reverse of the medal. It was a service that kept a man's wits at full stretch and his body in full exercise, for an officer had to work as hard as his men, and, at the same time, to plan and think for them. Yet it had a strong fascination, in spite of the fact that chances of promotion were not many. It was no work for a man who wished to keep in the limelight, and the War Office at Vienna was only too glad to forget the regiments of the border, if reports of Bosnian raids were few, and the Croat and Banat districts sent in no claim for compensation for destroyed crops and burnt villages. But to a man who liked a free hand, no branch of the service offered more opportunity. The colonel's word was supreme in his district, and the personal feeling was so strong that every officer was counted a representative of the king, with the weight of that responsibility upon him. Self-reliance, initiative, and quickness were the qualities needful, as well as insight into the thoughts of a primitive fighting folk, who were easily ruled by love but could be desperately



PORCELAIN FIGURES OF SERESHANS.

obstinate and hard to manage if approached in the wrong way.

That the 1st Banal Regiment was the best on the Military Frontier, that corporal punishment was abolished in it, and that the divisional general, F.M.L. von Dahlen, could report most highly of its commander, all shows how Jellačić fulfilled the promise of his youth. He was a young colonel, with many men under him who had grown grey in the king's service, had seen promotion pass them by, and had worn themselves out in the weary frontier life ; but they all acknowledged him their chief and leader. As it had been in his first regiment, so it remained still. He possessed the mysterious charm which made him first in whatsoever company he found himself.

Civil and military Croatia had always been separate in life and administration, as the Military Frontier was governed straight from the War Office at Vienna, while the civil authorities were appointed through the Hungarian chancellery. But the national movement made no distinctions : all were Slavs ; all were, therefore, Illyrians, and united in the brotherhood that Gaj wrote of and prayed for. "Our regiments," when members of them came into Zagreb, were fêted and cheered, and a Sereshan in his red mantle was a friend to all good nationalists, though they might never have seen a *kandjar* unsheathed in anger.

In 1843 tremendous nationalist efforts got three "sound" deputies elected for the Hungarian Parliament, and Hermann Bužan, Karl Klobučarić and Metell Ožegović vowed to let no word of Magyar pass their lips in the Chamber at Pressburg. The Diet opened in June, and on the 20th there was a

stormy sitting of the Lower House. A week later the language question came up at the Magnates' Table, and Bishop Haulik of Zagreb, Count Drasković, and the other Croats objected to the forcing of a foreign language (Magyar) on their compatriots. They desired to speak Latin in the Chamber, as had always been the custom. Baron Eötvös, a literary patriot with liberal views, endeavoured to propose a compromise—that the matter should be left in abeyance for six years. At the same time the question was bitterly discussed in the Lower House, where the voting went against the Croats, and they were forbidden to use anything but Magyar in the hall of the Diet. On 18th October this resolution was annulled by a royal rescript, and, during the session of 18th December Metell Ožegović again spoke in Latin. His rising was the signal for so great an uproar that the president had to close the sitting. At the next meeting, Szemere proposed that no violence should hinder the Croats' speeches, but that their words should be regarded as not spoken. After that the Croats appeared, made silent protest, and abstained from voting.

The feeling that these reports caused in Zagreb may be imagined, and, indeed, there was good reason for the furious anger roused all over the Slav world by the Hungarian policy which the Magyar leaders called "enlightened, progressive, and liberal."

Time only widened the breach and increased the discord. Count Haller, suspected by the ultra-Magyars as being too Croat, and detested by the Croat nationalists as Hungarian-born, tried in vain to keep the peace and rule civil Croatia. His authority was set at naught, and the king's commissioner, Rudics, who came to Zagreb to hold an

inquiry in May 1844, was attacked in such a manner that he left the town with his mission unfulfilled. In July the election of *vicegespan* took place, and all preparations were made for a fight. Some believers in the diabolical policy of Vienna hold that the riot was deliberately allowed and fomented by the authorities, so that it might be crushed and that the popular leaders should suffer. On the 28th the excitement was tremendous; next day a pistol was fired at a Hungarian official, missed him, but was the signal for further aggressions on both sides. Towards evening the poll was declared, and Lentulay, the nationalist candidate, was defeated. Then fighting began in earnest; the Ban's house was surrounded by the shouting mob, and an Italian regiment quartered in the town was called out. The casualties were 9 soldiers wounded, 60 civilians hurt, and 17 killed. An inquiry and trial followed, ending in the condemnation of the ringleaders, who were shot in the Square of St Mark, before the palace of the Ban. The popular demonstration of hatred at this official severity was so bitter that Haller, in fear of his life, resigned his post and fled the country.

After the Ban's departure the civil power was vested temporarily in Bishop Haulik—a just, much-loved prelate, but a man of peace, too weak to have any real influence over such stormy times and the excited passions of his countrymen.

CHAPTER X

THE FIGHT AT POZVIZD

“ The furious Turk is gath’ring troops
 To waste with fire and sword ;
 Our Banat he will take by force,
 Enslave us for his lord. . . .
 Rejoicingly he plans that soon
 His palaces may rise
 Where all our pleasant border-land
 In hill and valley lies. . . .
 But Jellačić is leading,
 O my God, the Turk shall dearly
 Buy the skin he’s needing !
 Guns are flashing, swords are broken,
 Hero-men are falling fast :
 A marvel, O my people, see—
 The Turk is gone, his power is past !
 And Jellačić, our Jellačić,
 Has shown the strength of Croat might
 When in accord and deep affection
 Brothers join to guard the right.”

*Song made by the Frontiersmen after
 the battle of Pozvizd.*

THE above song is quoted from our friend the shepherd, who further avers that “ the Turks in Bosnia were not at all willing to be tranquil,” so that it became necessary to give them a serious lesson. Not only isolated brigand attacks, but aggressions were permitted, if not encouraged, by the pashas who were supposed to give allegiance to the Vizier from Constantinople. The fact remained that Bosnia still gave as little heed to the nominal ruler’s orders as she had ever done, or as Albania does to-day.

By the kindness of Herr von Bojničić, director of the Archives at Zagreb, I have been allowed access to two recently found letters from Joseph Jellačić to his friend Joseph Scheiger, the historian, then living at Gratz. These documents give most graphic account of the affairs in the Frontier, and especially of the fight of 9th July 1845, when the stronghold of Pozvizd, which had never been attacked before, was partially destroyed in just reprisal. This feat of arms, a real blow at Turkish arrogance, was belittled and criticised in a Viennese journal and by some military authorities in a way which hurt the commander in that most tender place—his soldierly honour. He had broken the tradition of slowness and incompetence on the Frontier; he had carried war into the enemy's country instead of making futile demonstrations on the Austrian side of the Cordon, and his reward was the one which most energetic administrators gain—misrepresentation and acrid criticism from those who know but little of the real state of affairs. The loss was relatively small, considering the work done; his critics demanded that it should have been smaller still, and wild rumours of the difficulty of his retreat and the danger into which his “rashness” had plunged the whole Frontier, ran from the visitors of the baths of Topusk, not far from the Cordon, to the old and crusted military circles of Vienna, where any departure from the usual course of events was counted a deplorable innovation.

The first letter runs thus:—

“DEAREST FRIEND,—You cannot believe how much your letter of the 29th inst. cheered me, and how much good your friendly sympathy has done

me—only allow me to say that the formal apologies *in exordio*, and the expectations at the end of the letter were unnecessary, for you certainly know that one I call friend can never be forgotten or unprized by me.

“That I did not answer at once must be excused by my work as Frontier colonel, and with reason, for affairs are so heaped up and complicated that really one can never find a moment for one’s own interests. I shall never have time enough, and I am only too certain that, driven by the restless mill-clapper of our officialism which everywhere sacrifices reality to form, my life and service are but labours of Sisyphus, full of vexations without anything accomplished—in short, my friend, I can look forward to no cheerful hours of existence. *Telle est ma vie.*

“Now to business. I send you with this the dispositions and report, together with a review of the troops and their employment, and a little sketch of the battle-field as well as I can make it from memory. The cause of the trouble is quite simple. The Turks shot a sixteen-year-old frontiersman, Sava Woinovich, having trespassed into our command to do so. The ‘Instructions for Reprisals’ indicate these two crimes exactly in points 1–8. I demanded immediate satisfaction. The Turks, spoilt by long want of energy on our side, tried to put me off with swindling promises. I informed them clearly and roundly on the evening of the 7th that I gave them only twenty-four hours more. My precision, the way in which I spoke, and (I can say this to a friend) my reputation here and there, made them think a bit; and, if they doubted whether my word would be carried out so soon, they took care to send women, children, and all the

beasts quickly to the Unna. The appointed time elapsed without anything being done. Early on the 8th, at about an hour after midnight, after my return to Glina, I gave orders that 8 companies should concentrate. When you remember that on the Frontier the soldiers are scattered to their homes over an area of 30-40 square miles; when you think that each man must bring his commissariat with him, which often consists only of beans, Indian-corn meal, and bad millet-bread — then perhaps you can realise the life the frontiersman leads. I could only allow 8 companies to advance, as the rearguard four had not been able to come up. Every Frontier regiment has two field-battalions, one reserve, one 3rd and 4th battalion, and then 160 and 200 Sereshans. In all, 5200 armed, organised men, not counting the mass of the population with their own peculiar weapons. So, as each district company is according to the number of the population, the contingent averages 180 men for the field-battalion, 100 for the reserve, and 130 of the armed peasant class. The field-companies are equipped like the rest of the army, very well trained, and neatly turned out. The 3rd and 4th battalions have equipment, but no uniform. This much I must say to explain the arrangement, as one cannot otherwise grasp how 8 field and 6 reserve and territorial companies can march out in such strength.

“The field-companies were weak, while the daily service, with 552 men gone, had to be cut down. The reserve of the 8th and 10th companies I could not concentrate, on account of the shortness of the time. *Sapienti pauca!*”

“It would be well if our comrades of the Line took

a little more interest in these military institutions and had more knowledge of them, so that they would not be led quite so easily into hasty judgments by foolish, idle newspaper articles and empty twaddle. None could have more than the smallest knowledge of the circumstances, and causes and results they could know nothing of, as I have informed *nobody* up to now of my arrangements; none knew of the action and result of the fight; none had more than the vaguest idea of the country thereabouts. The Bosniaks have not yet published maps, and, except my soldiers, no one was there with me.

“ To cut it short, I went over the border with 3 columns at 9.30 a.m. The much-talked-of bridge was a plank affair, four feet wide, put together of casual, ready-to-hand bits of wood an hour before the attack; it was not absolutely necessary, for I did not advance over the bridge, but rode along by it. And then people cackle of our being cut off from the bridge, which cutting off would not have helped the Turks much, as the Glina is fordable all along and will always be fordable and would be equally fordable in going and returning. It is disgusting to have to say a word about such nonsense. I know that in many brains there is a determination to believe that nothing was ready, and so comes this spite. I have read somewhere:—

“ ‘ If you are pricked by Evil-tongue,
 Take this consoling greeting:
 The sourest fruits are never those
 At which the wasps are eating ! ’

“ I have fought in and out of many reprisals where others were rewarded. In God’s name, I don’t grumble at that! But why they want to despoil

me and mine of all that is most brilliant, I don't understand. Pozvizd was never before attacked (not even in the Turkish wars). I attacked it and burnt 34 houses with all their stores and goods. The Turks themselves confess to 80 killed and 145 wounded, of whom 72 were severely hurt and many have since died. I lost in all 67 men. (The wounded are all safely back; 54 are proved to be dead, and of 13 I know nothing.) Many, very many! And I regret, as a man, every Christian and Turk from my deepest soul. But, as a soldier, whose bloody duty must be done, I ask, Could there be no result of five hours' hard fighting, where a hundred thousand bullets flew about like peas? That *terrain* is the most treacherous in the world. No roads, undergrowth, tumps, high grass often up to the hips, where a man does not see his comrade fall, and cannot find him afterwards. Then, no nice French enemy, but a savage Turk, who doesn't take a wounded man to hospital, but cuts off his head. All this caused an unlucky accident, for a detachment under Sergeant Milichewich, of 46 men, got stuck in a reedy swamp; he defended himself to the last cartridge, and, in the end, was shot with all his men. Without this mishap, what remains of my loss? Just 20 men. *Voilà tout.* The firing was so heavy on all sides that one did not especially notice the firing of this erring division, and so it could get detached. The poor officer who was there, an old, decrepit man, did not count correctly. God forgive him, but it was his fault that so many brave men fell. For three-quarters of an hour before we got back to our Frontier, the fire was ever weaker, and, as we reached the Glina, which, in *returning* as in *going*, was passed partly by the bridge and partly through

the water, barely more than 30 Turks followed us. That I know for certain, because, with 10 or 15 men, I was the last to cross the Glina, as in going out, I had the honour to be greeted by the first cannon-shot from Pozvizd. All that has been said of being cut off and menaced in the rear, is clear, abominable lying.

“It is true that we should not have been molested by the Kladusch Turks and would have lost many less men, if the Sluiner Major Kerempotich with his 600 men had advanced only 2000 paces and hindered their movement against our right flank: if he, good old Austrian, had not stuck where he was like a block, and had followed the golden rule of the moment: *le feu c'est la direction de la marche*. Yet Kerempotich takes Grouchy for his master; Kerempotich has precise orders from me to hold the Kladusch Turks in check; he hears how they shout as they see him motionless: ‘Forward, Turks! The Sluiner Giaours do nothing to us! Forward, charge at the Banal men!’ And Kerempotich stands, stands with iron *impassibilité*! However, that did not prevent us from accomplishing our retreat without a check, but some labour and a pair of men killed might have been saved us, had Kerempotich shown a little less impassiveness. So—if one takes into consideration that the reprisals were brilliantly executed, and the object of the expedition was entirely gained; that one must return after the work is done; that an enemy whose house and home has just been destroyed very naturally follows up the retreating force, and that he is neither a coward nor an old woman, but a well-armed man who knows how to put bullets into us; and that when one fights for five hours some

casualties are bound to occur, etc., etc.—I ask what there is to criticise, at any rate, so tactlessly. I believe that in the drawing up of over two-thirds of the entire troops to protect the flank and rear, more than adequate care was taken, Good heavens! One might credit a colonel with knowledge of the A B C which every patrol-leader knows, and not allow it to be asserted that he has very much less natural intelligence than the correspondent of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*.

“Lastly, do these gentlemen want life insurances for soldiers? And if anyone insults me, shall I pocket it because I may find myself in a duel?

“I believe that all my comrades in the army, if my undertaking had not succeeded and I had lost half my men, would have paid me the tribute of a friendly thought and the word: *Tout est perdu hors l'honneur*, instead of letting their judgment be biassed by newspaper articles and reports from timid people doing cures at Topusk—for whom no doubt musket and cannon fire have no music. *Honi soit qui mal y pense!* I presuppose in everyone who carries our uniform the courage which every musketeer possesses. Allowing this to them all, I know what, under similar circumstances, all my many critics would have found equally serious—that what one can answer for from a feeling of duty, one has also to answer for officially. I speak from experience, and this spectre has often paralysed our bravest men in most important moments. Proof: military history. The hardest thing in the world is to make a quick decision.

“Dear godfather, I come scribbling to you here, without coherence or arrangement—*veniam!* But the whole affair is so odious to me. Why do

these men not think the best of me like Christians, until they have proof of the worst? 'Sbogom!' says the Croat, and means 'With God!' Again, hearty thanks for your kind remembrance. A thousand good wishes for happiness and prosperity to my godmother and the little ones, and give me as well a kindly thought.—Ever your affectionate friend,

"JELLAČIĆ.

"GLINA, Aug. 3rd, 1845.

"N.B.—I had almost forgotten the cannon-fire. When the troops had already passed over the Glina, so that the guns might be used, they let off a couple of shots from the Paunovač post, at the few Turks who had come up to the frontier line. Our Frontier artillery shoots well, without bothering itself with mathematical formulæ. Two Turks ambled off, and a couple of minutes later not one was to be seen far and wide. Three hours after, our Frontier women and children were working in their fields close to the line and were disturbed no more. The anxiety of the gentry at Topusk was, therefore, quite unnecessary. Altogether, we cannot agree to the pictures of terror which have been published, for these dangers only existed in the makers' brains. We know nothing and knew nothing of it, and how can we calm other people's fears? Adieu! By word of mouth, many pretty things on the further diplomatic incidents could be told; *sed non est scribendum, quod dicere vel cogitare licet!*"

This letter gives a sufficiently clear story of the "battle of Pozvizd," and the report included with it only amplifies the details as to mobilisation, gives place-names and the exact disposition of the



SERESHANS.

various corps. The weather was foggy on that July morning—no strange thing among the border hills—and the difficulty of seeing the way and the enemy was thus heightened. By 6 a.m. the 2nd and 3rd columns reached Pozvizd, and the destruction of the houses began. There were many prominent Bosnians among the Turkish leaders, including one Ali Aidaracz of Little-Kladusch, who, in the year 1834 had scaled the walls of the castle of Cetin. The loss to the frontiersmen included Lieutenants Kukuly and Baltich. The report is dated Staroselo, 12th July 1845.

The account given in the *Croat News* of 19th July does not give us much further information, save a little anecdote very characteristic of a frontiersman. The firing was hot about the Glina when this man reached it and pondered on the best way over.

“I cannot swim,” he said to himself; “but if I cross by the bridge they will fire at me. However, if I must perish, I prefer dry land.”

So across the bridge he ran, in spite of the bullets, and reached the other side in safety.

The second letter is undated, but was written, undoubtedly, in February 1846, and refers to the military events of that time. It is also to Joseph Scheiger, and laments the slackness of the authorities. Even a Frontier colonel could do little without ammunition and horses, though he led the best troops in the world!

“DEAR GOOD, KIND FRIEND,—If only now, and very briefly, I answer your kind letter from Gratz of the 16th inst., I have, unfortunately, a real excuse. I have not been at all well for the last two months, and write these lines from my bed. Gout in my

shoulder and right arm makes me equally unhandy with sword and pen. You can imagine my feelings when I heard my regiment march off to the Cordon without me, for I could not even see them, but could only hear the drums of the divisions marching out. However, I had given orders that I was to be momentarily informed of everything, and also I had made arrangements in case of an attack, ill though I was, to be carried to the Cordon, where I could have sat on a horse and been under fire, in spite of gout. But that didn't happen after all—*la paix à tout prix!*

“The cause of the disturbances from Prosceni Kamen to Ogulin castle is the Kadi of Bihać, Mehmedbeg Rustanbegovich. He was summoned to Travnik by the new Vizier, like all the other rich Muslims; but it seemed to him dangerous to go. Therefore, to avoid the invitation, he began a sort of campaign, knowing well that when our troops were gathered on the frontier line, he could summon more Turks to fight the Giaours. Very good reason not to leave his post and go to Travnik. *Voilà la raison d'état !*

“Now, in a few words, I will show you the course of events at Prosceni Kamen.

“On 3rd February, after midday, a shot was fired from the opposite bank of the Korana (here only a brook) at the castle-guard, then another at the market-place, and a third at the store-counter itself. The second hit an inspector, Klarich; the last a shopman, Ritz; and these two in the end died of their wounds. Then the fight began. A three-pounder was mounted on to the platform in front of headquarters and fired on the Turks, first with grape, and later with ball, as they fled over the Korana and

gathered on the heights beyond. In the market-place, 7 men were killed and many beasts. On the same day the Turks came back in a numerous body, and tried to carry off their dead with violence and without waiting for permission from the commander of the post. They broke in, while, on the wooded rise on the other side, they had placed a force which opened a murderous fire on the castle and especially on our artillery-men serving the guns. They were again driven back with loss. Then they made an attempt to attack the Frontier village of Ljeskovač, but almost immediately relinquished the idea. So the fight went on until nightfall put an end to it. The Turks gave their loss as more than 100 dead and wounded. We had 8 wounded, counting those already mentioned.

“Then the Cordon Commander-in-Chief at Karlstadt, F.M.L. von Dahlen, allowed all the regiments to advance.

“On 7th February, the following troops were stationed on the Cordon :—

Likaner: 2 field, 1 reserve, battalions;

Ottchaner: 2 field, 1 reserve, 1 territorial, battalions;

Oguliner: 2 field, 1 reserve, 1 territorial, battalions;

Sluiner: 2 field, 1 reserve, battalions;

1st Banal: 2 field, 1 reserve, battalions;

2nd Banal: 2 field battalions;—in all, 19 battalions.

18 guns of the Artillery regiments.

3 howitzers, 3 rockets of the Karlstadt district.

900 Sereshans;

and an uncounted mass of war-like, well-armed Frontier folk, who were very willing to go over as

volunteers. If I could be sure of support and enough powder and shot, I would go with these troops to the gates of Stamboul itself.

“In every way it is regrettable that in this country under such circumstances, we are so miserably equipped.

“The garrison artillery of Karlstadt district has only two pair of horses ; so, in case of necessity, the guns must be drawn by frontier horses. You can imagine, then, how difficult, nay, impossible, any manœuvring with guns must be. The poor frontiersman allows himself and his horses to be shot to death willingly enough, but the whole artillery is rendered almost immovable by such makeshift substitutes for a team. Oxen will not do, for here only horses are used.

“Above all, we have too little ammunition. That is an ill-starred economy everywhere, which is often paid for too dearly. For example, at Pozvizd fight, which lasted five hours and in which the whole force was engaged, I had fired off all my sixty cartridges per man, and my whole reserve ammunition was only 18,000 pieces! What can one do if the Turks have knives and more ammunition, and go on fighting?

“I entreat, I make reports, all in vain—systematic portioning-out, a scruple to a Croat : *voilà le résultat !*

“So the battalions remained drawn up for twelve days, until at last, on 15th February, the order came from the Cordon headquarters to return. *Parturiunt montes !*

“If we wish to have peace, we must do in earnest what Marmont did in 1810. He gathered 1200 men, wasted the country as he went from Ivanska

to Bihać, made the Turks come to him, and then dictated terms of peace by which all the costs had to be paid in twenty-four hours. Then he went off home and had peace.

“There, dear Scheiger, is all which can quickly be said on these matters. Willingly I would let myself go into more detail, but it hurts me too much; I am very tired of writing; you, perhaps, are even more so of reading.

“God be with you! A thousand greetings to my dear godmother and the dear little folk. God watch over and preserve you all! I remain your true old friend and ‘Gevatter.’

JELLAČIĆ.”

The *Croat News* of 7th February supplements this account with an article deplored the “anarchy in Bosnia and its effect on the Frontier, where this disturbance at Prosćeni Kamen was only one among many outrages.

1846-1847

CHAPTER XI

BEFORE THE STORM

“Under me flows the yellow Danube ; over me is a thick cloud-mantle ; in my soul are doubts and dreams. . . . When the time shall come in which men will be able to speak of the strivings and sorrows of our days as of a great transition-period of struggling humanity, if any of us are alive then to review the past, shall we laugh at or curse its passion, desires, and anger?”—*Article in “Die Grenzenboten.”*

WE must leave Croatia, her border fighting and political aims, for a moment, to see how the influences from outside, the world-questions beyond her frontiers, were about to affect her.

All Europe was in disturbance, though the actual revolutionary outbreaks did not occur until the spring of 1848. The Polish campaign, in which the young Benedek distinguished himself, in 1846 ; the troubles in Portugal ; the perpetual riots and agitations in every town in Italy, gave most serious anxiety to the authorities at Vienna, and more than ever Metternich considered that the only chance of peace lay in “sitting on the safety-valve.” Though the old Chancellor was manifestly worn out and clinging to the power that was only a show, still no man was strong enough to wrest it from him and thus open the way to new ideas. No man was strong enough, but one woman saw very clearly the danger and the remedy. The Archduchess Sophie took the Liberal side, as a woman of her quick wit

and strong feeling was bound to do. The Archduke Johann, the "wise man" of the Imperial family, agreed with her in the main, but her feminine mind went far beyond his caution. It was very plain to her that the best chance for the Empire lay in a change of régime, and, her husband being a nonentity, she wove her dreams of beneficent power round her eldest son, Franz Joseph, already known at Court as the "Flower of Hapsburg," and growing daily in promise. The election of Pius IX. as Pope in 1846 gave an immense impetus to her feelings. She was "romantically religious," in distinction to the Court of Austria's attitude of cold political attachment to the Church. A liberal - minded Pope appealed to all her sensibilities and literary feeling. To be able to combine religious fervour with the glorious dreams of progress and free-thought was a deep joy to her, as to many another good Catholic. Here, especially, she received no sympathy from the Archduke Johann. He saw the need for reforms and careful, gradual remodelling of the machinery of State; he was wearied by Metternich's slowness and his brother Ludwig's hopeless determination to keep everything as it was; but he could see no use in a religious revival, and he had no desire for more intimate relations with Rome, even though the new Pope were a saint sent from heaven to regenerate the world. It was manifestly harder for an Austrian Archduke than for a Bavarian Princess to sympathise with such glorious schemes for the brotherhood of man and the progress of humanity as Gioberti's *Speranze*.

The new light was beginning to burn strongly in Germany, and reflections from it were touching

even Vienna itself. That stern law which made learning and politics go hand in hand—so that every attempt at literal freedom of thought, research without bounds, and individual expression, was ruled out as seditious—began to press unbearably on professors and students at the universities even of the Kaiserstadt. Professors at Leipzig, Frankfurt, Bonn, and the rest, gave a patriotic trend to their doctrines; had strange, socialistic, democratic, atheistic, and altogether Utopian visions; and certain incomes, secure posts, and chances of advancement, were flung up with a glorious recklessness which fired many a young student to follow his quondam teacher's example.

A rhyme of the moment shows the idea at the bottom of all this literary upheaval:—

THE CONSOLATION-SONG OF THE DEPOSED PROFESSOR

Yes, I was once a Professor :

Take off your cap, sir, and bow ;
Teacher, I have become guesser—
What's left to do with life now ?

Now comes a Thought : I can hymn it,
Unacademic and free,
With no one to set me a limit
From here to eternity,

Never a statesman to worry,
Never a king to control,
No more of the term and its hurry ;
Now I am king of my soul.

Though I'm no longer Professor,
No longer a guide to youth,
I can use my tongue to express, or
My eyes to discover the truth.

And I shall find the others
Marching to Freedom's advance ;
Open your ranks, my brothers,
That I, too, may raise my lance !

There is my lost youth waiting,
Ready to greet me again,
Free from all heavy debating,
Clear of Necessity's pain.

Now I must raise my beaker,
Now I must drink one toast—
A health to this Freedom-seeker
Whose faith is no empty boast !

The Professor is dead, so, forgiving
His sins, in his place I stand,
With another life for the living
To give to my Fatherland.

In such spirit did teachers and taught approach the crucial moment when their desires began to find fulfilment, when the old things began to pass away. It was essentially a fighting spirit, democratic and revolutionary. English university life is conservative in its essence, academic, unpolitical : in Austria the groundwork of politics brought the inevitable result. The affairs of State were supremely interesting to a body of men little fitted to have cool judgment or patience with diplomatic necessity, and the consequence was (and still is) the student-rioting which became such a serious factor in the life of the nation, a menace to order, and a very regrettable feature of a quite legitimate movement.

If Germany was passionately pan-German, and Italy striving to conceive the word "Italian," Hungary was further on the road to national achievement than either. The Magyar "Isten"—his god and his country in one—had always set

the nation apart from other countries, and every Hungarian was proud of that isolation. Austria had granted concessions, unwillingly, of course; but still the Magyar demands met with a hearing, plays were allowed at Pressburg which Vienna never saw, papers were not suppressed save for very open ultra-Liberal views, and, on the whole, the policy of the Empire towards the Kingdom was conciliatory. The chief reason for this leniency was the trend of mind of the Palatine Archduke Joseph—a good, liberal man, who knew his subjects, was beloved by them, and held the link firm between the House of Hapsburg and the Hungarian throne. In October 1846 he was about to keep the festival of his jubilee, when his fatal illness prevented the rejoicings. Even Kossuth, the great agitator, who had been lately in prison for his opinions, wrote in his paper, the *Pesti Hirlap*: “Fate threw a funeral pall over the altar on which the nation was about to kindle the grateful flame”; and all classes deeply regretted the death of their good Palatine on 12th January 1847. He had been among them so long; he had mediated between the restless, haughty magnates and the officials of the capital; he had held strictly apart from politics; and, with marvellous tact, he had kept the balance of their favour on his side. So long as the Archduke Joseph lived, Hungary was safe from open revolt against Vienna; after his death affairs hurried to a foregone, terrible conclusion.

Yet there were so many fine spirits among those magnates, and so many men in all classes of the Hungarian nation whose abilities were beyond the ordinary, and whose patriotism was a passion.

Older than the Hapsburgs, descended from one of the seven paladins of Arpád, "aristo" and yet absolutely nationalist, the Batthyany family took the lead in Hungarian affairs, by right of birth and wealth. Count Louis, the head of the clan, was a curious study of a man whose natural and inherited opinions were in strong contrast and yet united. He was said to be "proud even to arrogant, passionate to furious, and determined to stiff-necked." Perhaps in a few of our old Whig families the same tradition of Liberalism and pride of birth can be found. Count Louis would as soon have abolished the class of nobles as he would have cut off the magnificent beard of which he was so proud; but he fought for the rights of the people, and died a rebel to his king and a martyr to the national cause. Count Casimir, his younger brother, had even less of everyday common sense and more lawless vanity. He aspired to be the *Egalité* of the Hungarian revolution, and has been called "a Jacobin in a Count's coronet."

Besides the Batthyany, the Esterhazy, and other great landowners, there was Count Stephan Szecsenyi, the man who made the Danube navigable, built the splendid iron suspension bridge uniting Buda and Pesth, and spent his life in work for the good of his country. He spoke and wrote of toleration and peace, opposed the goading of the Slavs to a rupture, fought every inch of Kossuth's way to revolution, and, finally, found the struggle too much for his mind and body. He died, a madman, in 1853,

Baron Eötvös, later Minister for Education under Batthyany, had charm, literary capacity—as one may see in his delightful novel, *Der Dorf-Notar*—

and a broad mind ; Pulsky was a writer and deep thinker ; and so one could go on enumerating names indefinitely.

The leaders who sprang from the people, too, can pride themselves upon the most famous of all, Kossuth, and his magnificent gift of oratory. Like Mr Gladstone, he had a golden mouth, this ugly, mean-looking young advocate, and his spirit-stirring periods could sway the hearts of his countrymen as he willed. Above all, he had the gift of telling phrase.

“Where is this Croatia ?” he crowed. “I can’t find it. So small it is, it won’t serve even for a morning meal !”

“Our people will give their blood and lives for their beloved king, but for Viennese politicians even a sparrow won’t die !”

That was his style of speech, colloquial as our Celtic politicians in England to-day, bombastic often, heartfelt and moving always.

With all this talent, it was sad to see the wasted efforts expended on the conflict with Austria. These men poured forth vain words, pamphlets, libels, and political squibs. A German-Hungarian grammar had to be suppressed for the ridiculous catechism given in it : “Who is King of Hungary ?—The German Emperor of Austria. Where does the King of Hungary live ?—At Vienna, in the German province of Austria. Who is the councillor of our country ?—A German : he lives on Hungarian revenues”—and so on. They wasted reams of good paper, ink, and words in trying to prove the Slav collusion with Russia ; that Gaj was “the herald of the Czar,” and Safarik and Kollar were “the spokes of his chariot.” Thus, desiring fuller liberty for themselves, they denied it to others ;

demanding their own rights with a strong hand, they refused to acknowledge the equally ancient charter of Slav liberty. It made the whole groundwork of Magyar policy a lie and an aggression, gave a reason for Austria's bitter complaints of her "rebel subjects," and it still tinges the relation between Magyar and Slav, which ought to be so much to the advantage of both countries. For all the writings, the speeches, and the bloodshed of the years between 1840 and 1912 have neither lessened the bitterness nor removed the causes of offence. Austria still stands torn asunder by her Magyar and Slav kingdoms, giving way to one, allowing unfairness to the other, and, perhaps, in her heart hating both. Still the Magyar esteems himself to be a man and the Slav to be a serf, and still the Slav alludes to the Hungarian nation as "a handful of Asiatics."

It was at a crisis of her history that the Archduke Stephan succeeded his father, the beloved Joseph, as Palatine of Hungary. The succession had been promised long before, else some in Vienna would have hesitated before appointing the more Liberal son of a Liberal father. The Archduke Stephan was thirty years of age, had been Governor-General of Bohemia for three years, and was much liked at Prague. The people swarmed to see the last of him; the band played the "Good-bye" air from Raimund's *Alpenkönig* as his train left Prague station on 23rd August, and he stood looking back as long as the waving hats could be seen. He must have felt a sad certainty that the task before him was both difficult and dangerous, and that Pesth and Pressburg would be very different from gay, kindly Prague.

The harvest had utterly failed all over Central Europe, and had been short the year before, so that distress was very prevalent, and want breeds political agitation all the world over. Slovak girls, it is said, were offered for sale in the streets of Pesth, and both up and down the Danube banks famine stalked very grimly. The politicians lost no chance of attributing all the people's woes to Austrian mis-government, and on the Palatine devolved the duty of touring the country to give help by his presence and promises of better days.

In October his formal installation at Pesth took place, and, as the King's representative, attended a lad whose name was already in the mouths of his people. An elder Archduke should have been present; but death had been busy in the Hapsburg family, and the Archduke Franz Joseph, Sophie's eldest son, found it necessary to take up thus early the official duties of his rank. The "slight, knightly form of the seventeen-year-old boy in the gay uniform of a colonel of the Imperial Hussars" was a picture that could not fail to please the show-loving Magyars, and they cheered him with a ringing "Eljen!" and clash of unsheathed swords. He had been carefully taught, and his perfect accent in their tongue was an unexpected delight, and was adjudged better than that of his cousin, the Palatine. The use of Magyar speech proved so popular that, at the opening of the Diet at Pressburg, a few weeks later, the Emperor-king himself made shift to speak some Hungarian words in answer to his solemn welcome, and won furious applause for the first Magyar speech from the throne.

The Croat Chamber, meanwhile, had been sitting at Zagreb from 20th to 23rd October, and every

nationalist measure was wildly acclaimed, both within and without the assembly-room. The debates were held in a large hall, above which was a gallery capable of holding several hundred people. The deputies sat at three oblong tables, the representative of the Ban at the end of the middle one, with the Greek bishop and the chief of the nationalist party, Count Janko Drasković, near him. These three tables were surrounded by a balustrade, behind which gathered a number of young men, armed and usually in national dress. These were the *literati*, who, having passed all the schools, could assist at debates, if they were nobles. When Bishop Haulik proclaimed the unanimous desire of the assembly that the Croat language should be used in all schools and offices, the demonstrations of satisfaction were tremendous. Ladies, thronging the gallery, flung flowers on the deputies' heads, the news spread to the crowds without, and the shouts of joy echoed through the town. The meeting ended by voting an address to the king, in which it was asked that a member of his house might be sent as governor, and that the administration of Croatia should be entirely separate from that of Hungary.

From this assembly were chosen the representatives sent to the Diet at Pressburg. Their "platform" was to insist on the national language, the national administration, and that Zagreb should be raised from a bishopric to an archbishopric. At the Magnates' table Hofrat Hermann von Božan, and in the Lower House Baron Metell Ožegović and the chief notary of Požega, Bunyik, were the representatives elected to this office.

All through Hungary the elections caused tremendous feeling, especially at Pesth, where Lajos

Kossuth was one of the candidates. There was some opposition—many good men feared his extreme opinions ; but, in the end, amidst torrents of speeches, the Rákóczy march (that old call to arms) played by gipsy bands, and a flutter of red-white-and-green flags, he was triumphantly elected. And when he took the usual oath promising to serve in no public office during the legislative period, he raised his hand and said, in ominously echoing tones :—

“ Not only for the next six years, but for my whole life, I solemnly promise to take no office which the House of Austria may offer to me ! ”

Jan., Feb., and March 1848

CHAPTER XII

THE FIRST THUNDER-CLAPS

“Where lightning flashed and thunder rolled,
Hurrah the Black, the Red and Gold !
Powder is black,
Blood must run red,
And golden flash the flames.
It is our oldest banner,
The colours that we know,
And we will hold and fight 'neath them
While our young blood shall flow,
From the first answer to the call,
Until the last great fight of all.”

FREILIGRATH, *German in London*, 1848.

“A LIBERAL Pope is an impossible being,” wrote Metternich to Ficquelmont in Milan, but all Italy was trying to disprove the impossibility and burnt incense unceasingly before its idol, Pio Nono. They dared many things in the Peninsula, during those days of winter 1847-48. The Viceroy’s palace in Venice at Christmas time found itself placarded with “To let, in the year 1848,” and the demonstrations when Verdi’s *Macbeth* was produced and the house rose to the chorus “La patria tradita,” were only small bubbles on the very stormy waters. Radetsky asked for supplies and more men, did the best he could to fortify the Quadrilateral, and hoped anxiously that a good carnival might keep his uneasy Milanese quiet.

In the Hungarian Diet at Pressburg, Kossuth

declared: "Never was an opposition going more loyally to work than ours in Hungary. I do not deny that we spoke strongly in the Address, but it is the strength of moderation and loyalty."

Metell Ožegović thought differently, as he fought in his dogged Croat way against the quicker-minded Magyar, until at last Kossuth's anger carried away his judgment, and he cried furiously in answer to the Croat's reiterated demands for his people's rights: "Only the sword can decide this between us!"

The Palatine was naturally in sympathy with the Magyar party. His father had handled the difficult situation with the skill of use and age, but an untried young man, grown up in a Liberal atmosphere, was almost inevitably drawn into the hands of those who assured him thus repeatedly of their loyalty and love of progress. There is no reason to suppose that the Archduke Stephan was not actuated by an earnest desire to do the best for the nation in his charge, and, at the same time, to be a loyal servant to the head of his house; but events were too strong for him, and he was almost foredoomed to failure. Had he been an extraordinary man, a powerful natural ruler, he might have steered Hungary through the rocks, and he might even have settled the Croat questions without open conflict; but as it was, his well-meant efforts have only thrown a doubt upon his motives from both sides.

He visited Zagreb, in the course of his official tour, and of his reception there we have a tiny *aperçu* from an eyewitness:—

"I had to attend the official reception of the Archduke, and, while talking to him, could not keep my eyes off an officer of his suite, colonel of a

Frontier regiment. It was Jellačić. Later, at a students' ball, all drank his health as future Ban."

Thus the Frontier began to find itself honoured in its greatest son, and the name of the simple colonel of the Banal regiment, who could get no answer from Vienna to his pleas for ammunition, began to be whispered from mouth to mouth as a patriot and possible leader of his country.

January passed without worse happening than student and town riots in Milan, Padua, and other Italian towns, yet Radetsky's anxieties continued heavy, for Piedmont was known to be arming. In an Order of the Day he showed his opinion of the situation, and made an appeal to his troops :—

" Still my sword is held firmly in my hand, the sword that I have drawn with honour in so many fields for fifty-six years ; I ask you to guard the peace of a young and still happy country, which a mad political party would fling into inconceivable misery."

Hungary, Croatia, Bohemia, and Germany were waiting during those early weeks in that curious lull which so often just precedes the storm.

The 1st Banal regiment had to send a battalion to Italy in February, in answer to Radetsky's urgent demands. One Marić wrote a spirited poem on the occasion, which Colonel Jellačić put into German, and, even twice translated, the opening lines ring well :—

" Listen, O frontiersmen, heroes high-hearted !
The Kaiser has ordered your service again,
And scarce from our midst have your trumpets departed
Ere they sound the advance over Italy's plain ;
Twelve hundred you are from the land of our birth,
And your leaders are ready to sample your worth."

But February was not to end without the opening peal of thunder which all men were expecting.

It came from France, that home of revolutions, and flung Louis Philippe from his throne in a few wild days. Lamartine, the poet, tried to rule the storm, but rain from the skies and a bitter wind did more to curb the mob than any man's influence, and the excesses were not so great as might have been feared. The king and his family fled to England; the Republic was proclaimed, and the echoes of the French upheaval rolled round Europe, and woke the cries of "Constitution!" and "Reform!" in every country.

The Austrian government trembled for many reasons. A French Republic might mean a French war, and the Empire's credit was too low to risk such an emprise.

"Pounds, shillings, and pence
Are the best national defence,"

ran the English rhyme, and it was just in the treasury that Austria was weakest. Want of money tied Radetsky's hands in Italy; want of money made the prudent people in Vienna seek any way, however ignominious, out of the Hungarian *impasse*; and to put an army in the field needed much besides men and guns. A Russian loan was unpopular, yet nowhere else could the statesmen of the Ballplatz find the necessary cash.

The people who greeted the French Revolution with the most heartfelt joy, who acclaimed the "Völkerfrühling" and demanded that all should share it, were the students, especially those of Vienna. On 29th February, they wrote on the new Kärntnerthor of the Innere Stadt: "In a month Metternich will be overthrown! Long live constitu-

tional Austria!"—and they meant it. Pleasure-loving, careless Vienna was about to begin her succession of revolutions, and the lads of the barricades were ready, with their unskilled hands, to welcome "freedom and spring." It had been cold winter weather, but suddenly changed, and March was as warm as a usual May—a perfect setting for a popular rising. The 13th was the day chosen for the great demonstration—the Emperor Joseph II.'s birthday,—and it broke warm, cloudy, and windless. Soon from the university came the hum of a gathered crowd. There it was decided that the Kaiser must be made to hear the students' petition for freedom of teaching, freedom of the Press, and public equality of religion. Nothing would serve but an appeal to Cæsar: "We will go no longer by the back stairs [Metternich and the Archduke Ludwig]; we go direct to the Kaiser!"

They swung into the streets, an ordered body, shouting: "Down with Metternich! Long live the Emperor!"—no cries of a republic, but a gathering call of loyalty. In the outer Burgplatz, that vast space where the Hofburg rises in the open midst of Vienna, the crowd swelled and surged, harangued and shouted. When the Archduke Franz Karl and the Archduchess Sophie returned from a walk by the Bastion, hats were waved wildly in greeting. The cries broke out: "Long live the people's friend! Long live the Archduchess Sophie!"—and the warm-hearted woman smiled and was manifestly pleased at the recognition.

Within the Hofburg the Court officials were crazy with alarm, confused, hopelessly incompetent, and full of the fear that the events of Paris would be repeated in conservative, peaceful Vienna. They

ran to and fro, contradictory orders were given, and no head or leader could be discovered.

The garrison of Vienna under the Archduke Albrecht, was drawn up in readiness, and between twelve and one o'clock the soldiers received orders to move. In several divisions they were to march through and clear the streets, now all packed with excited people. The Archduke himself, with his staff, rode through the Franzensthör into the town, saying to the crowd:—

“Now go quietly home! Go home!”—until a bit of wood hit his eye-glasses and made him turn his horse and go back.

The Grenadiers were swimming, rather than marching through the Herrengasse, so dense was the crowd, when the order came to fire on the mob. They fired, first over the heads of the people, and a few windows were broken; but the next volley took effect, and, at all points, the crash of the shots was the signal for the mob's attack in earnest.

In the Hofburg the terrible sounds confirmed everyone's worst fears, and it was expected that the palace itself might be stormed. The poor, kind Emperor was deeply distressed. Weak-minded he was, but a gentle man with a horror of bloodshed.

“I lass' nit schiessen,” he cried (“I won't let them fire!”), “I reif fort, wann's ihr schiessen lasst” (“I will shout loudly when I let them fire”); and the Viennese remembered his kindness later, and, in their hearts, through all vicissitudes, he remained their “poor, good Ferdinand.”

The evening began to close in; still some street-fighting was going on, and hasty councils were summoned at the palace. The man in most obvious

danger was Metternich. His house was threatened ; Princess Mélanie gallantly declared that she would stay at her husband's side, while he showed no intention of retreating ; but it soon became evident that the moment of his fall had come. At seven in the evening he was summoned to the palace for a State conference. As he crossed the ante-room full of groups of people, he heard the Archduke Johann say loudly : "Calm yourself, gentlemen ; I am certain that Prince Metternich will resign."

Metternich flung back : "I do not give in, gentlemen, I do not give in !" as he passed through.

But the Archduke turned again to the deputation, and repeated firmly : "As I have said, Prince Metternich will resign."

It was a bitter blow for the old man, and might surely have been more gently delivered ; but still, with head held high, the Chancellor went on to the council-chamber where he had been so long supreme.

In the ante-room still deputations surged and talked and waited impatiently for news from within.

"Five minutes more," cried Dr Bach, who had taken the affairs of the university into his capable hands, "and I go !"

At last the Chancellor gave way to the inevitable, and bowed his grey head before the storm. It was put into writing—the resignation that meant so much, after all those years of nearly absolute power, —and he brushed aside the Archduke Ludwig's laments and the Empress's tears.

At nine o'clock his resignation was announced to the waiting people, and the whole town broke into illuminations and joyful torchlight processions.

"He saw his system buried ; he saw his death-fire with his own eyes."

The rejoicings were continued on the 14th. Mob, students, and people had gained their wishes, and the light-hearted, truly Viennese desire to celebrate the occasion seized them. Everything was going to be all right now. At one blow they had rid themselves of all their enemies. Metternich, Sedlnitsky, the hated chief of police, the slow-coach Archduke Ludwig, and the Archduke Albrecht (whose hasty temper had cost the burghers' lives)—all were going; and the words "Freedom of the Press" and "Constitution" were heard on every side.

Prince Windischgrätz, known as a bitter Conservative, was announced as a possible new head of the War Office, but his supporters were outvoted, though, from that time, his authority in the military matters of the Empire was supreme. A national guard was proposed, and the War Office Council considered it.

"I hate all French ideas," said Windischgrätz; "so let us call it by another name, at least—'Guard of Safety,' for example."

"No, no!" cried many voices; "that would mean a police force, and no more police for us!"

It was established, the abrogation of the Press laws was announced, and the day ended peacefully.

So quiet was the town that on 15th March the Emperor ventured to show himself to his faithful but somewhat exacting subjects. He and his brother drove out, with the young Archduke Franz Joseph on the back seat, and they were greeted with thunderous cheers, flowers showered from windows, and every sign of joy. Could it be possible that a revolution had been accomplished with so little violence and bloodshed? Men began to breathe again, in premature hopes of better days.

"Austria, a short time ago the last in the rank, has, with one step on the path of freedom, won the start from all the German states."¹

Naturally, the news from Vienna caused the greatest excitement at Pesth. They cheered their German brothers, united in the cause of freedom; Petofi wrote a national song; Jokai, on the shoulders of the students, read publicly the twelve points of their "petition of rights"; the old, half-blind writer Michael Táncsics was released from prison and greeted with rapturous "Eljens"; and, at the theatre, Count Festetics played to the gallery when he refused his title with the old revolutionary cry: "Not Count—citizen!"

The Archduke Palatine hastened to Vienna on 15th March, with his mind full of foreboding.

"God grant your Highness success," said someone to him on his departure, "and that you may do good in Vienna and bring us back happy news."

"Who knows if I shall ever return?" answered the young man gloomily: "perhaps they will kill me there."

He had promised his Hungarian friends his help in the Council of State, when they came to the capital—a deputation of thirteen magnates, nineteen of the lower house and other influential people—to insist that Batthyany should be head of a new ministry, and to present the petition of rights.

The Council of State discussed the matter at some length, and with much displeasure. The Palatine could only defend himself himself under the censure of the Archduke Ludwig with the despairing cry: "I understand that perhaps I have made a mistake; therefore I ask pardon, dear uncle, of you and of

¹ Stiles.

his Majesty ; but now I can do nothing except stand by my promise ; all the same, I am ready to put my office at his Majesty's disposal."

To which the old Archduke answered angrily : " You will be to blame if we lose Hungary ! "

Certainly the removal of the Palatine they liked—some for his father's sake, and some because he was a useful tool in their hands—would have set all Hungary aflame. Many were ready to offer him the crown itself, and even the most Conservative statesman in Vienna must have seen that the only way to manage the country was to govern through, not without, him.

Louis Batthyany, Teleki, and the other magnates, in all their national bravery, made a great impression, as they drove through the streets of Vienna, and were welcomed at the university. From a window of the hotel " Erzherzog Karl," in the Kärntnergasse, Kossuth made a flaming speech to an enthusiastic crowd ; but the deputation was prevented from seeking out the Kaiser at once, as he was said to be exhausted by all the fatigues of the day. Ferdinand der Gütige was not allowed to rest that night, however, without showing himself to his loyal subjects. On the balcony of the great library, he stood surrounded by his family, looked for a few moments down on the crowd below, and in a weak, trembling voice was just heard to say :—

" Long live my dear Viennese ! "

March 1848

CHAPTER XIII

BANUS !

“ Mount the black horse, O Jellačić Ban !
Mount the black horse, and sharpen the sword !
With him there marches a troop of our warriors,
Valiant and strong, as our frontiers afford.
God guard the life of the hero in battle,
Crown, too, his soldiers ; success to their band.
While we have Jellačić, calm is our country ;
None do us ill through the length of the land.”

Popular Song.

ZAGREB greeted the events of March with rejoicing, and on the 15th a committee under Gaj and Kukuljević drew up a petition to the King, demanding constitutional rights for Croatia. There were processions, cries of “ Živio freedom ! ” and other popular demonstrations in the town.

The authorities at Vienna saw in the last turn of affairs some hope and something to be gained in Croatia. Whether it were really Baron Josika, head of the Transylvanian Chancellery and a loyal patriot on the Conservative side, who saw the possibility of gaining a valuable ally, or whether Windischgrätz and the Archduchess Sophie were responsible for the idea, I leave to historians to decide. Baron Josika certainly pointed out that the office of Ban of Croatia might be a most important one, and that, in the right hands, it would be a possible safeguard of peace. Croatia

was obviously nearing a rupture with Hungary: at the worst, it would be far better that she should fight under the Austrian ægis than in a race-war which would perhaps lead to a republic and the dismemberment of the Empire. To balance the too-Liberal Palatine in Hungary with a certainly loyal Ban in Croatia was a stroke of political insight strongly appealing to Austrian diplomacy, which has always prided itself on its skill in playing off one party with another.

There was no single portion of the Empire, save Tirol, which could be depended on for absolute, unquestioning loyalty to the government and House of Hapsburg; and before all things it was necessary to fill the ruling places with trustworthy, as well as capable, men.

The question was where to find a Ban who would satisfy the national party, and yet keep Croatia true to the Austrian Crown. Ljudevit Gaj was not the man to have left this possibility unforeseen. There was room for all patriotic work in his Illyria, and he knew the capabilities of every man of note in the land. A national Ban was a great step on the road he longed to follow, and he had in his mind one who could do the work if he would.

On 16th March Baron Franz Kulmer went to Vienna, to propose to the Archduke Ludwig the name of a man who would be acceptable to all Croatia as Ban, and who was, as well, a soldier of long service in the Imperial army—Baron Joseph Jellačić von Bužim, Colonel of the 1st Banal Frontier Regiment.

The feast of the Annunciation, 25th March, brought Croat patriots from far and near to the opening of the Assembly in Zagreb which should

deliberate on the work of the national committee. Gaj read the first resolution—that a Ban should be appointed, and that Jellačić should be the man,—and for a quarter of an hour the roar of applause filled the Stateshouse so that nothing further could be done until the excitement had subsided.

Then Ivan Kukuljević went on with the “charter of rights”—that a responsible national government should be established; that the Diet should meet yearly; the Croat language should be used in the churches as it was already in administrative and judicial affairs; that the peculiar laws of the Frontier should be modified; and a Croat army should be formed under a chosen general, to be quartered at home in time of peace.

Each of these resolutions met with wild, unanimous assent, and they were incorporated in a petition which a deputation of 400 men was to bear to Vienna, to the King.

The hero of the moment was, perhaps, the man in all Croatia most astonished and perturbed at the task thrust upon him by his fellow-countrymen.

A letter to his brother Georg, dated “Busseau, 26th March 1848,” which I am permitted to copy, gives his thoughts and feelings on the occasion :—

“DEAR, GOOD JURICA,—I use the time, while my horses eat, to greet you very heartily and to answer your letter of the 21st. Indeed, we live in extraordinary days. That I am Banus, Privy Councillor, and General, you will know already. Let me tell you how it all happened. The night before last, as I was going straight to my respectable bed, someone knocked and gave me the news that the national assembly wanted me to be Ban. I said to

Herr von Kuschland :—‘What shall I say? I can forbid no one to nominate me; but if they ask me whether I wish to be Ban, then decidedly I say, “No!”’

“I sent my horses at once to Lekenik, and, as I changed there yesterday at about one o’clock, up came the Postmaster with an *estafette* for me from the royal President, and within was another, *à la handbillet*, which you already know about.

“There’s the history of it. But in quite a curious way, now the affair is a *fait accompli*, it has not excited me at all. It is just a decree of fate, which one must carry out as well as any other.

“I shall have no more peace in this world. There I shall be: Viceroy of the Three Kingdoms, without money, without even proper clothes [*lit.* ‘pocket handkerchiefs’], and I must travel, equip myself, and arrange a household, good God! I am ready enough to sacrifice myself, but the rest of it disgusts me.

“So now the two Banal regiments are vacant at the same time; for Dahlen goes to-day to the Super-arbitration.

“Yesterday evening I got to Agram, purposely arriving after dark, to Baldauf’s excitement,—tears, etc., etc. Then Gaj stayed with me up to about midnight, and at three o’clock I woke out of a miserable sleep, because I had to come away before any people began to stir in the streets.

“I can’t stay long at Glina—I am in the way of all the world which waits to see the end of me—I have my conviction, and give it up I cannot [word unreadable]—to stand or fall—*va bene*—but to give up your conviction—no!

“To-day I have an unbearable headache—I am

writing because until now I have had no free moment, and I must get back to Glina after finishing this.

“ To-day the Croat deputation starts for Vienna.

“ Good-bye ; pity me, and may a peaceful lot be yours !

“ Hermine [his brother’s wife] must come to keep house for me. I kiss you a thousand thousand times.—Your old true

JOSA.”

Many years later Count Georg von Jellačić wrote some notes, unfortunately never amplified, for a memoir of his great brother. In them he gives the following details of the appointment :—

“ One evening a young man—Carlović—of Agram, came to my brother bringing the great news that, carrying out a very old right of the Croat people, they had elected him to be Ban. My brother declared himself to be against such a choice, and on the next day he set out for Agram to protest against any such appointment. On the way, at the post-station of Lekenik, where he rested his horses, an *estafette* was given to him by postmaster Klempaj, conveying his appointment as Ban of Croatia, Slavonia, and Dalmatia, from the Emperor Ferdinand at Vienna. My brother informed me of his fortune. Now this letter is mislaid ” [it may be the one given above, or there may have been two letters on the subject], “ but I remember the contents well enough :—

“ ‘ I know that my head is in hazard. But you know my convictions, which I will never alter a hairsbreadth.’

“ My brother went on to Agram, where none knew of the letter from the Emperor. He returned to

Glina, having taken care to speak of it to none, and there he soon received an urgent call to Vienna. His appearance there produced great confidence. He was also appointed Field-marshal-lieutenant and Commander-general of Croatia and Slavonia. He saw the trend of affairs clearly and plainly ; every one of his writings shows the certainty of his judgment ; and his tactful, loyal behaviour won all hearts and even gained the respect of his enemies."

The appointment of the national Ban of Croatia naturally did not pass unnoticed in Hungary. The Palatine and Szógyény protested to Vienna that the Ban had always been a Hungarian magnate, and demanded that the appointment should be deferred until the formation of the new Hungarian Ministry was complete, but their demands were in vain. They had had their way and Batthyany was nominated president, so this Croat appointment was a balance to that concession.

Eisenmann, whose most thoughtful book, *Le Compromis*, throws much light on Austrian affairs, gives an interesting judgment on the new Ban :—

"Jellačić was a good example of that curious type, the Frontier officer. They were all men born in the Service, sons of soldiers, brought up in the regiment, prepared for their careers in Austrian schools, almost all without fortune and especially dependent on the Emperor's benefactions ; they remained Croat patriots, but absolutely devoted to the House of Hapsburg, and never separated their nation's interests from those of the Emperor. Jellačić was carried away by the national movement ; but, on all decisive occasions, the Austrian dynastic sentiment swayed him by instinct. He incarnated



BARON JOSEPH JELLAČIĆ IN HUSSAR UNIFORM.

the two ideas : the idea of dynasty and the idea of nationality, but the former predominated."

Baron Kulmer could point out that though Jellačić was not much known beyond his country, he enjoyed the love and loyalty of all his people, and his reputation was that of a quiet, brave, dependable officer.

A comrade could write of him as "the beloved of the whole army," and say, "German, Hungarian, and Polish officers all personally rejoiced [at his advancement]; to each it was as though his best friend had received this brilliant appointment, and to each came the conviction : 'that is the man for it !' Jellačić himself foresaw the difficulties of his position, and made up his mind to the determination which he has carried out imperturbably until this hour." (Written in 1849.)

"The die is cast!" he wrote at the time, in a confidential letter :—"I follow the straight road and play the open game ; if I come to an end thereby, I fall as a soldier, a patriot, and a true servant of my master the Emperor."

A contemporary writer in the *Revue des deux Mondes* said : "There is something like Eastern fatalism in Jellačić's certainty of his mission, calm, and tranquillity," which bears out his own expression of surprise that he was "not at all excited." It was a mission, an act of destiny, and he undertook it as such, with no thought of consequences to himself.

His enemies have written of his overweening ambition, but I think it is difficult to prove their contention. Ambition for his country, he certainly had, pride in her loyalty, and a steady determination to be faithful to the trust both King and country

placed in him ; but of desire for personal advancement and of that passion for power which flings itself blindly at the chances of life, he showed no sign.

Another French writer (Deprez) puts his opinion in the somewhat flamboyant manner of the journalist : "Gaj chose Jellačić as truly Slav, democratic, and ready to be the Sword of Illyria. He is more than a sword. Brave and chivalrous, he is without the Homeric strength of Georg the Black or Vouchich ; less erudite as a Slavist than M. Gaj, he is cultivated and intelligent and a man of the great world. He knows Europe, and over the heads of the Germans, he looks towards France ; but he is body and soul with Gaj, national in every thought and feeling, and ready for an alliance with Austria and war with Hungary. . . . Jellačić has a sword capable of cutting through all the race-difficulties. He will have to face the hate of his compatriots if he sticks to Austria, but it is a matter of honour with him. 'If Austria falls, gentlemen,' he said later at Innsbruck, 'you may be able to live, but I cannot.'"

We must leave these judgments, partial and inaccurate as all writings close to the event must be, and go back to the Croat deputation on its way to Vienna. The route chosen avoided crossing the Hungarian border, for they drove by Warasdin to Grätz, and thence took train. In each town they were met and feted by the inhabitants, and the 400, in their splendid national dress, made a fine show, even in Vienna itself. The people of the Kaiserstadt thoroughly enjoyed national demonstrations. They had welcomed the Hungarians ; now they crowded in thousands before the hotel

where the Croats lodged, and listened enthusiastically to a speech from Gaj. The students provided a guard of honour; and next day, when Gaj and his friends went to the university, the Croat's burning words moved both professors and pupils, so that they mounted him on their shoulders and carried him above the cheering crowd into the building.

On 31st March a chosen band of fourteen patriots laid their petition before the King. He received them graciously, explained that their desire to have Baron Jellačić as Ban had already been granted; but, for the rest, they were told that they must wait, and all should be constitutionally arranged in time. They were not pleased—the Magyars had received instant concessions; but in the faith that, having their own Ban, they had a guarantee of future benefits, they returned to their country.

The rupture with the Hungarian Government was complete, for, after 28th March the Croat provinces considered themselves no longer responsible to the Ministry at Pressburg.

The supreme Government had, indeed, much on its hands. Milan had risen and turned out Radetsky (22nd and 23rd March), who was flying across Lombardy; while an army under King Charles Albert, full of hope and patriotic fervour, had crossed the Ticino and had sworn to oust every Austrian from Italian soil. All but the great fortresses—Verona, Mantua, and Peschiera—had fallen, and any day the news of a crushing defeat might come. Troops must be sent to the south. White-haired General Nugent, the Irishman who served Austria so well, and who made his last campaign in 1859, when over eighty, was gathering

a force on the Venetian border, raking together Croat battalions, Bohemian cavalry, and Tirolean sharp-shooters, to march to Radetsky's assistance. It was a moment for concessions—any concessions that would keep Hungary and Croatia quiet until the Italian conflagration had subsided.

Windischgrätz at Prague, holding the Czechs with a strong hand, and Jellačić at Zagreb, secure in his people's trust, were the two certain points to which anxious statesmen clung during those agitating months, and they were obliged to let the Diet of Pressburg swing as Batthyany and Kossuth impelled it. Pillersdorf, "a haggard, dried-up, grey official," but a man of strong common sense, wrote to the Archduke Ludwig on 30th March: "The quick pacification of Hungary through concessions appears to me in the present situation an unavoidable necessity and an act of the highest statesmanship."

But Hungary continued her policy of demanding much and granting nothing.

A deputation of Serbs from Neusatz down the Danube came to Pressburg, asking for equal rights under the new state of things.

Batthyany, the Prime Minister, received them kindly and spoke of their "truly Magyar town"; but Kossuth put matters quite crudely. They were to have rights—yes, but rights as Hungarians. One of the deputation grew angry and exclaimed that they had been deceived: they had been under a foreign rule before; they wanted national freedom, not a mere change of government from German to Magyar.

Kossuth briefly stated that anything of the sort was impossible.

“We shall resist,” said young Georg Stratimirović solemnly.

“Then *power* will decide the question,” said Kossuth, with a superior smile.

“Say, rather, the sword,” replied the Serb.

He kept his word, for he and his friends went home to prepare for the terrible months of warfare which devastated the Raizen country.

April–May 1848

CHAPTER XIV

ORGANISATION

“The good God in each fateful moment gives Croatia a good man, capable and strong to unite the force of the nation. So, in the momentous year 1848, the Croat people found their leader in Joseph Jellačić.”—LJUBIMIR RADIĆ.

BARON JELLAČIĆ took his oath to the Emperor as Privy Councillor and Military Governor of Croatia, but the customary oath of the Ban to the Hungarian Government was omitted.

Then he returned to Zagreb, and the proclamation in which he announced his appointment and put forward his political programme is worth quoting as characteristic of the man and of the nation to which it is addressed.

“To the Croat and Serb Nation in the Three United Kingdoms of Dalmatia, Croatia, and Slavonia, hearty greeting.

“His Majesty, our most gracious King and Emperor of Austria, in agreement with the desire of the nation, has been pleased to appoint me Banus of Dalmatia, Croatia, and Slavonia, Privy Councillor, and at the same time, Commander-general of the whole Military Frontier. Within fourteen days, I have been raised from a Frontier colonel to the dignity of Ban, Field-marshal-lieutenant, and Commander-general. If a desire of our nation is fulfilled by the singling out of my person by the King’s grace,

I can only ascribe it to the love and brotherly trust placed in me by this glorious people. It will be my care to return that confidence with confidence and with deeds.

“ My thoughts, feelings, and convictions are honest, and therefore I confess them, holding back nothing. The desires that the nation has expressed and presented before the kingly throne, echo also in my heart. The good of the people and country : that is my wish and my sole aim. I desire that our country may be strong and free, that it may take the place of honour among other nations to which it is entitled by geographical position as well as by strength of spirit and historical right. This is the national intention and desire, and, as appointed leader by the King, in all my thoughts and deeds, I will be the true expression of the nation’s will and thoughts. Therefore I intend to walk and continue in the path which shall lead our country to happiness and glory.

“ The revolution has shattered and overthrown the old foundations of social life and the national and governmental relations, especially those with our old ally Hungary — therefore, remembering our ancient league with the crown of Hungary, it is necessary to renew the connection in a spirit of freedom, self-respect, and equality, and to form a basis worthy of a free and heroic nation, though on our side all relations with the present Hungarian ministry must be broken off. We must accomplish the great work of national, governmental regeneration, above all in the proper, legal way, through the national Diet (Sabor), where the wants of the whole nation can be debated and ascertained. It will be my principal care that the Diet shall be soon con-

voked and established on a basis of national representation, so that, without difference of rank, it may show the true will of the nation.

“Our national Diet will be the most proper field for the development of your strong spirit of nationality. Before it all the country’s wishes and requirements shall be laid, to be decided as best they may, and all will find help and fulfilment according to the will of the nation.

“I have also been appointed by our King, Ban of Dalmatia, and I hope with confidence in the King’s justice and in the strong desire of the nation, that this will not remain an empty title. Glorious Dalmatia was once our ally, not only historically but by geographical position, by blood and brotherhood, and by the title which has belonged to the Bans of Croatia from ancient times until to-day.

“We have a great work before us in the regeneration of our nation. I shall not be equal to this task, unless the people—fervent and whole-souled patriots—aid me with their honest counsel, united endeavours, and self-sacrifice, or if we, sons of one mother, should lack peace, union, love, and brotherhood among ourselves. We must have strong purpose, for without deep intention there is no united feeling. Therefore, union and brotherhood must be among us, without difference of creed ; that brother has been a stranger to brother has been a cause of hate and strife between those of our blood aforetime. No longer must the difference of belief and church make a gulf in social and official life between members of the same nation; for equality is declared. Safety and equal welfare in social and official life is now secured to every well-doing inhabitant of our Three Kingdoms, without distinction of religion or rank.

“I give a brotherly and heartfelt greeting to our whole nation, to the priests of the two churches, the officers and officials, and to every single fellow-countryman who sees this and who has the good of the nation at heart. Hearty greetings, likewise, to all the inhabitants and patriots of our Dalmatian and Croatian coasts, and to the free province of Fiume; and to my brothers in the gallant Frontier regiments of the Croatian and Slavonian Military Frontier, I give a special greeting as soldier and comrade; in fine, to all dwellers in our fatherland and to the neighbouring Slavs outside the Three Kingdoms, I send love and salutation.

“God save our King and our Nationality! Long live unity, freedom, and fraternity among us!

“JELLAČIĆ BAN.”

The proclamation struck the required note at once. Unity was to be the cry—unity against those who would interfere with the liberties of the country, unity of the entire race, and, most especially, of the two churches.

“Surely never did any Ban address such a stirring message to his people,” says a Croat writer; and not a word of it was vain or empty, for he spoke from the heart, as he said, hiding nothing.

Very soon his promises of energetic action and reform were made good. On 25th April, St Mark’s day and the Emperor Ferdinand’s birthday, the abolition of certain land-taxes was proclaimed. This “robot” meant feudal service owed by peasant to proprietor, and had always been a heavy burden on the country folk. Two days later martial law was instituted throughout Croatia and Slavonia for the better ordering and peace of the land; and very

early in May Jellačić gathered round him the members of the Ban's Table to decide on the date for the opening of the Diet. This was fixed for 5th June, and the writs were made out for the various districts and a list was published of those whose right it was to attend.

First on the list came the Metropolitan of Karlovitz, and all the diocesan and titular bishops in the kingdom, of both churches ; after them, the vice-captain, all magnates of age—viz., princes, counts, and barons who dwelt or had property in the country ; the governor of Fiume ; all chief magistrates of the Three Kingdoms ; the two financial administrators in Zagreb and Fiume ; the deputy-Ban ; the protonotary, and the assessors of the Banal Table ; the president of the king's judicial bench at Zagreb ; and the presidents of the court of exchange in Karlstadt and Fiume ; and the Count of Turopolje. Besides these official and semi-official people, every county had the right to elect a varying number of deputies : the Frontier regiments sent four each ; the free towns, the regimental districts, the ecclesiastical chapters or consistories, and the Academy of Science in Zagreb, sent their representatives—and the whole number amounted to 192.

The manner of election was as follows : the headman of each fraction or parish according to its size, was to choose one or two voters, and, meeting under the oversight of a committee, they were to decide upon their deputy by vote. With regard to the Frontier regiments, each community of 500 souls was to send their headman to headquarters on a certain day, there to decide on the four representatives of the whole regiment. A deputy might be of any rank and of either church, so long

as he were Croat-born, able to write, and over twenty-four.

The Kaiser's birthday in Vienna was celebrated in a way suitable to a year of popular reforms. The first constitutional charter of the Empire was published, and the Emperor declared, by Pillersdorf's hand, that he "felt in his inmost soul the honour of being chosen to guide the fortunes of such a people."

Before a month was over, he was flying from his "faithful Viennese" to that real refuge for a Hapsburg, the mountains of Tirol.

In April the young Archduke Franz Joseph was invited to take the post of Statthalter of Bohemia; but difficulties were made, and, instead, he obtained his father's leave to make a tour in Italy and to join Radetsky's camp at Verona. There he gave his commander some anxiety by his rashness, and showed the courage of his race under fire.

"Do remember," said Radetsky to the boy one day, after an unusually alarming escapade, "that you may be taken prisoner, though God forbid it!"

"Herr Field-marshal," answered the Archduke gaily, "it may have been foolish to send me here; but now I am here, my honour demands that I should see some fighting before I return."

Radetsky, pleased with a point of view he thoroughly understood, shook his prince by the hand and said, "Well, well, your Highness shall stay."

In the Emperor's Hussars, the corps in which he served, he was liked both as a soldier and comrade, and his army learned to look for the slight figure in the white uniform on a restless horse, and to be ready to cheer the "Flower of Hapsburg" as he rode so happily under fire. He saw at least one hard-

fought fight during those spring days in Italy, for Radetsky was still exerting all his generalship to gain any advantage over the Piedmontese. There was talk of a peace very disadvantageous to Austria ; but the grey old Marshal hung on grimly, begged the politcals to give him time, and trusted to his luck and his men to bring a victory which would save Italy yet for his Emperor.

The backbone of Radetsky's force was Croat, and their brothers at home, at the Ban's Table, flung a proud word to the Emperor, when they passed a resolution assuring him that : " Though 40,000 Croats are fighting in the plains of Italy, if the Magyars plot evil against us, we can find our own defence."

The Hungarian Ministry had made one effort to conciliate Croatia, and sent a deputation to Zagreb charged with a friendly message ; but it was too late. The Croats were fraternising with the Southern Slavs of Hungary ; they had their national Ban, and they were tasting the first fruits of independence ; it was not likely that, in a moment, years of insult could be forgotten, and, with Kossuth in the ministry, there could be no real hope of satisfactory concessions. The Hungarian deputation was warned that the national feeling was too strong for the authorities to assure its personal safety, and it returned to Pesth to urge the Palatine to use all his power against the revolting Croats.

The news that, on 8th May, the Ban and his conference had given orders that only commands straight from Vienna were to be obeyed was the signal for an outburst of Hungarian fury. On 11th May the Palatine appointed Johann, Baron Hrabowsky, as the King's Commissioner for

Croatia, to make inquiry into the state of affairs there, and at the same time, Jellačić was summoned to answer a criminal charge of high treason and mutiny.

The effect of these proclamations at Zagreb may be imagined. The Palatine's ordinances that the Ban's orders were illegal, as he had not been installed by Hungary, that no martial law should be imposed on Croatia, and that, especially, Slavonia and the town of Essek should return at once to their allegiance to the Hungarian crown, were published in the municipal hall on 15th May, and a riot was the result.

The students went "bersark" and seized the papers from the hands of the secretary, intending to burn them in the public square. The national guard was called out to mark the solemnity of the occasion, and the *auto-da-fé* was just about to begin, when an officer of the Ban rushed into the crowd and begged them, in Jellačić's name, to forbear.

"If our Ban wishes, we'll spare the documents," they cried; "but burn the effigy of the man who signed them."

The portrait of the Archduke went to the flames, and perhaps worse things would have happened presently, for one of the young men, still holding some of the obnoxious proclamations, drew his sabre, shouting: "If a thousand come, they shan't take these papers from me!"

At that moment, Jellačić himself came through the crowded street.

He called to the boy: "Won't you give them to me?" and the word of the commander was enough. The lad dropped his sword, and handed the papers over to the Ban.

There was a pause, for the crowd, baulked of its excitement, hesitated, irresolute. Then a stormy “*Živio!*” broke out, and was taken up through all the square and streets, and the mob, turned from its sinister purpose, devoted itself to escorting the Ban home in triumph.

The influence of the man called by jeering Hungarians “the Croats’ little, stout Baron Jellačić, who must look particularly graceful in their new-found Turko-Vandal costume with many nudities,” was immense over his people. During those wild days he had plenty of occasion to use a firm hand, and he was always equal to the need.

There was one stormy meeting at which an under-magistrate, preaching rebellion and the power of the people, raised his hand and shouted in the Ban’s face: “Not even if you came at the head of a thousand bayonets could you make us tremble!”

That was enough for a Frontier colonel, little used to intimidation and insolence.

Jellačić unbuckled his sabre, and flung it at the speaker’s feet.

“So!” he thundered, with flashing eyes and arms folded. “Without weapons will the Ban keep order and make peace in the land!”

The representative of the sovereign power of the people was silenced, and these civilians soon learnt to love and follow him as his regiment and Sereshans had been wont to do. Some of the Sereshans were still with him, for he used them as a bodyguard, knowing that they were ready to go through fire and to face death at his word. Arbitrary he was, removing officials, making laws and governing with absolute power; but the personal spell he threw over them all accounted for their trust and willingness to

be governed. He saw, with the clear directness of a man of action, that his office of Ban was the old one only in name, and that his business was to create a system of government which should give his people room to grow towards the supreme goal of their national independence. At the same time, with the mind of a poet and dreamer, he thought that the vision of perfection would have speedy fulfilment, and his loyalty to his Emperor remained a fibre of his being. With his common sense he seized and did the practical things, while, inwardly, he saw Croatia, on her Emperor's right hand, crowned for her gallant service to the house she had supported so long.

Count Georg says, in his reminiscences: "During one of those first exciting days, while we spoke of the fate of the Monarchy, my brother said to me: 'The Monarchy hangs by a thread; and, if it is cut, then woe to our fatherland. The first consequence would be a Magyar raid into Croatia, and nothing would remain for us to do but to put on the red caps, mount pistols in our belts, and call out all the Turkish troops of our race; and then would follow a race-war with all its horrors, a thing I will do all in my power to prevent.'"

This was the motive of all the Ban's actions, clear and clean, and in keeping with his whole character.

The Magyar calumnies, the German gibes about his subservience to Court influence, hints at the power of a "great lady" over him, and "the overweening vanity of these Frontier officers," were only laughable to those who knew him. He would have remained on the Frontier until he died, and so would have shown the same steady devotion to duty, had the need been different. But fate flung his

country at his feet, and he gave himself to the charge of her destinies with absolute self-abnegation. None ever had greatness more clearly thrust upon him, and none ever showed more readiness to accept an awful responsibility or more earnestly strove to do what he thought right for his country and his own honour.

CHAPTER XV

THE SLAVS IN CONGRESS

"To White, Blue, and Red,
True till we're dead!"

THE Illyrian tricolour—white, blue, and red—was appearing in all the Slav districts of South Hungary, and the Hungarian colours were trampled underfoot wherever the Serbs predominated. The Raizen, the Bačka, and the Banat districts had a mixed population of Serb, Wallach, Magyar, and German; and, for the most part, German joined Magyar, and Wallach agreed with Serb, though there were exceptions.

On 24th April (O.S. 11th), during the celebration of Easter Monday, the Serbs of Gross-Kikinda brought a tricolour flag from Karlovitz, which was in the Military Frontier district, and desired that it should be flown from the municipal building. The district judge, Kengelac, forbade it, and the storm burst. More than a thousand men, armed with scythes and axes, surrounded the Rathaus, and Kengelac sent for a detachment of cavalry. They fired blank cartridge, which only inflamed the mob, and the force was evidently not strong enough to cope with the disturbance. Two officers fell, the troops were driven back, the Rathaus was stormed, and a very bloody fight ensued. In the end, a

strong military force—infantry, cavalry, and guns—was requisitioned, and peace was restored.

It may be as well to remember the history of these Serbs of the Voïvodstvo. In 1690 Arseni Czernović, pressed by the Turks, led 30,000 Serb families over the Austrian border and settled under Christian protection. From the Emperor Leopold they had a treaty-right to have their own chief—Voïvoda—but this lapsed during the eighteenth century. Still, their desire for independence remained, and was concentrated in their election of a Patriarch, later reduced to Metropolitan, who dwelt at Karlovitz, and they maintained their separation by race and creed from the Magyars round them.

The chief town of the district was Neusatz, by Peterwardein, a busy, commercial place. East of the Bačka and in the angle made by the rivers Theiss and Danube, was a piece of country inhabited by Slav folk called Čajkists (from the Turkish saiken-boats), who were originally banded together to form a river-defence against the Turks, and who still patrolled the streams in their armed boats and were admirable water-men.

All these Slav folk had been stirring and seeking a way towards progress for many years. They made tentative advances towards their Servian relations, but nothing more than oppression and disorder arose from the excitements in Servia. There is no doubt that the whole Slav world, including Bohemia and Russia, was moved by a common impulse, if there was not—as some assert—a definite plot which was planned to come to a head in 1850. The revolution of March 1848 brought on a premature outburst, and each division of the

Slav people took action separately, yet with a strong leaning towards unity.

The consequence of the Magyar spurning of the Serb deputation was, first, the rioting we have mentioned ; and, second, a universal demand for a national conference. The Metropolitan at Karlovitz was the man to whom all turned, and he happened to be a very fitting leader for his people.

Joseph Rajačić was a man of magnificent appearance, as his portrait shows, and of a fiery character. He was more of a soldier than a peacemaker, and more of a patriot than a churchman. For a short while he held back, unwilling to take the responsibility of an act which might be interpreted as treasonable ; but, when his people came to him in procession and called upon him solemnly to proclaim a National Congress, his whole nature leapt to the idea, and he agreed to demand it as a right and to preside over it.

The Hungarian Government was approached, and the Palatine, ever anxious for conciliation, suggested that a Congress might be held, not at Neusatz, where disturbances were probable, but at Temesvar, under the presidency of a King's Commissioner, Count Peter Černojvić, a Serb by birth.

As the date fixed for the Congress neared (13th May : 1st, O.S.) it became evident that the Commissioner would repress any free speech and that very strict martial law would be imposed. The arrangements were, therefore, hastily altered ; and Karlovitz was chosen for the meeting, for there, on the Military Frontier, the Hungarian civil law had no power.

Early on 15th May swelling crowds began to pour into the little town ; Čajkists in their light blue

uniforms, who had crossed the Danube in spite of their officers' orders; men from the fortress of Peterwardein; the Banal soldiers, in brown jackets and tight, blue hose; Syrmian peasants, in white linen, townsmen, and even some Frontier officers, with their gold-bordered shakoes, who had dared the wrath of their commanders. It was the day of the patriarch St Arsenius, and they commemorated it first in a service at the cathedral. Then the crowd gathered before the Metropolitan's house—it was too modest a building to call a "palace." Presently he came out and addressed the people from a sand-hill near; a fine figure in his flowing robes, with his flashing eyes and burning words in contrast to his venerable appearance. He reminded them of their privileges under Leopold I., of their rights and needs at the present day, and his speech was greeted with a thunder of "Živio!" and full assent.

It was a very solemn moment, and when the Metropolitan had finished, the Archimandrite Nikanor Gruić, who stood by him, read in a firm, clear voice, while the people listened in silence, the declaration that the Serb nation wished to return to the old relation with the Austrian government, and would give no further obedience to the ministry at Pesth. They would send a petition to the King, demanding their ancient rights, and that they should elect a Patriarch and Voïvoda, as aforetime.

"A Patriarch; and who shall he be?"

"Joseph! Joseph!" resounded on all sides.

Rajačić was raised on eager shoulders, and stormily cheered.

"Who shall be Voïvoda?"

Rajačić, from his seat above the heads, called over



ДОНОЛ РАЧИЋ

АДАМСКИ ПЕЧАТНИК

ДОНОЛ РАЧИЋ

БЕГАДА

JOSEPH RAJACIĆ, PATRIARCH.

the names of the generals and colonels of the Frontier regiments—Jović, Šivković, Theodorović, Budisavljević, and so on; but the crowd remained silent.

At last he came to the colonel of the Ogulin regiment, Stephan Šuplikać, and the joyful shout of assent broke out. Šuplikać was in Italy with his regiment, so a commission was appointed, with Georg Stratimirović at its head, to sit at Karlovitz and to enter into relations with the neighbouring three united kingdoms—Croatia, Slavonia, and Dalmatia.

A deputation, headed by his Holiness, the new-elected Patriarch, was to go to Vienna on 5th June, while Gruić and Stanatović, Bishop of Neusatz, were to represent the Serbs at Prague, where a Slav Congress was about to open, and then to join the Patriarch at Vienna to present the petition.

Bohemia, more cultivated and civilised, had been slower to take up the word “nationality”; but the Congress gathered at Prague during those early days of June was representative of all the Slav race. The Vladika of Montenegro attended; some popes from Servia, several Russians, Poles, Ruthenians, Slovaks, and Croats were present. It was a demonstration of unity, but was curbed and hurried until it had no practical influence on the affairs of the time.

Prince Windischgrätz, the governor, looked exceedingly askance at the Congress, and his fears were confirmed by the student riots which began on 11th June. The street-cry of the next day was: “Long live the Slav nation! Down with the Germans!” Yet the disturbance could hardly be called national, and had more the character of a democratic town riot.

A terrible incident which took place showed Windischgrätz's character at its best. The fighting was fiercest round the Prince's palace, and a guard was killed. The other sentries would have shot the rioter; but the Prince came down, bareheaded, and saved the man, in the hope that clemency would quiet the mob. Still the rioting continued, so he ordered the troops to be turned out. Just at that moment a chance shot from the street killed Princess Windischgrätz, as she sat in her salon. They ran to call the Prince; and, without a word, he carried her body to a bed, kissed her forehead, with the bullet-hole through it, and returned to his post at the head of his soldiers. Had he been less of a "man of bronze," the sack of the town would have followed, for there was ample excuse; but he continued his course doggedly, tried concessions, threatened with his artillery, and, next day, reduced Prague to subjection without much loss of life. For his private wrong he took no revenge, and he made no effort to bring his wife's slayer to justice, though the blow confirmed him in his utter hatred of all revolutionary measures. A sister of Prince Felix Schwartzenberg, the Princess had been much to her husband, and after her death, his rigorous character—"perfect model of a German gentleman"—grew yet more iron-bound and grim.

On 16th May, there were serious mob-risings at Paris, Naples, and Vienna. The Kaiserstadt continued so unruly that, after putting the Hofburg into a condition of military defence little less than a prison for two days, the resolution was taken that the Imperial family should fly to Tirol. On the evening of 17th May they set out in most private, almost secret manner, and, without any adventure,

safely reached the little mountain land that has always been loyal to the House of Hapsburg.

“The Kaiser is coming,
The Kaiserin too,
For safety they seek us
As knowing us true.
Then let them be happy,
With peace in the soul,
For their honour is safe
With the men of Tirol”

—as Obrist Hans, peasant of Stans, sang to the royal couple. Poor, good Ferdinand’s weak mind had almost given way under the strain of the events of the last months, and the saintly Empress Marianne was cut to the heart by the struggle in Italy. A Piedmontese princess, not married very young, she suffered terribly in the knowledge that her countrymen were fighting her subjects, and each victory of Charles Albert or Radetsky was a fresh blow to her. The Archduchess Sophie, supporter of the constitution of March, was beginning by May to have doubts as to the wisdom of popular government. When proper concessions were granted and the reforms were in train, all should have been well, and a grateful people should have supported their just rulers. Instead, they insisted on further liberties and seemed to set no bounds to their demands. The Pope, too, had retracted his Liberal opinions, frightened by the haste and violence of his Romans, and most unwilling that they should carry arms against Austria. The cold, hard breath of real danger and red revolution had succeeded to the light airs and smiling promise of the “people’s spring,” and the ruling caste was beginning to guess

at the disillusion which should come before the end of the storm-years.

Philosophically speaking, if mankind could only stop short in art, religion, government, or ideas, before fulfilment, the ideal might still be maintained. It is the logical conclusion that proves the dream's impossibility, the practical trial which breaks the toy. Rather, perhaps we should say that the ideal is a verity unattainable here on earth, and the last leap towards it brings us with a crash to the hard ground, and swings our pendulous feelings further than ever from the goal we saw, for a moment, so plainly.

There is no doubt of the sincerity with which these men and women of 1848 saw the glorious goal of liberty and true progress and struggled towards it. We think now their cry of nationality a pinchbeck thing ; but they saw the reality behind, ungraspable, eternal. We believe that we have grander aims and fuller sympathy with our fellow-men, and we struggle, let us hope, with as great sincerity and faith.

May–June 1848

CHAPTER XVI

THE INSTALLATION OF THE BAN

“To Jellačić, colonel and leader,
To his honour and glory we sing ;
For he is the Knight of the Frontier,
The pride of our country and King.
Happy the mother who bore him ;
Happy the folk who adore him ;
Happy the place of his birth ;
He, the star that gives light, or we perish ;
From the nest of the falcon, we cherish
His worth.

Brave in the battle we know him,
Tender his heart at the core ;
All of the love that we show him
He will return us, and more.
On the heights he has won by his greatness,
In friendship he greets and awaits us
To share in his glorious hour.
The head of our reg’ment is leading
His nation to glory exceeding
And power.

Three kingdoms united maintain him
The joy of his people and land,
And may God the Almighty sustain him
With the aid of His powerful hand.
Then Illyria, the dream that for ages
Has haunted the hearts of our sages,
Shall our long-parted forces combine
In love’s ring, that no danger can sever ;
And thus, O my God, we shall ever
Be Thine !”

The Frontier to the Ban.

ZAGREB was busy preparing for the meeting of the Diet, which had been convened for the 5th of June.

All through May bitter articles appeared in the Magyar papers on Croat affairs. The Slavs were said to be on the verge of declaring themselves an independent country, a Jugo-Slav kingdom—that was to the address of the German Government—while the Hungarian gibe to the Croats was to call them miserable servants of the Court party, with no understanding of these glorious days of freedom. It is not to be supposed that the Croat Press and orators kept silence in this war of words.

“Any man who now thinks of reconciliation is only an enemy of peace,” said the patriotic Bogoslav Sulck, summing up the situation on 22nd May. “We are approaching the breaking-point, and there is no more use in hesitation. Those who wish for peace are ready for war.”

“That was a serious time,” writes Count Georg von Jellačić; “for all those interested in the affairs of the nation were deeply affected. News would come in from hour to hour; and, as the usual postal service was interrupted, and as the overwhelming events pressed for immediate decisions, the men who had to discuss the weighty problems gathered constantly at my brother’s house. There, one evening, a courier brought an official despatch to the Ban with an order to come at once to the Kaiser’s palace at Innsbruck. In the despatch was also the order that the proclaimed Diet should be dismissed as illegal. As this royal command could not remain secret, and as the deputies were already in Agram looking forward to the opening of the Diet, they asked the Ban to put off his immediate journey, and to open the Diet before obeying the Kaiser’s order.”

These two rescripts were the result of the

Palatine's journey to Innsbruck, where he induced the Emperor's advisers to believe that Hungary could not be held without further concessions—without, in fact, throwing over Croatia and her Ban.

But it was not only a question of Croatia. The whole Slav world was ready to welcome the Ban, and an ambassador had even been sent from Turkey asking for an invitation to the installation of a national Ban—a ceremony which had not taken place for 400 years. Deputations had arrived from Slavonia, Carniola, Steyermark, and wherever Slav blood flowed in men's veins; they were received at the Jellačić house, near St Mark's Place, and all went away with the conviction that they had seen the man of the moment, the only man capable of bringing order out of the national chaos. It would have been exceedingly dangerous to have put off a ceremony desired and expected by so many, and the members of the Ban's Table met to draw up a solemn explanation of their point of view. The paper was addressed to the Ban, and adjured him not to desert them in this hour of need. It assured him that his country must be his first care, and, as he had been legally appointed by the King, he could not, at a word, lay down his charge, any more than a Diet could be first convoked and then dismissed without holding a sitting. In conclusion, they begged his Excellency to remember that only one spirit, that of true loyalty to the throne, animated them, and that they only desired the closest bond with Austria and entire freedom from Hungarian interference.

So it was decided first to install the Ban, with due solemnity on 4th June, and next day to open the Diet.

Two days before the event the town was full of patriotic country people, and a detachment of horse from Krapila, in their fine national costume, rode in to take part in the ceremonial procession.

The Place of St Katharine (called to-day the Jellačić Square) was chosen as the scene of the instalment, as no building would hold the crowd that desired to be present. Wooden stands were raised there; and food—bread, meat, and wine—was distributed to all comers, according to an ancient custom. The butchers of the town decked the market with flowers, oranges, and ribbons, and then marched in procession to the Place, where they killed and roasted an ox.

That it should be a solemn entry, the Ban and his escort—Sereshans, Frontier troops, and nobles—were met at the bridge over the Save by a huge procession of carriages, and, at the gate of the town, a deputation of the municipality, headed by Baron Franz Kulmer, formally welcomed him. He rode a white Arab, the horse that appears in so many contemporary pictures as his favourite charger, and wore the traditional dress of a Croat Ban—white, red, and silver, an eagle's plume in the cap of red and silver with the Croat arms and colours on it. Greeted by Franz Zigrovic in the name of the people, Jellačić replied very simply: “I am not in any way worthy, but I shall do my best to merit this honour and to gain the confidence of the people. From what I have done, you may be sure that I am firmly resolved to sacrifice myself to the good of the nation.”

The blaze of colour on that June day must have been wonderful, as the procession marched slowly through the grey, narrow streets with their high,



THE BAN'S ENTRY INTO AGRAM. TO RIGHT ON FOOT GA.

steep-roofed houses. Young girls, dressed in white, threw roses under the horses' hoofs; the standards of the counties and the Ban's own banner carried by Count Albert Nugent, waved above; the regimental bands played wild national airs, and the guns thundered from the citadel. Again and again came the crash of full-throated "Živio Ban!" To which the voice they had learnt already to know and love—the commanding, clear, soldier-voice—always replied: "Živio Hrvatska!" ("Long live Croatia!")

The presentation of a laurel wreath at the entrance to the Ban's palace ended the ceremonies of that day, and the night was spent in feasting and illuminations.

Next day the town prepared for the consummation of the solemnity, and all men gathered to see their Ban take the oath under the cope of heaven.

"Before the face of the people, under the open sky, in the light of the sun, should this high, great thing be done, which, above all, expressed the hope of a glorious and happy future," says Radić, in his historical study, from which I have taken, already, much detail.

The Square of St Katharine was lined with national guards and Frontier troops; the clergy and nobles were assembled in the most prominent places, and all round the people pressed and gathered.

Mirko Lentulay, of Warasdin, had an ancient right, as oldest *obergespan*, to read the King's formal nomination of his "true and loving Baron Joseph Jellačić" as Ban of Croatia—a paper dated 23rd March 1848, signed "Ferdinand," and counter-signed "Ladislas Szógyeny."

That done, he proclaimed the people's desire that his Holiness the Patriarch, Joseph Rajačić, should install the Ban and administer the oath to him.

Next, three men were chosen to bring the Ban to his instalment; and Mirko Ožegović (Bishop of Zengg), the Pakračk Bishop Kragujević, and the Bishop of Karlstadt (Ivanović), accepted the honour.

After a little pause, wild cheering sounded from the Square of St Mark, and spread downwards to the lower town. The artillery thundered, the bands played, and the welcoming cheers were so loud that when the "beloved of the people" made his way into their midst it could well be said that the old towers rocked with the crowd and cries.

He raised his hand to gain silence, and, in that solemn hush, his voice rang like a war-trumpet.

With his hand on his breast, he spoke to his people, who stood bare-headed and silent before him; and his words, as the Croat proverb says, went "from the heart to the heart."

"I have always been proud that I was born of Croat parents in Croatia; but the sun of my fortune shone brightest when the voice of the people called me to be Ban, and our gracious King listened to the nation's wish and gave me this dignity. Not that the glittering honour made me happy; no, but the trust of my people makes me rejoice that one of our own folk is made our Ban.

"Now here I am, people dear to my heart, here I am, body and soul your Ban; take me into your brotherly arms, and be certain that for the King and country I shall live and die. Now that these honours have been made known to you, my people, I beg you here, in the public assembly, to listen while I take the oath to my King and country."

Again the King's diploma was read; and then two lighted candles with a crucifix between them, were placed before the Ban. Jellačić raised his three fingers, and repeated the ancient words of the oath clearly and distinctly after the Patriarch:—

“I, Joseph Jellačić, Ban of the kingdoms of Dalmatia, Croatia, and Slavonia, swear by the living God, by the blessed Virgin our Lady Mary, and by all the Saints and elect of God, and promise and vow to his Highness, the mighty, victorious Prince Ferdinand I., Emperor of Austria, apostolic King of Hungary, Bohemia, Croatia, and Dalmatia, fifth in this line of hereditary princes, and our very gracious lord, that I will remain true, obedient and devoted to his sacred Majesty, that I will watch over his rights and inheritance and turn away every evil from them so far as possible. I swear, further, that I will do my sacred duty as a true son of this country and as Ban of the kingdoms of Dalmatia, Croatia, and Slavonia, to protect these kingdoms and their inhabitants in their rights and to defend their constitution on all occasions against every violence, wrong, and attack from any enemy. Also, I will maintain the laws of the land; and to all who seek justice from me, either poor or rich, of any degree or belief, I will give a right judgment, without fear or favour, as God shall give me wisdom. And as now I belong to no secret society either within or without the frontiers of his Majesty's dominions, so will I never under any pretext, enter into relations with any such league or society. So help me God, the blessed Virgin Mary, and all the Saints.”

The end of the oath was marked with a thunder of cannon and cheering, and three times was the

Ban raised on the shoulders of the gentlemen round him, while, from the windows above the square, ladies flung a rain of flowers.

Then the Ban obtained silence for a speech which was long remembered by all who heard it.

“In my oath,” he said, “are all my duties to my King, my country, and my people expressed, and therefore it shall be a sacred thing to me.

“The common good of this new era, freedom, has been brought to our fatherland. Words fail me to express the joy of my heart that I am to be the first to proclaim this word ‘freedom’ to you. Our country has had heroic and famous Bans; but I doubt if any were more fortunate than I, for I feel that my people’s love is mine. Listen, brothers: freedom has now become a fact, for who can doubt that it is in our hands. You are the living proof of this blessing of God. The call of freedom has brought the deputies of the land together here as perhaps they were never before gathered. You are free men, free representatives of a free and glorious people

“Our work is a great one; let us strive to do it successfully to the honour and glory of our country. Steep indeed is the path to our goal, but though it be long and difficult, we must follow it. . . . For this you are gathered here; let us take counsel together with all the strength of our minds and hearts, for, be assured, all our present and our future hangs on our decision. . . .

“Brothers! loyalty to our King has been ever our national virtue, and so it must remain. Let the grand saying of the present time—‘Liberty, equality, and fraternity’—have added to it, ‘and loyalty to our King,’ in letters of gold in your hearts.

“Our relations with Hungary have three points—what has been, what is, and what is to be.

“What has been, history shows ; what is to be, our Diet will decide ; and I will not give my personal opinion, for I defer to the national desire, which is also mine. But it is my duty to remind you that we must renew our bond with Hungary in such a manner that all folk living under the Crown may have equal rights, and that free national development may not be impeded. Then, brothers, we do not wish to be bound only by the lifeless gold of a crown—the bearer of the crown should be the living image of the union—and therefore, we desire to renew the full significance of the Pragmatic Sanction. . . .

“Brothers! on the foundation of liberty, equality, and fraternity must be built all relations between government and people, state and state, and nation and nation—this is the aim of the Time-spirit which forces humanity to struggle towards fulfilment. On this basis we must place our relations with Hungary, not standing against our neighbour as an armed enemy, but removing the present dissensions with the friendly hands of a seven-hundred-year-old alliance. If, however, the Magyars do not behave as friends to us and to our race in Hungary, then, in the words of our gallant Ban Erdödy: ‘One kingdom cannot prescribe laws for another’; and we must show them, with weapons in our hands, as we did long ago, that one nation cannot rule another. . . .

“I will not waste time over the charges they bring against my person and my country . . . asserting that I intend to hand you over to the Colossus of the North ; that is an old story, refuted long ago—

and our deeds shall speak for us. With regard to our Pan-Slav tendencies, we can openly assert that our sympathy extends to all the branches of our race, but in no way to their governments. . . .

“One thing saddens my heart, and that is not to see any of our Dalmatian brothers here—I trust in their patriotism, for the same blood courses in their veins,—and I hope that in future our ancient alliance with them may become more than a name.

“I must remind you, in conclusion, that I am undertaking provisionally to re-establish peace and order in our beloved country. I will not enter into the particular difficulties before us, for they are well known to you. Judge and decide, according to your patriotic spirit: should your decisions be approved by the nation, then, believe me, in them I shall find the sweetest reward of my labours; and believe me also, that you shall never be deceived in me; and remember always, that, to my last breath, for my country and King I shall live—and die.”

Again the cheers broke out, and again they raised him shoulder-high, so that every man in the crowd could see his face.

Rajačić then lifted his voice in a solemn address, full of fiery, patriotic eloquence. He spoke of the Ban as the “glory and hope of our nation,” and declared that “from Adria to the Carpathians, through all the countries of the Slavs, echoed one cry, one shout of joy: “Long live our good King Ferdinand! Long live our Ban Jellačić!” He addressed him as “Thou, sprung of glory-crowned ancestors, of true Slav blood, nourished on the milk of our great mother Slava, from youth accustomed to arms and a wise leader in war,” and implored him

to "protect valiantly truth and right, the august House of Austria, our common good, our sweet liberty, our dear nationality, and the honour and glory of the Triple Kingdom." The speech was a furious call to arms, to shed "the last drop of blood to protect the country from the enemy."

God would bless them, he declared, would protect the truth and the Ban. "We will all on our knees beg His grace and His gifts to light on thee, that thy heroic arm may be strengthened and that thy beloved head may be crowned with glory and victory! What thou doest, do in the name of the Lord, for whoso builds on this foundation builds on rock and builds well. . . . And never doubt thy success, for with thee is justice, with thee is an heroic people, and with thee is Almighty God! Long live our Ban, our glory and our pride!"

The Patriarch had roused the heart of the people as only such a mixture of patriotism and religious feeling could do. "The Slav begins and ends all with God," runs a national saying, and his simple faith is apt to make his country and his Deity interchangeable terms.

At such a moment of national regeneration, it was only natural to appeal to the God of Battles with unusual fervour, and the crowd that accompanied the Ban and the Patriarch, both seated high on chairs carried on men's shoulders, to the church of St Mark, was moved by one impulse of devotion.

In the brown, small church gathered all who could press into it; and without, the crowd listened, bare-headed in the June sunshine, while the Te Deum was sung in the national tongue, first used again after two hundred years.

The Ban knelt, with his gilded, red velvet service-book before him, motionless, overcome, as well a man might be, by the magnitude of the task in front and the strain of the day, but calm in his certainty that strength would be given him sufficient for the work to be done.

From the Catholic to the Greek church passed the dignitaries, in token that the peace of God had come at last—that in this, at least, they were all united and could praise God together for the Ban He had sent them in their hour of need.

June 1848

CHAPTER XVII

AT INNSBRUCK

“And towards the boundless heaven solemnly he raised his hand :
‘Now I swear by heaven eternal, strong and true and free to stand,
By my heart I swear to love Her, changeless, faithful over all ;
Nor in blind self-will to leave Her, but to answer freedom’s call,
For a prince is not all wisdom, nor one tower a fortress wall.’”—

ANASTASIUS GRÜN.

THE exaltation of the 5th of June had to be succeeded by a great deal of practical hard work. The Emperor’s command was still left in abeyance for a few days, while the Diet started on its duties and certain necessary arrangements were made.

On 7th June, the second sitting, the Ban made an important speech on the situation between Croatia and Hungary. He refused to take any steps towards war without the nation’s full consent and without a solemn ultimatum being issued, to give, at least, the chance of a peaceful settlement. Above all, he begged his people to be firm as well as deliberate ; to make no idle threats, but to be ready to carry out their words at any cost.

The Diet applauded, and proceeded to the work of organisation, and the drawing up of addresses to the King.

Many resolutions were framed and passed during those busy days ; amongst others, the Croatian frontiers were clearly defined, and the Voïvodstvo,

as it desired, was formally joined to the Three Kingdoms. To carry on business during the Ban's absence, Mirko Lentulay was appointed his deputy, and two addresses were drawn up which the Ban and a deputation should present to the King at Innsbruck.

The first address was in thanks for the Ban's nomination, and began flamboyantly: "The mighty call of the most precious gain of our times, the call of golden Freedom, has filled us also, your loyal Croat-Slavonian nation, with the highest pleasure." Further, the King was congratulated on the appointment of Baron Jellačić as Ban, and begged that the fullest powers might be vested in him, as representative of the throne in Croatia. With memories of ancient charters, and the desire for the amalgamation of Dalmatia and its islands, and other Slav provinces, the address ended in a warning note against "Hungarian intrigues," and an expression of loyalty.

The importance of Dalmatia to Croatia is obvious enough from a glance at the map. Fiume, the free port, was especially claimed by Hungary; and even with it safe in Croat hands, the whole coast-line was, and is, of the utmost value as an outlet for Croatian wood and other trade. The amalgamation of Carniola, Carinthia, Styria, and Istria, was a natural desire, the fulfilment of Gaj's Illyrian dream; but Dalmatia, united already in name, was especially necessary, and Jellačić, who knew the coast-land so well, pressed for it above all more sentimental claims.

The other address put their historical rights, and the desires of the moment and future more categorically before the monarch. Eleven points were insisted on: a national Ban and Diet, finance and

inner affairs to be settled by the Diet under the central Government, the Military Frontier to be under the Ban, the national speech to be used in all offices, foreign affairs to be decided by a Central Parliament which should contain national members, amalgamation of the Slav provinces, friendly relations with Hungary on equal terms, all political and legal officials to be appointed by the Ban with the King's approval, abolition of the Hungarian court of appeal, Baron Franz Kulmer to be the national representative to the King, and, finally, the annexation of certain districts which had formed part of Croatia in the year 1608.

While this was being legally and peacefully arranged at Zagreb, the Serbs of South Hungary, the new allies of Croatia, were already engaged in conflict. In the night of 8th June a column of 1000 patriots entered Titel, and the battalion there, under Jovanović, fraternised with them. Colonel Kiss, at Kikinda, received orders to attack them, but he was driven back with some loss. Hrabovski, who had treated his "commissionership" as a dead letter, but was in command of Peterwardein, suddenly marched on Karlovitz on Whitsunday, and attacked the Patriarch's own town with a large force. The people dashed out of church, seized any weapons to hand, and fought furiously for six hours under a burning sun. Hrabovski set fire to most of the town and sacked it with great cruelty to women and children, but he had eventually to make an armistice of fifteen days. On 15th June Georg Stratimirović, the gallant young Serb leader, appeared with 200 Sereshans and waited for the end of the armistice, while he was joined on the 22nd by the commander from Weisskirchen and his men. Thus

in the Raizen country, the civil war broke into full flame, and the atrocities committed on both sides were very horrible. Both Serbs and Magyars fought like devils, tortured prisoners, murdered and violated women, and destroyed property with a wanton lust of revenge.

Meanwhile, on 12th June, the Ban took the road for Innsbruck. Riding with him were Baron Franz Kulmer, Colonel Denkstein, Count Albert Nugent (son of the general in Italy), Count Ludwig Erdödy, Count Karl Drasković, and others, including his brother, Anton von Jellačić. The journey through the mountains was almost a triumphal march, for, as a German journalist put it, with a cry of alarm : "Tirol has joined Jellačić and the Croats." Many an old Tirolean volunteer remembered how a Jellačić had led him and his comrades to victory at Fünfkirchen long ago, and they thronged out to welcome the son of the Croat general. They found him frank and free of speech, ready as any Tirolean to strike a blow for freedom, and to uphold the Royal House ; and the greeting of the kindly mountain folk was very sweet to him in the stress of that critical time. "The straight road" he had chosen was not an easy one, and his enemies had already branded him as a rebel to his King.

Batthyany had an interview with King Ferdinand on 10th June, and what exactly befell at it history has hardly decided to this day. Ludwig Batthyany was a man of strong passions and powerful personality, capable of altogether overbearing one even less weak than the ailing Ferdinand. The Empress was assured that the private interview had nothing to do with State business, so she permitted it, though the greatest care was taken that no documents were

signed by the Emperor alone—his mind being quite unfit for a serious decision. Yet a serious document *was* signed and given by his master to Batthyany, to be used if necessary; and the consequences of it were so far-reaching that the Magyar expiated that day's work on the scaffold at last.

On the 14th, Batthyany left Innsbruck, and on the 16th Jellačić and his Croats arrived at “the Tirol town, where, among the lammergeiers of the Alps, the Camarilla was residing,” and where the going and coming of ministers of State, ambassadors, great folk and their entourages, made constant stir.

Prince Paul Esterhazy, the Hungarian Minister for Foreign Affairs, had orders from Pesth to allow no interview between the Ban of Croatia and the King, unless he himself were present, and his declaration to this effect brought an indignant remonstrance from the Croats. The Ban announced that such restrictions were entirely incompatible with his Majesty's dignity and with his own position as the King's representative, and the deputation prepared to go back to Croatia without further delay. That could mean nothing but war and the loss, temporary or conclusive, of Croatia, and no responsible adviser of the Crown, however intimidated by Hungary, was prepared to risk so much.

An interview with the Archduke Karl and the Archduchess Sophie was granted to the Ban, and both received him with much kindness. The Archduchess had guessed already and now knew with all a clever woman's intuition, how much this energetic Frontier soldier could do for the house to which she belonged. To see a man of decision was a breath of open air to her in the exhausted atmo-

sphere of doubt and fear, where she lived among survivals of the *ancien régime* like Bombelles, intriguing ladies, and muddle-headed statesmen. Windischgrätz, with his stern, absolute, one-sided mind, was a rock to which she clung ; and here was another soldier to help her and her son—one endowed, moreover, with insight and feeling to which Windischgrätz would ever be a stranger.

The Archduke Johann, always a willing mediator, found a way of satisfying the Croat deputation without offending Esterhazy, by inviting the Ban and his men to an audience before the whole Court and all the diplomatic corps ; so that Esterhazy had a right to appear, and yet the Croats should have free speech with their King.

On the 19th of June this audience took place, in the full pomp of circumstance that was possible. The King and Queen sat in state, surrounded by the Court, officials, diplomatists, and dignitaries, and the Ban stood before his royal master to justify himself and his people. He began by a greeting in the name of the loyal Croat nation, ready now, as ever, to devote itself to the King.

Ferdinand had a written paper before him, and he read it slowly in his weak, weary voice. He refused to accept an address from a Diet which ought not to have been held, and he declared his disapprobation of the attempt to sever Croatia from the Hungarian Crown, to which it had belonged for 700 years. He begged them to accept the mediation of his uncle, the Archduke Johann, and so prove their loyalty by arriving at the accord he desired.

The Croat gentlemen listened in silence; but some of them looked behind the throne to where Esterhazy

was standing, and there was deep wrath in all their hearts.

Their Ban was equal to the emergency. It was his right to answer and defend himself; and his words were ready, quick, clear, very far from courtier-like subservience, yet with a soldierly obedience to superiors and loyalty in every tone.

“In a little hour’s lesson,” says an article written three months later, “he brought before the Court a new system of politics and a true theory of safety for the dynasty.”

The fundamental points of the speech were, shortly, the identity of the dynastic interests and those of the Slav nation, and that therefore those three noble stones, the Triple Kingdom, must be broken off the Hungarian Crown, because the integrity of Austria was more important than the integrity of Hungary. The King had granted too much power to the Magyars; the King could regain his lost supremacy by the aid of the Slavs, and so the Empire could find its preservation and the dynasty its support in the loyal predominant race, which was as ready as ever to fight under the Austrian Eagles. From the blunt soldierly beginning: “Sire, I ask your Majesty’s pardon; but I wish to save the Empire,” to the passionate cry from the heart: “These gentlemen may live if they wish, when the Empire has fallen; but I—I cannot,” the whole speech was full of the emotion of felt words. The impulsive Archduchess Sophie could not restrain her tears; the Empress was deeply touched by a loyalty too rare in those revolutionary days; while the men of State and the patriots standing round, heard a new doctrine—Imperialism—preached with the

fervour of an apostle and the imagination of a poet.

The personal appearance of Jellačić in 1848 has been described both by people who knew him well and by strangers on whom he made a great impression. A short man, broad-shouldered and vigorous, his thick, dark eyebrows gave him a somewhat stern expression, which a prominent nose, big moustache, and firmly-cut, cleft chin did not altogether belie. "There was something southern," says one friend, "about his whole appearance; fiery yet gentle; and his brown eyes could look tender or flash fiercely." His black, thick hair was receding already from his temples and high, open forehead. Dark by nature, long service had tanned his complexion, as it had left the decisive lines of a commander upon his face. Mobile, rather restless in his movements, his whole manner was that of a frank, decided man. His voice was usually low with sharp tones in it, but it could ring very clearly and with marvellous compelling force when he was excited, or when there was the necessity for quick speech. In society he was charming, ready-witted, and full of vivacity, throwing himself eagerly into the amusement of the moment; but his private life was calm and quiet, very simple, and almost sad, for a depression approaching the Celtic "gloom" would encompass him at times.

Perhaps the greatest moment of his life was this one at Innsbruck, when he showed the whole vision and aim of his being to the world. That it should be so, rather than after a victory at the head of his troops, proves that he was more than a soldier; and yet, as Georges de Pimodan, who served under him, said: "It is on the battle-field that one should see

him, when he flings himself at the head of his battalions, and his voice is heard above the cannon thunder and cheers his men on."

The finest tribute to the Ban's eloquence on that day at Innsbruck was Esterhazy's conduct. The Prince, great Hungarian landowner though he was, still owned a strong allegiance to the House of Hapsburg, and the Croat's words manifestly touched that spark of loyalty. After waiting, as if he expected the Ban should come to him, he sent a message begging for an interview. The Ban received him at his lodgings, and, after nearly an hour, Esterhazy came out visibly moved, and said to one of the Croat gentlemen in the ante-room: "What a man! I am going at once to Pesth, for this affair must take another turn."

Unfortunately, Esterhazy's influence was not a predominating one in Hungarian politics.

The Archduke Franz Karl and his wife also sent again for Jellačić, to congratulate him on the bold stand he had made and the obvious loyalty of his people.

"I cannot always do what I wish in this matter," said the Archduke sadly, when the Ban ventured again to press the claims of his Croats on the Crown.

Another service to his King was demanded of him, before he left the town of Innsbruck.

Affairs in Italy in mid-June were still serious, but by no means so hopeless as distracted politicians believed. Hummelauer, in London, was being urged by the English Government to propose terms of peace, and the ones submitted for consideration to Vienna were entirely unsatisfactory, if not disgraceful, to Austria. Yet the statesmen saw no

other way, and were prepared to submit to the loss of practically the whole Lombard province. Radetsky greeted the proposition with fury. He had still an army : he only wanted time ; for he shrewdly suspected that the Piedmontese force grew weaker, not stronger, as the days went on ; and now that Nugent had joined him, it was throwing away the whole campaign to make peace on such terms. He sent Prince Felix Schwartzenberg post-haste to Innsbruck to beg the Government to reconsider its orders, absolutely refusing to begin negotiations, and threatening to send in his resignation of his command if this preposterous settlement were carried out. At the same time, privately, he discovered the real need and weakness of his position to Schwartzenberg. The largest part of his force, the real strength of the army, lay in the Croat regiments, and the news from home was making both officers and men very restless. Perhaps the old Marshal thought of the captain he had praised long ago, now leader of a nation, when he begged Schwartzenberg to tell those in authority at any cost to keep the Croats loyal, for, if war broke out between Croatia and Hungary, he could not answer for 40,000 men in Italy. With the Croats, all would go well, and Italy might yet be saved; without them, he was helpless.

Schwartzenberg travelled as quickly as possible, and, by lucky chance, he arrived at Innsbruck while Jellačić was still there. At once he asked the Ban to receive him, and gave the Marshal's message.

What dreams an ambitious man might have indulged in ! There was an army ready to his hand : 40,000 disciplined troops waiting for his word to desert their present service, mount national

colours, fight Hungary—Austria, too, if need be—and make an independent kingdom with—who, but their Ban as King? The whole nation was behind him to a man, and Bosnia was ready to throw over the weak Turkish rule, join her brothers by race, and form one kingdom, as of old.

Prince Felix, a tall, thin, diplomatist-soldier, with a somewhat equivocal reputation in all the Courts of Europe, took snuff as was his wont, and waited, looking curiously at the very different man before him.

He was not long left in doubt, for “the die had been cast” already, and the straight road knew no turning.

A proclamation was quickly drawn up, from which the Frontiersmen in Italy learned the mind of their Ban.

“Brave, gallant comrades in arms and countrymen! Yesterday I, your Ban, was happy enough to have an audience with our gracious Emperor and Lord, in which his Majesty disclosed his intention of appointing his Highness the Archduke Johann as mediator between Hungary and our country, so that our desires may be fulfilled. That this very serious and weighty affair may be carried through, it is necessary, above all things, that our country remains in peace and order.

“It is said that at Karlovitz and in Slavonia disorder prevails; I have already written to stop any further rising, and I trust in the sound sense of the nation to obey my orders and to await in peace the work of settlement by the Archduke Johann.

‘For this reason I write now to you, my dear brothers of the sword! Do not be turned, by news

of the danger of your country, from your own heavy but glorious duty, the preservation of the Throne and State in Italy. Already all Europe echoes with the praise of your heroic spirit and perseverance in the difficulties of the campaign. Do not sully this glory by forswearing your oath of loyalty—a thing which would be unworthy of you and of your gallant forefathers. There, where you are, lies your duty to your beloved Emperor and your native land, and be assured that we in Croatia and Slavonia are strong enough, without your help, to defend our hearths, our rights, and our nationality.

“ JOSEPH, BARON VON JELLAČIĆ,
“ F.M.L. and BAN.

“ INNSBRUCK, *June 20th, 1848.*”

CHAPTER XVIII

THE RESCRIPT OF 10TH JUNE

“The monarchy has been preserved by the insubordination of three generals: Radetsky, who opposed the projects of Hummelauer; Jellačić, who braved at the same time the Court at Innsbruck and the Ministry at Pesth; and Windischgrätz, who refused to obey Count Latour.”

PRINCE FELIX SCHWARTZENBERG.

THE Archduke Johann, besides being named by the Emperor mediator between Croatia and Hungary, had also just been appointed to the office of Councillor to the German Diet at Frankfurt. He left Innsbruck for his place in Styria on his way to Vienna and Frankfurt, at the same time that Jellačić rode off down the Pusterthal for Zagreb.

The Tirolean peasants greeted the Croats as before, with a warm welcome in each village. At the little town of Lientz, the horses were stabled for a halt, and the deputation sought the inn. The Ban had been trying to rouse his followers' spirits by the way, for they were gloomily conscious of the unsatisfactory words of the King, and only cheered by the hope that in the Archduke Johann, at least, they might find a just councillor with no Hungarian bias.

On the inn table was the *Wiener Zeitung* for 19th June, and the Ban took it up to see the news of the capital and official world. There, in cold print, he read an Imperial rescript in which the King,

from his town of Innsbruck on 10th June, gave orders that Croatia and Slavonia should return to their allegiance, repent of their illegal acts, acknowledge Baron Hrabovski as Royal Commissioner, and disavow Jellačić, who, for flat disobedience to the King's orders, was deprived of all his honours as Ban and general.

The man who was thus declared a rebel and traitor was the coolest of the little band when this bombshell burst among them. He remained quiet, even smiling, when his friends raged; and, at last, his brother turned on him demanding how he could bear this insult, this piece of Magyar spite and Court treachery.

"Now I will act on my own responsibility," he answered calmly, "and manage to do something sensible even with my hands tied."

"But what will happen next?" asked another of his companions.

"We will remain at our posts, and with the help of God we will help our King," was the answer; and with that for watchword the deputation continued its journey to Zagreb.

Jellačić himself first communicated hastily with the Archduke Johann, and found that worthy prince as much astonished and distressed as anyone. Indeed, it was a puzzling affair, though it is pretty plain to us now. Batthyany had obtained the King's signature to this manifesto, which poor Ferdinand had most probably never read and had certainly not understood, promising only to use it if necessary. Infuriated at the idea of the Ban's gaining the ear of the Court, he had taken up the only weapon he held, and hoped, by using it, to rouse Croatia into a wild passion of rebellion against the monarchy. If

Jellačić had galloped on to Zagreb, sent orders for a levy and the recall of the troops in Italy, all the Slav world would have blazed into instant war, and the Magyar chances of power would have been greatly increased, for in Hungary alone could Austria have found help.

But Jellačić was not accustomed to act without reflection, and he had some insight into the Magyar aims. He went alone to Klagenfurt, where some relatives resided, and stayed there, waiting "in most cheerful temper," to see what the effect of the rescript would be in Croatia. If his country supported him with dignity and loyalty, he was ready to remain at the head of affairs, for it was obviously a plot to get him out of the way, and he had firm assurances of confidence from the Archduke Johann and the Archduke Franz Karl.

"Behind the back of the Ministry at Pesth, he played with the Camarilla," was the way his actions were interpreted by some; but I think we have sufficient proof that, not the little Court clique hated as the "Camarilla," but the responsible heads of the Imperial party, trusted and depended on the man who had defended his country's cause so boldly at Innsbruck.

Zagreb flamed into furious wrath at the news of the Ban's disgrace. The adjourned Diet was summoned and drew up an address to the King expressing in the strongest way the nation's dismay and distress. "With bleeding hearts" they demanded why this wrong had been done to them. They had served the Throne faithfully, they had thanked their King for his gracious appointment of the man they desired as Ban, and they were rewarded thus with insult. Crushed by the weight of this

undeserved wrong, they must protest and warn their King against the intrigues of their enemies, which were leading the whole country into a disastrous war.

On 21st June this address was published, and it showed, as plainly as Jellačić could desire, the firm temper of his people and their absolute faith in him.

Besides the address, a resolution was passed demanding the Ban's person, for there was a rumour that he was imprisoned, and it was decided also to send messengers to Italy giving notice to the Frontier troops there to return at once as their native land was in danger.

Count Georg von Jellačić says: "I commanded then the 1st Banal Frontier Regiment, which belonged to the corps of F.Z.M. Baron Welden. My corps commander called me and told me what F.M.L. Baron Dahlen, divisional commander in Agram, had said about the above-mentioned sitting of the Diet, and he commissioned me to seek out the different Croat troops of his corps and implore them not to break their oath of service through any such reports. I found no persuasion to loyalty necessary, for, almost at the same time as Baron von Dahlen's news, came the proclamation to the Frontier troops in Italy which my brother had written at the request of Prince Schwartzenberg."

So, thanks to Jellačić, Radetsky could continue his operations, and win the victories which led to that triumphant march across Lombardy following up the beaten Piedmontese, until the gates of Milan were opened once more, and the black and yellow flag flew over the Emperor's towns from the Ticino to Venice.

On 27th June the Archduke Johann wrote a

letter from Vienna beginning: "My dear Baron Jellačić," and making no mention of the rescript of 10th June, but begging for the Ban of Croatia's help in the settlement of national affairs, and asking him to come to Vienna presently to meet the Hungarian deputies and to work in hopes of a satisfactory arrangement of the disputed points.

Jellačić entered Zagreb on 28th June "with the pomp of a Cæsar, save that, instead of captives and spoils, he represented an idea. No Victory guided him to the Capitol; but he himself was the incarnation of Croat nationality, the symbol of his country."¹

The national guard formed a double rank from St Katharine's Square to the Diet's meeting-house; young girls in white, with green branches and flags, preceded the Ban; the guns fired, the bands played, and the people cheered incessantly. The dignitaries of the town received him before the official buildings, two ladies presented him with an address and a wreath, and Kukulević said a few words in which he expressed the indignation of the whole nation at the insult offered to their Ban.

Jellačić answered that his personal injury was a light matter, but he could not help strong resentment at the insult to his people. Then he reviewed the troops drawn up before him, and received the municipal officials, who begged him to allow the name of Jellačić to be given to one of the principal squares of the town. In the evening, at 10 p.m., there was a procession of deputies, officers, and ladies in national dress, with torches, coloured lanterns, and bands, which ended in a demonstration under the Ban's windows.

Next day the Diet met, and the Ban opened the

¹ Balleydier.

sitting with a short speech in which he said : " You know how I was received by his Majesty and the Archdukes. After leaving Innsbruck, it was not until I reached Lientz that I saw the fatal rescript ; at once I hastened to the Archduke Johann to see if he could ward off the consequences of an act so compromising to our nationality. His Imperial Highness appreciated my just arguments, and promised to send a courier to Pesth to order the Hungarian Ministry to abstain from all action against us and to maintain the Croat-Slavonian question *in suspenso*."

The Diet agreed to accept the mediation of the Archduke Johann and to abide by any decision to which he and their Ban might come. They drew up an address to the Archduke couched in much the same terms as their petition to the King. Also they passed a resolution that the Ban should have the unlimited power of a dictator during these troublous times, and that he should make such arrangements as seemed good to him for the safety and order of the Military Frontier. As affairs in Slavonia seemed going from bad to worse and the troops of General Hrabovski were making a blood-bath of the fertile Raizen country, the Croat Diet sent a message to their Slavonian brothers begging them to be firm in their alliance to Croatia and promising them help. This document speaks of the Hungarians in no measured words :—

" This sworn enemy of you and of us is the Magyar. He it is who lies about our Ban, and spreads foul reports about the best patriot and truest son of our race ; he lies in the name of freedom and justice, he lies even in the name of our King ! . . . Let us be united, for we are the sons of one mother,

and have no need of strangers' help and counsel. Let us depend on ourselves, on our Diet, and on our gallant Ban, and God will help us to a glorious fate."

The proposal to send troops to Slavonia was put forward and greeted warmly ; but for this, as well as for the organisation of an army in Croatia, both time and money were needed.

Jellačić cut at once through the froth of patriotic talk to the practical commander's requirements.

"I am quite ready to organise your army," he said; "and I can count on 30,000 to 40,000 soldiers; but give me money with which to maintain and equip them. Give me a free hand in this, for otherwise nothing can be done. Let each man lay his contribution on the altar of his country, as he is able. When the day of battle comes, I will be there, and I will lead you."

As Radić says : "The words of the Ban fell on the Diet like a spark on powder. The scene that took place then was one of pure patriotism, filling the hearts of all the deputies and dignitaries of the nation."

Herman Bužan was the first to rise ; he placed 300 florins, the contents of his purse, before the Ban, and begged the deputies to follow his example. Mato Vuković followed him, saying : "We are all sons of one mother. Who will not help the country in this danger ? I give 200 florins."

Man after man leapt to his feet and emptied his purse on to the table before Jellačić. The poor old archimandrite Ilić tottered up with the gold cross and chain from his neck, put them into the Ban's hands, and assured him that these little things, which were all that he had, were a willing gift to

his country. Jellačić, deeply touched, rose to his feet to receive the ornaments, and, turning to the House, said: "No one is worthy to carry this holy cross, save the man who so nobly offers it. Therefore, gentlemen, I return it; but in its place I put these fifty ducats, which you shall give me again when you choose."

The old archimandrite, weeping with emotion, declared that the cross should be for ever a reminder of his duty, and that he should consider its blessing the gift of his beloved Ban.

After that, watches, rings, jewels from the ladies in the gallery, as well as money, poured in for the "war-chest." The money collected on that day amounted to 15,000 florins, and the precious things were valued at 5000 florins or more. When the news spread, those who were not present sent their contributions. Bishop Haulik sent 2000 florins in silver, and Bishop Šrott precious objects to the value of 8000 florins. A committee was appointed to receive the gifts; and, in a short time a remarkable sum was collected for the national defence, considering that the nation counted very few rich men among its sons.

On 9th July the Diet ended its sittings, and, immediately after, Jellačić set out for Slavonia and the Frontier.

"Intrigues melted before him as thin fog melts before a bright sun, and those who were discouraged took heart again." He went first to Warasdin, and then travelled through the whole Frontier district, working, with all the tremendous energy of which he was capable, day and night, hearing petitions, arranging municipal affairs, appointing officials, and showing himself to all classes of the people. The

principal business was to raise levies, and it was a wonderful sight to see the enthusiasm caused by his recruiting. He had said to the folk of the border, when they parted with regret from their colonel: "I am going, but I will soon call for you"; and when the call came, every Frontiersman left his home gladly, furbished up kandjar and stanitza, and hastened to report himself at headquarters.

"Go in God, and become heroes!" cried the women, standing at the doors of the little black-roofed houses, as they and their mothers had often done before, when the men went off to the eternal fighting.

"The Frontier guard? That we leave to our women and children," said the men proudly, knowing the wives and boys they left behind.

An officer whose account of his service with the Ban has been translated into English, bore witness to the spirit of the Frontier during those days:—

"I have myself seen, in the districts of the Ottochan regiment, wives and maidens take up the musket and repair to the chain of posts on the Turkish boundary, that all the men might be able to take the field; and such an eight days' duty at these Frontier posts is no trifle and requires not a little firmness. Old, half-invalided Frontier subalterns, incapacitated for taking the field, were the commandants; young, many of them handsome, females composed their troops. By my faith, I should have had no objection to be the commander of such a corps of Ottochan females myself!"

High and low, the women of Croatia felt their country's need and showed their enthusiasm in ways which sometimes made them a little ridiculous and sorely embarrassed their hero, the Ban. At Kreuz,

it is said that a dozen young girls of noble family insisted on mounting guard all night with drawn swords before his door; one devoted admirer sent him a shirt of mail as protection against Magyar treachery; and flowers and laurel wreaths rained upon him continually.

Jellačić took it all with his usual simplicity and good nature. He had much real work on hand, and his aim was to use every ounce of enthusiasm that his people could give him for the furtherance of the cause which was vital to him and to them.

July–August 1848

CHAPTER XIX

DRAVE OR DANUBE?

“ When through all the fatherland
Red rebellion’s torch was lit,
And they loosed the ancient band
That the centuries had knit,
Then thou stoodest strong in pride
By our noble Kaiser’s side.

Brother raised the sword ’gainst brother,
Towns were in confusion cast,
While each whispered to the other
Austria’s star had set at last ;
Then didst thou sustain the Throne
By our nation’s help alone.

Now thy Croats gladly greet thee,
Noble picture of thy breed,
As they gathered then to meet thee—
Hero-hearts for hero’s need—
At thy call their lives laid down
For the country and the Crown.

Every heart shall leap with pleasure
At the mention of thy name,
While Croatia lives we’ll treasure
Still the echo of thy fame—
Thou, our noblest countryman,
Jellačić, the hero Ban ! ”

To the Ban, 1850.

WHEN he returned to Zagreb on 24th July, Jellačić found a message from the Archduke Johann begging him to come at once to Vienna, for a conference with the head of the Hungarian Ministry.

He set off for the capital, and reached it on 27th July. At the station of Baden, two hours

from the terminus, a crowd was gathered on the platform, waiting for the train.

“Where is Jellačić?” they shouted; and the Ban jumped from the carriage with an answering “Here he is!”—to be welcomed by friends and strangers alike.

The same greetings awaited him in Vienna, and he went to his hotel in the Kärntergasse surrounded by an eager crowd. Next day, a body of representative officers from the garrison came to visit him—German, Slav, and Italian,—and he took the opportunity to assure them of Croat loyalty in a few warm words which were received with immense applause. On that day, too, he had a conference with the Archduke Palatine—a meeting which only showed how deep was the abyss between Hungary and Croatia. That night the Viennese thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Batthyany had also arrived and had been welcomed by his supporters. The friends of the Ban arranged for a torchlight procession and serenade in his honour, so the Hungarian sympathisers took the opportunity of making a counter-demonstration. The good temper of the populace turned the whole affair into a cheery scrimmage at the Café Français, where the proprietor turned out the gas, and in the streets, where the national guard restored order; and, finally, the crowd gathered under the Ban’s windows and cheered until he showed himself.

“Vivats” and “Živios” greeted him, the street a-roar, and the torches flickering in the hot air. As in his own Zagreb, so here in Vienna, his ringing voice produced silence, and he spoke for a few minutes, ending:—

“My business is an honourable one, and so I do not hesitate to declare it. I am no enemy to the

noble Hungarian nation ; but I am an enemy to any-one who wishes, through self-interest or desire of separation, to weaken Austria by tearing Hungary from her. Brothers, my desire is a great, strong, free Austria. Long live our beautiful fatherland ! Long live Germany ! ”

There spoke the German soldier, the citizen of the Empire, and the prophet of the Imperial idea !

The solemn conference took place on the 29th of July, at the office of the Minister of the Interior. Bach was there, the man of March, the shrewd, clear-headed minister who was always distrusted by his aristocratic comrades for his low birth and his supposed revolutionary tendencies. Esterhazy attended, anxious for peace and compromise, but conscious of having no influence over his compatriots. And the arch-enemy, the real power, Ludwig Batthyany, waited to hear what the Croat had to say, before leaping to the foregone conclusion.

Bach opened the discussion, and for two hours argued vainly to prove the legitimacy of Austrian desires and the danger to the whole Empire of the severance from Hungary.

Batthyany stormed of Hungary’s rights and claims, intentions, and desires. He insisted that she must have full authority over Croatia, must treat all the Slav people within her borders as she chose, and that she would go back no single step on the road she had taken towards absolute national independence.

Jellačić held by the Pragmatic Sanction and the equality of all nations under the Austrian crown. He agreed entirely with Bach that war, at such a juncture, would be deplorable ; but he was the representative of his people, and would make no move that would imperil their rights.

It was all useless talk ; and the minister saw, at length, the impossibility of coming to an understanding, and closed the meeting.

Then Batthyany, his handsome, bearded face red with rage, approached the Ban, and looked him in the eyes.

“Once more,” he said : “do you want peace or war ?”

“We want peace,” answered the Croat firmly, “if the Magyars will render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar’s and to Austria what belongs to Austria ; but if they persist in wishing to break the fundamental pact of the Empire—oh then, we want war.”

“And you wish for this—a civil war ?” asked Batthyany.

“A civil war is the most terrible of all things, and therefore I shall not fight unless it is necessary to put down rebellion.”

The Magyar drew himself up and prepared to turn away.

“In the keeping of God !” he said solemnly : “the sword will decide between you and us. Good-bye, Baron ; we shall meet again on the banks of the Drave.”

“I will come to find you before that on the banks of the Danube,” retorted Jellačić as they parted ; and he kept his word.

The 4th of August saw the Ban back at Zagreb, and the result of his mission was published to the people on 6th August.

“I have been for the third time to the seat of government to try if possible to bring the needs of our beloved country into accord with the desires of our Hungarian neighbours, as well as with the

interests of the Imperial and Royal House. . . . Not even the personal danger, mortification, and insult inflicted on me by the manifesto of 10th June, which has not yet been publicly revoked, deterred me from attempting this difficult mission. It concerned the preservation of the best things in the world—liberty and peace—to my compatriots of Croatia, Slavonia, Dalmatia, and the Serb Voivodstvo; and it meant the assurance to both parties of their natural rights and the union under the Apostolic Crown, as well as the tie of the Empire. . . . I took, as base of meditation, the resolutions of the Diet. . . . The Archduke Palatine received me with sympathy; but neither he nor the president of the Hungarian Cabinet could give me satisfaction as to the conditions which I held to be *sine qua non*. The departure of the Archduke Johann on 30th July ended this last attempt at an amicable settlement of our national questions. . . . Therefore, it remains to us to await the resolutions taken by the Parliament at Pesth on our last proposal for peace, and to confide in our strength and the justice of our cause, which has the sympathy of all free people in Austria and Europe, the approbation of the Emperor-King, and the help of the Almighty, in whom we trust."

General Blagović had taken command of Peterwardein in succession to Hrabovski, under the Hungarian Cabinet, and he speedily showed himself to be a faithful servant of his masters at Pesth, for he repulsed the Croat overtures and allowed a war-like manifesto to be published to the people between the Danube and the Drave, speaking of Jellačić as "a blind instrument of an infamous party," declaring that the Ban, after promising to withdraw his forces

from the Frontier, had concentrated troops near Warasdin, and calling on the national guard to arm and protect "our liberty and rights."

The Diet at Pesth voted troops and money freely, after a dramatic speech from Kossuth, ending, "You are alone ; will you fight?"—when the orator, ill and pale, fell back, half-fainting, into the arms of his cheering friends.

During all this period the Hungarian Press poured forth insult and scandal against the Croats, and especially against their Ban, and the more decent of these articles are interesting expositions of the feeling of the moment. One "leader" on "The Croat-terror" strives to dissipate the spectre before them. The author compares the alarm of his people at the mere word "Croat" to the terror of cholera which kills men without the disease. "Meet it defiantly, and it comes no further. Do not be afraid of the old cry : 'Trenck and his Redmantles are coming!' . . . We have heard that every Frontiersman is as wild as a Patagonian and six feet high without his shoes ; but those who saw the Croat battalions in Italy, especially the second file, found quite enough men who could be called dwarfs rather than giants. . . . It is not true that every child on the Frontier learns to shoot before he can walk. There are certainly Sereshans who know how to stand in rank, and the writer himself has seen one who could do the archer's trick in *Ivanhoe* and hit a peeled willow-wand at such a distance that it could barely be seen ; but the Tirol men and Piedmontese are far better shots on the whole. . . . Therefore, let the Hungarian national guard take heart and oust this foolish Croat-terror from its breast."

The German papers also began to exercise themselves over the possibility of serious interference on the part of the Slavs. "We do not look anxiously towards Innsbruck or Vienna, but to Prague and Agram," says one, and congratulates itself prematurely that "the Ban of Croatia has submitted and is in friendly understanding with Hrabovski; while the Czech and German deputies have come to an agreement. In Nestroy's¹ classic phrase, 'After all, it isn't true!'" ("'s ist aber Alles nicht wahr!")

The news from Italy cheered all hearts during those days of early August. Radetsky entered Milan on the 6th, and sent those bulletins which reminded Hubner, the diplomatist to whose diary we owe many clear lights on that year, of those of Wellington—"short, modest, and simple."

The Court returned to the capital on 12th August, and Hubner gives us his view of the re-entry:—

"I assisted in the Graben at this lamentable spectacle. The Emperor, Empress, Archduke Franz Karl, and Archduchess Sophie occupied an open carriage. The Emperor pale, with his eyes fixed on his knees, saluted absently. The Empress showed traces of tears, the Archduchess Sophie hid hers behind a *lorgnon*, and the Archduke gave free rein to his emotion. The Viennese thought these tears were of joy, and cheered lustily. The three young brothers, Franz Joseph, Ferdinand Max, and Karl Ludwig, sitting all three at the bottom of a *caleche*, were also cheered. The Archduke Franz Joseph was in uniform, and, with a cold air and severe expression, hid his feelings. He was sad, but not discouraged, and almost indignant—'It was

¹ The famous comic actor.

a revelation and a hope to me,' he said. . . . Thus the Imperial family became the prisoners of the committee of public safety."

Another result of Radetsky's victory and the armistice which followed, was that some of the Croat troops were sent home. In military circles it was evident that the Croat army, which Jellačić was forming, must be supported, though ministers and Court officials might still prate of peace. Windischgrätz was in communication with the Ban, Latour, the Minister of War, sent what money he could, and Jellačić himself flung all his energies into the preparation of the force which he had promised his people to lead against Hungary.

The soldier we have quoted before is witness to the temper of the just-returned Croat troops:—

"The scene that I witnessed when the Ottochans, who had been with me in Peschiera, and who arrived a few days after me in Croatia, were reviewed by the Ban, I shall never forget. Old border soldiers, who had often braved death and not flinched when the bombs at Peschiera fell in their ranks, wept for joy when Jellačić praised them for their good behaviour. And yet he told them at once that the repose at their homes which they had so richly earned and hoped to enjoy, could not yet be granted to them; that, after a short rest, they must start for Hungary, to engage in fresh conflicts."

He says further: "What the Military Frontier, and particularly the Croatian and Slavonian part of it, has performed this year, is almost incredible. About 35,000 men were in Italy; 20,000 were required for the protection of the Frontier itself, for

the Bosnians, excited by agents of Kossuth, taking advantage of the critical situation of affairs, attempted incursions ; and yet the Ban, in not quite six weeks, brought together 36,000 men, who certainly were not so completely equipped as to be fit to appear at a review Unter den Linden at Berlin, but nevertheless, as fit for fighting, and animated by as good a spirit as could be wished."

The affairs of the Military Frontier had been occupying the minds of the Ban and his council ever since May. There was great need for the reorganisation of many things, and the national regeneration, of necessity, should begin with the fighting force and the requirements of the principal recruiting ground. The Frontiersmen themselves drew up a list of their requests, and among them, it is interesting to note their desire that Baron Georg Jellačić, colonel of the 1st Banal Regiment, should be given the district command.

Their petition formed the basis of the "Frontier Constitution" drawn up by the Diet, and approved by the Ban. This constitution first gave the general enactments shared by the rest of the Three Kingdoms ; and then, in a long list of articles, set forth the special rights and duties—civil, military, and administrative—of each dweller on the Frontier. The articles enter with meticulous care into the questions of forage and military equipment, and especially concern the forests, rights of wood-cutting, preservation of trees, use of the acorns, and such-like commonplace yet vital affairs of the border.

On 6th August the Ban published a proclamation to all the Military Districts of Croatia, putting very shortly their new rights, privileges and duties, taxes,

pay during service, etc., and ordering that it and the General Order following, should be read in the national speech in all the churches for the next three Sundays.

The General Order began :—

“Gallant Frontiersmen! My deepest wish for many years is to be fulfilled. As Ban, I have been able to gather your principal men beside me in the Diet, and a new Frontier statute has been drawn up and has received the sanction of our gracious Emperor. The points that I have personally added, I publish above, in the certainty that his Majesty will also sanction them for your benefit.

“Gallant Frontiersmen! Thus the greater part of the alleviation you have so longed for is accomplished. This was your greatest burden, and now for ever it is raised from your shoulders ; and all your other requirements will be attended to in due course.

“One part of my dearest desire for the good of the Frontier folk is fulfilled. I trust, my beloved people, that you will take this relief as a sign of my affection, and that you will remain true, grateful sons of your Kaiser and country, waiting for further favours in patience. I expect you to help the authorities in maintaining law and order, and that the call of the Kaiser and country will, in the future as in the past, find you ready, so that the star of your glory may never be dimmed. Take with this a hearty greeting from your Ban.”

On 11th August a review was held at Zagreb of the regiments returned from Italy and the new levies. Jellačić gave them an address, in which he praised especially the Sereshan and Ottocahan



BAN JELLAČIĆ AT THE HEAD OF HIS TROOPS.

conduct in Italy and held out hopes of their soon adding to their laurels.

On the 20th he rode along the Frontier, inspecting posts, gathering levies, and being received everywhere as the saviour of his country and the man who should lead his very willing troops to victory.

August-September 1848

CHAPTER XX

ACROSS THE DRAVE

“Red is the colour of blood, which will flow in streams, and of fire, which will consume cities and villages ; green is the colour of the grass, which will grow on the graves of the slaughtered people ; white is the colour of the shroud in which Hungary will lie, but it is also the colour of peace which, at last, will bless her plains.”—*Gipsy prophecy on the flag of Hungary*.

THE last days of August passed in active preparations for war both in Hungary and Croatia.

At Pesth Kossuth made a memorable speech, which summed up the Magyar point of view of the situation.

“The Hungarian Cabinet,” he said, “invited the Ban (whom the Government which has now fallen under the lash of truth and liberty, in the last moment of its existence, forced upon us like a curse, that he might try whether the demon of diabolical reaction could not be raised again!) to take his seat in the council of the Palatine, and to confer with the Cabinet as to how peace and order might best be re-established in Croatia. . . . The Ban did not appear ; obstinately he refused the invitation, confiding not in law but in rebellion. . . . I will not deny that Croatia has grievances . . . heirlooms of the old Government. . . . The late Parliament granted franchise to the Military Frontier . . . and empowered Baron Hrabovski to make the land of the inhabitants become their

own property . . . but they replied with sedition and rebellion. . . . The case stands thus: in the so-called petition sent to his Majesty by the conventicle of Zagreb, they pray that they may be allowed to separate from Hungary, not to become a self-consistent, independent nation, but to submit to the Austrian Ministry. . . . This is but an empty pretext. It covers the reactionary tendency on the part of the leaders . . . and is connected with the plan of erecting an Austro-Slav monarchy. . . . We have rejected the insane demands of the Croats that all warlike preparations in Hungary shall cease. . . . The Bosnian *rayahs*, in great numbers and armed, have entered Croatia, pleading persecution by the Turks. Some oppressive acts have certainly taken place, but no new hostile steps against the Christian *rayahs*, who have obviously only arrived to share the robberies and disturbances across the border. . . . The Viennese ministers have declared that unless we make peace with the Croats at any price, they will oppose us. We have replied with dignity. . . . Since Croatia broke out into open rebellion, I have, of course, suspended the usual remittance of money to the Commander-General at Zagreb. . . . The gentlemen of Vienna hold a different opinion . . . they have sent their dear rebel Jellačić 100,000 florins, so they say; in reality, 150,000 florins in silver."

While taking no notice of the King's letter to the Archduke Palatine (31st August), in which the monarch begged that a peaceful solution might be arrived at with the aid of Baron Jellačić, that no hostile measures should be taken against Croatia, that the personal safety of the Ban and Metropolitan should be assured, and that the Frontier

should, provisionally, be under the War Minister at Vienna, the Hungarians demanded that King Ferdinand himself should come to Buda, or if his health did not permit, that the young Archduke Franz Joseph should be sent to them. This naïve proposal for getting one of the ruling house into their power was refused, and their stormy petition to the King, presented at Schönbrunn by a large deputation on 10th September, was received very coldly.

A magazine article written in September shows the doubts and fears of the German part of the Empire.

“Hungary is full of romanticism,” begins the author, who was no more pro-Magyar than pro-Slav in his sentiments. “Kossuth once said, ‘As well govern Vienna from Buda as Buda from Vienna’; and now, when Jellačić, at the head of a mighty army, threatens to approach the heart of Hungary, Kossuth says: ‘Still Hungary is not lost, and even if the enemy comes to the capital, what of that?—the Turks were in Buda, and yet Hungary lived.’ That is also romantic and—doubtful. They are both phrases out of a stage-play. . . . If the Croats are victorious, will they treat the Magyars well, and so make their *début* honourably in European affairs? There are many preoccupations. Some say: Jellačić—this unbelievably bold, canny, adventurous hero, this practical opposition to the political enthusiast, Kossuth, this man of the nation which depends on him with the unconditional faith of a primitive people—wishes to make use of the trust that has raised him thus to the power of a dictator, to justify himself to the Court party, though he seems joined to that party by a very

doubtfully solid tie. . . . Pastor Urban, a daring missionary of Slavism . . . stands now at the head of the Slovak insurgents in North Hungary, ready to welcome the Ban. . . . No longer is the aim of the war the vindication of the national rights of a down-trodden people, but Austria's conquest of Hungary. The 'Band of Companions'—the united Slovak-Croat league against Buda-Pesth, which resembled the Latin league against Rome—has taken the character of a war of conquest. An Austrian army is gathering . . . and Windischgrätz, they say, will have command. What do you say to this alliance? The reaction hopes to profit by it, but I believe that the Slavs will. They will be in the majority, a strong phalanx menacing both Germans and Hungarians. . . .

"Now, let us glance at the turncoat position of the members of our reigning house, who contradict themselves every day. The three elements of Germanism, Magyarism, and Slavism have their representatives in the Imperial family. The Archduke Johann stands for Germanism; the Archduke Stephan for Magyar principles; and the Monarch himself explained in his rescript from Schönbrunn of 4th September that he was for Slavism, or for his special representative, the 'dear Baron Jellačić.' . . . So, while the Kaiser (in the words of the deputy Violand), 'as absolute King of Croatia, declares war on the constitutional King of Hungary,' the Palatine Stephan, a member of the dynasty, must fight against Jellačić who is declared by the Schönbrunn rescript to be the prop of the dynasty. So in Stephan's person, the Austrian Archduke comes into collision with the Hungarian Palatine—and I fear much that he will find it a bitter shock."

The restitution, so long delayed for political reasons, was made on 4th September when, by a personal letter, the Emperor-king restored Baron Jellačić to all his honours, and declared, in ample terms, that the unswerving proofs of devotion which he had given removed all doubts of his loyalty.

"It is with particular satisfaction to my paternal heart," continued the letter, "that I can revoke the sentence of my manifesto of 10th June, seeing that the charges made against you have been entirely disproved."

That was a deep satisfaction to all Croatia and to the man who had gone his way for three months bearing the stain of disgrace which his enemies did not fail to point out. He had never swerved in his loyalty; but now, at the moment of beginning his first campaign as a general, it was very cheering to feel that all was well before the world and that the acknowledgment of his services had been obtained at last.

All that he could do to safeguard his country during the war was planned and arranged before the march across the Drave was begun. In the Raizen districts horrible massacres and daily fighting continued, and Rajačić protested vigorously, but with no result. In North Hungary Urban, who had been a Protestant cleric, took military rank and drilled his Slovaks with the hope of harassing the Magyars on that side. Those were the flanks of the movement, but the main blow was to be delivered by the Croat force, the army being prepared in furious haste at Warasdin.

Lentulay was appointed to act for the Ban during his absence as before, and a national council was elected to serve with him.

On 7th September Jellačić issued a proclamation at Zagreb before his departure to the army. He enumerated the Hungarian aggressions in Slavonia; in Trieste, where they had armed a ship to attack the Dalmatian coast; on the Danube, where a village had been destroyed by armed boats; all along the Frontier and in Bosnia, where disturbances had been fomented by Magyar emissaries. Therefore, as "all peaceful attempts to preserve our nationality, our rights, and the unity of the Empire have been in vain, we have no other safeguard but our weapons!"

He addressed the army especially when he said: "If ever a war were just, truly it is this, which we are forced to wage in defence of our sacred treasures. You will fight—I hope and expect—as heroically as our brothers in Italy. And I feel certain, too, that you will not only conduct yourselves as brave Croats and Slovenes, but also as noble sons of the Frontier, by giving quarter to everyone unarmed and helpless, and by sparing the strangers' goods. For we do not make war against the whole gallant Magyar nation, with which we have always lived in brotherly alliance, but only against the blind party that none can obey who honestly thinks of his King and Empire and wishes for justice. Therefore, I repeat, heroes, fight bravely against all who oppose you, but give the right hand of friendship to all who are peaceable. So with joyful hearts shall we be able to say proudly: 'God bless our constitutional Emperor and King! God bless our whole country!'"

On the 9th the big camp at Warasdin turned out *en masse* to welcome the Ban. The little, low-lying town was a-hum with troops, and, as the word went round that Jellačić had come, many a Frontiersman felt the edge of his kandjar with a sigh of pure joy,

for, where the Ban led, there would be good fighting. Some had waited long, others had only just arrived from their distant hills and still wanted the necessary equipment—boots, brown uniform, and ammunition. The usual stir of a camp was enhanced by the different uniforms and costumes which gave the groups variety, and, even to a soldier's eye, there was something of strangeness in this Frontier force. There were the Banderial Hussars, in white cloaks and gilt helmets, forming the principal cavalry and only inferior to the famous Hungarians in smartness. The men of the Lika regiment wore red caps, tight blue trousers, and the soft untanned shoes (*opanke*) common to Slav peasants, while the Warasdin men had wide-brimmed, soft hats, red waistcoats, and brown coats, and the Gradiscan uniform was brown with red collars. In most picturesque array of all swaggered the Sereshans, those "birds of prey," as an Italian writer calls them. I quote a description of them, from an eyewitness :—

"A high cap of brown or black felt or fur covers their long, shaggy hair. The bearded face is lean, with sharp features, and darkly tanned. The spare, sinewy body is clad in a short brown jacket, with a half-standing collar, bordered with red braiding, and wide, dirty-white trousers tied at the ankle. The foot-clothing consists of blue and white stockings, drawn up to the thigh, and sandal-shoes fastened with thongs. Round the waist they wear a wide red or yellow sash, in which are stuck the broad Turkish kandjar usually in a red, richly ornamented sheath, and a long pistol, the butt of which is often richly inlaid. A small cartouch-pouch hangs from a black bandolier, adorned with numerous yellow nail-heads, over one shoulder; on the other is the

long Turkish gun, which has a very narrow barrel. These guns are frequently of very beautiful workmanship . . . in general they are booty taken in some Turkish war or other, and transmitted as dearly prized heirlooms from father to son; and hence almost all of them have very ancient locks. As the hussar wears his pelisse, so the Sereshan has his long cloak, of a particular kind of thick woollen stuff, continually fastened about his neck, even in fine weather, by a double cord: it is lined and turned up with red, and provided behind with a large hood. From these cloaks they have obtained the name of Red-mantles; and under this designation, or that of Pandours, they acquired under Trenck's command in the Seven Years' War a somewhat equivocal reputation. In bad weather the Sereshan draws this cloak about him, throws the hood over his head and face, and thus defies the pelting of the most pitiless storm."

Horse, foot, and guns, they welcomed their general with a storm of "Živio Jellačić!" ; and, as a Croat writer Homerically puts it: "Weary to each brave warrior was the moment of waiting until the war-trumpet should announce the march."

On Monday, the 11th of September, before day-break, the war-trumpets did sound, and the men hastened to their places. As the ranks were formed, the Ban rode up and spoke to the troops. "He exhorted them to courage and manhood, to heroism and honour, to daring and discretion."

At about half-past four, in the first faint light of the September morning, the Croat army swung out across the wooden bridge which spanned the broad, swift current of the Drave. Poplars grew in ranks along the flat meadows, and the white mist hung

over the beds of reeds that fringe the green waters. Beyond, in the dim haze, lay Hungary. A Magyar patrol of fifty volunteers had been watching the bank, and at sight of the Croat advance these scouts galloped off to spread the news. First to cross the bridge rode the Banderial hussars and a company of Frontier fusiliers, both on scouting duty. The van followed, the Ottochan regiment in the place of honour. Then rode the Ban himself, with his general staff of thirty officers, among whom were Major Hompesch, a big, bearded man devoted to his chief; Count Bigot de St Quentin, the "German Soldier" himself, very happy to be in the service of his comrade of the Knesević Dragoons; and Anton von Jellačić. More Ottochan companies followed, and the drifts of autumn fog made the line of troops that succeeded seem endless. Until 8 o'clock the tramp over the narrow wooden bridge did not cease; and in all, it was estimated that the force numbered 40,000 men.

"Beautiful it was to see them," says a Croat eye-witness. "Now marched the gallant Frontiersmen singing gay songs, now trotted the Croat cavalry on their strong horses, and now the bridge was dusty with the rolling weight of gun-carriages. We, left at Warasdin, came down to watch them and prayed God to send a blessing on them, our brothers. Our old, sweet call, 'Oj!' resounded through the trees after them, and still we cried, as they disappeared: 'Good fortune go with you on the road to Pesth!'"

September 1848

CHAPTER XXI

TO LAKE BALATON

“I am a freeman, I am a patriot, I am an Austrian ! Truly devoted to my constitutional Kaiser and King, I fling back with full tranquillity the most serious of all suspicions—call it what they will: either reaction or Pan-Slavism—and declare to all the people of Austria that, in pursuance of the resolve of the Croat-Slavonian Diet and the strength of my innermost conviction, neither can I nor dare I swerve from the ground-basis of the charter of pacification already drawn up.—Jellačić, Ban.”—*From the Manifesto on the Drave, 10th September.*

THE crossing of the Drave was a symbolic as well as a strategic movement. It meant the decisive step taken, it meant an irrevocable action against Hungary, and war solemnly begun in no isolated frontier skirmish, but by an act of deliberate invasion.

The manifesto quoted from above was accompanied by a proclamation to the Hungarians asking them to remember their loyalty to their King and their ancient tie with Croatia, and begging them to join an army which came to bring peace, order, and freedom from the tyranny of the Ministry at Pesth. Another proclamation to the Austrian army was a reminder of what had been done so recently by their brother-soldiers :—

“A glory-crowned hero on the Italian fields has won back in battle a costly jewel of the crown, and his troops shared your service, were animated by one spirit alone, and victory was the reward of that

unity of purpose. It was not permitted to us to shed our blood for that great object, yet the uplifting consciousness that we can call Radetsky our brother, united in the bond of the Austrian colours, gives us the joy of being able to show our sons a model of faith, honour, and courage."

Thus the invasion was justified, and some of the doubts of men's minds were resolved. For there were very many loyal Hungarians in sore perplexity—men who sincerely desired the good of their country and doubted, as well they might, whether to support the Government or the King. Still more difficult was the position of the men serving in the army. Meszaros, the War Minister at Pesth, had been one of Radetsky's commanders, and had seen thirty-five years' service. He was completely carried away by the enthusiasm of July and Kossuth's speeches, and was honestly convinced that he served his King by marching against the Slavs. The feeling of the men under him could be gauged by a speech he overheard from his adjutant during the fight against the Serbs at Szent Tamas.

"Damned bad luck," said the young man miserably ; "not a ball hits ; one is shot-proof when one wants to die."

When the moment for a final decision came—when Austria declared for Jellačić, and Kossuth made the great effort to gather all Hungary under the independent flag—Meszaros burnt his bridges, and Radetsky's favourite hussar colonel became the commander of the rebel troops. With him went many another good man, and the state of their feelings, their point of view, and their fate, have recently been admirably set before English readers in the *Letters of Count Leiningen*.

Others saw the matter in a different light, stuck to their colours, knew Jellačić to be absolutely loyal, and followed his lead through all the bitterness of a war against their own countrymen. That enormous factor in men's decisions—personality—entered very largely into this struggle. It was Radetsky's personality that heartened his soldiers through the dark days of early summer in Italy, and it was Jellačić's personality and the certainty of his integrity felt by all who came in smallest contact with him, that turned the scale of fortune during September and October in Hungary. A greater thing than even great generalship is the magnetic power of influencing and leading men.

Once across the Drave, the Croat army marched without a check to the Medjumurje, through the pretty, fertile bit of country that had long ago been a fief of the great Croat hero, Zrinyi. The swampy, roughly wooded banks of the river, with barberry bushes and bits of grazing-ground between low-growing scrub, gave place to cropped land and avenues of poplars stretching to the horizon. It was anciently Croat, though it had been part of Hungary for some generations, and the inhabitants remembered their origin, and flocked to welcome their brothers from beyond the Drave. The Ban gave the elders greeting at Cakovac, and formally annexed the district for Croatia.

Presently, the scouts brought news that the bridge over the river Mur had been burnt by the retreating Magyar volunteers, and that there might be opposition, or at least harassing, of the crossing. A halt was called, and a day was spent in dividing the army into three parts, while a pontoon bridge was flung across the river from Hodošana to Legrad.

The left wing, under General Kempen, crossed first; the right, under Hartlieben, of about 18,000 men, went over by Kotoribe, and both reached the other side of the river without any opposition. Jellačić rode with the centre, which was under divisional command of General Schmidl; but beyond a few shots fired at the pontoon while it was in construction, the enemy made no demonstration.

The reconnoitring cavalry, a flying corps of 80 horse with 35 mounted Sereshans among them, was sent off on its employment of scouting and giving information to any troops wishing to join the Ban's army. The officer whose account we have quoted before as to the Sereshans' appearance, describes his life with this corps:—

“Often we fared extremely well, revelling like princes; then again, for weeks together, without house or harbour, scarcely finding a few heads of maize for our horses and our bottles filled with half-putrid marsh water instead of wine or slivovic (plum-brandy). On one occasion we were not a moment out of the saddle for full thirty-six hours; and during all that time our horses had not a handful of fodder, and scarcely a drink of water; and I had become so stiff that I could hardly walk or stand; and when, after a few hours' rest, we were obliged to start again, for the first time in my life I mounted a horse most reluctantly. When we could not save ourselves in any other way, we fell back upon the main army of the Ban, and remained with it for a few days; but no sooner was there an opening than we were off again.”

At Nagy Kanitz, which was reached on the 14th, there was a halt of some days. It was a town

largely populated by Jews ; "one of the most disgusting and filthy towns in the civilised world," says a Croat journalist. The Croats demanded supplies ; but the Jewish inhabitants had hidden themselves, the shops were shut and barred, and even at the sight of money none of the sons of Abraham would venture forth to give the Frontiersmen the food they needed. The natural result was commandeering, and a strict order was given that no goods should ever be taken without payment. But, in a force where very many of the men had absolutely nothing besides their extremely scanty pay, and were used to the border method (also Napoleon's) of living on the invaded country, orders were of very little avail. Floggings for stealing were frequent, shooting was not unknown, and yet the militia Frontiersmen filled their haversacks with the Magyar fowls and wine.

There was no sign of serious opposition, though the scouts brought word of outposts driven in and rumours of a great force gathering at Stuhlweissenberg. The Government at Pesth was in some confusion. Poor Szechenyi, true patriot and lover of progress, had been fighting Kossuth and Batthyany during all the month of August. His nerves gave way early in September so completely that his family and friends forced him to leave Pesth. Unable to walk, he drove once more to see his beloved chain-bridge over the Danube, the work to which he had devoted so much of his time and ability. An accident in July, when the last chain had been suspended between the piers, had largely contributed to his illness ; and since then the bridge had become a monomania, so that, when he found the carriage turning to leave Buda, he

struggled fiercely to return, and from that moment his mind left him completely.

Szechenyi gone, one drag on the wheel of revolution was removed, but plans were still confused and no warlike preparations were carried out.

Kossuth poured forth speeches, alternating between miraculous visions of success and tragic, but glorious, cries of despair.

“As for our women,” he cried, “let them dig one vast, deep trench between Vezprim and Stuhlweissenberg, which shall serve either as a common grave for the Magyar nation or for its foes. There, on a mound, shall be erected either a pillar of Infamy with the name of Hungary inscribed on it, and the motto, ‘Thus the Lord punishes cowardice!’—or else the evergreen Tree of Liberty shall stand there, and through its leaves and branches the voice of the Lord shall say: ‘This is holy ground on which you stand. Arise to arms, arise, arise, brave Magyars!’”

Which was very pretty talking; but practical deeds and the preparation of guns and ammunition would have been more to the point, though the flow of words vastly pleased the Hungarians, who were always something Oriental in their enjoyment of oratory. The commander of the troops already in arms was a doubtful nationalist. On 16th September, in the Diet, Kossuth had to announce that Teleky would not fight the Croats, and though the whole house rose and shouted, “To the scaffold with the traitor!” the defection was a blow. As a matter of fact, Teleky had sent a message to Jellačić asking for direct orders from the Emperor to decide his action. The Ban sent his brother, Rittmeister Anton, to Vienna for an official reassurance, and a

week later received the Emperor's written proclamation that the Croat force was to be supported and that all Hungary was to obey Count Lamberg, who was to be sent to Pesth as General-commander.

Vienna itself was showing signs of new disorders, and daily demonstrations from the students and ever-ready mob made the authorities feel the dangerous uncertainty of the time more than ever.

"Since last March," says Hubner, that best type of official, "I like houses with back doors, have my passport doubly *visé*, and keep a few *rouleaux* of napoleons always ready in my desk."

Latour, the War Minister, had sent some supplies to the Ban; but we find Jellačić obliged to ask for the money to pay his men, and the aid from Vienna was never to be depended on.

The Slavonian help was a body of 10,000 men under Generals Roth and Philippović, and the knowledge that Rajačić would remain faithful to Croatia at home. The Ban wrote to the Patriarch before the crossing of the Drave:—

"On our side all is in order. . . . Shortly a large force will be on the Magyar frontier; then we go forward, then we attack. Victory cannot escape us. And the Slavonian troops will operate in Slavonia, and defend it from the enemy. This I entrust to you, and I send a special courier, so that you may receive news more safely. . . . Before we begin, I wish your undertaking every success, and, as well, I hope that your men may not be faint-hearted, and that the confidence of your friends and allies, and your trust in them may not be sullied by any sort of treachery."

On 18th September another proclamation was issued in which the Ban repeats that "as I set foot

on this land for which I have such sympathy, I call heaven to witness that I take this step only because all means of reconciliation are exhausted. . . . Not as enemies, but as friends, we come to help the loyal subjects of the constitutional King. Stretch forth your brotherly hands to me, and we will free the land from the yoke of an incapable, detestable, revolutionary Government."

Disloyalty was to Jellačić the most inconceivable of crimes, and through the whole campaign he was sanguine that the troops who had once borne the King's colours would return to their allegiance.

The line of the Croat march was by Kis-Komarom, Marczaly, and Siofok, to Kility on the Lake Balaton. Of the camp at Kis-Komarom, which was pitched outside the village, we have a picture by a Croat journalist with the force:—

"It was as comfortable as a home," he says, approving of the men's handy ways, "for, in a word, the Frontiersman's camp is patriarchal, like his home-life. They know how to choose a good position, to surmount all obstacles, and to provide themselves with the simple necessities for comfort. When any other soldiers would be discouraged and unhappy, the Frontiersmen are not at a loss, for they have been accustomed from childhood to resist dangers and to help themselves." He goes on to sketch the camp in evening, when the flicker of the fires lights up the heroic stature of the Sereshans in their red mantles. "Songs from a thousand voices rise on the air—improvised chants referring to the glory of Jellačić and their anger against the Magyars, or old remembered songs of home and love. One, in his red cloak, watches the roasting meat; another cleans his weapons, making mean-

while a poem on the work that lies before the stanitza and kandjar ; and another answers him with laughing boasts. An older man brews his beloved black coffee, and lays his chibouk ready to weave aromatic clouds about him, as he tells stories of his youth and the Bosnian fighting—tales ornamented abundantly with imagination. The wide pastures of Kis-Komaron stretch round, with a misty wood behind, and the big white house below. Then the Ban rides up to see how the children fare. In a moment all leap to their feet, not in obedience to an order from the head, but from the heart ; the white horse is surrounded, and, without any fear, they tell their leader their needs and opinions. As he rides on, from group to group, those he has left stand explaining what he said and discussing each word that fell from his mouth, for he is all of a chief to them, a true father of his people."

An officer's letter home, begun at Marczali on 19th September, gives a graphic account of the march and of the events of the next few days :—

"MY DEAR FATHER,—To-day has had some fine moments, though it began with no bread, by reason of some annoying muddles which made the necessary waggon come too late. We marched by Neues-Vid, where we got a good, frugal breakfast. . . . The Ban wins all hearts. . . . Whenever a crowd gathers, he says a few rousing words to them in Hungarian, and he is always received with an 'Eljen!'. . . . Last night Major Count Zichy, chamberlain to the Palatine, came. To-day we ought to have met the Hardegg Cuirassiers, who have been under the direct orders of the Palatine. During the whole march to Marczali the Ban was

very restless, and often said, 'If only I were certain of my Cuirassiers!' At last, when we had nearly reached our camping-ground, we saw a white rider coming towards us, and our hearts leapt with expectation. It was indeed an officer of Hardegg's. He told us that not only was his regiment at Marczali, but also a division of Kress' Light Horse. I can tell you, we were glad! The Ban galloped off over the rough country to the bivouac . . . and was greeted with a great 'Hoch!' Our feelings can't be described. We are quartered in the castle of a Count, whose name I forget.

"20th.—He is a Kossuthian, Count Inkey. For our midday meal we came here to the castle, and the Ban was greeted with a tremendous 'Živio!' and 'Hoch!' After dinner together, as it grew dark, the trumpeters of the Cuirassiers played 'Gott erhalte,' outside the windows, and all gave a three-fold 'Hoch!' at the end. While we rode here from the lake, Count Zichy came to arrange for the conference between the Ban and the Palatine.

"21st.—An ever-memorable day. As we rode by Lake Balaton, between Lengyel-Tote and Szemes, the Ban spoke of the conference. He said: 'To-day there will be a conference between me and the Palatine of Hungary. If he does not bring me a full guarantee that the Hungarian Ministry is in union with the Austrian, there will be no result. My aim is to uphold a united, strong Austria, to establish the Emperor on his throne, and that we should all live in equal freedom. The German shall remain German; the Hungarian, Hungarian; and the Slav, Slav. Nothing shall turn me from the path I have chosen. Since my appointment as Ban I have received twenty-one letters from the Kaiser which it



THE SCENE AT SZEMÉS.

grieved me not to be able to obey. His Majesty has approved of my work at last ; but if he sends me twenty-one more commands to turn my course, I cannot do it. I must work for his Majesty, even against his will.'

"I can't tell you how good it is to be with such a man! After midday we came to Szemes. If I mistake not, the Ban meant to go in a boat to meet the Palatine, but there was no such thing to be found on the bank. About 2 p.m. the Ban mounted his horse, with his general-adjutant and the two aides-de-camp Hompesch and Plattner (of the Prussian Infantry), and rode to the shore. We of the suite gathered with the Cuirassier officers and others, about sixty in all, and near us lay the Sereshans and Hussars."

Another eyewitness describes more fully the romantic scene: the soldiers at rest; the big, black bullocks grazing in the rich lake-side meadows; the peasants at work vintaging on the low hills behind; and the golden September sun lighting the whole. In the foreground the Ban paced restlessly up and down by the shore, looking at his watch and chafing at the delay. He was first to see the white point and cloud of smoke of the steamer, on which the Palatine was coming to make this last vain try for peace. The unfortunate young Archduke had cast in his lot with the Magyars, and then, seeing that severance from Austria must be the result, he had tried to draw back. First he accepted, reluctantly and almost of necessity, the command of the troops; and then, by this expedient of a meeting with the Ban, he made an effort, even at the last moment, to avert the conflict.

As the little steamer *Kisfaludy* neared, they

could distinguish with a telescope the Palatine on the bridge between two black-coated men, and almost as soon it was observed that the steamer carried four flags, but not one of the Imperial colours. "How disgraceful!" ("Pfui! schändlich!") broke from the staff. "Can it be bravado, or the prelude to treason?" cried the Croat officers.

"We shall know soon, gentlemen," said the Ban, quieting them with a gesture.

The water near shore was too shallow for the steamer to come to land, and she anchored a gunshot out. A boat put off with an officer on board, who brought a message asking the Ban to return with him to the *Kisfaludy* to meet the Palatine. There was a murmur of dissatisfaction from all the officers round their general.

"The Ban must not go to the steamer," they cried, "for the Magyars will take him prisoner against the Archduke's will."

Jellačić demurred, but saw reason in their fears, and sent Hompesch and Plattner to invite the Palatine to come ashore, promising him security under the Imperial flag. Again the boat returned. The aides reported that the Archduke had not spoken to them; but Count Zichy, who came back with them, implored the Ban to reconsider his decision. Jellačić obviously desired to do so, but the sight of the revolutionary flags made him pause.

"Gentlemen," he said, turning to his staff, "if I were not chief of an army which represents the power of an idea more than any material force, I should not hesitate, but would go aboard that steamer, if I had to swim across Balaton. But I appeal to you, officers of the Imperial Army, shall I leave this bank?"

A thundering “No!” four times repeated, was the answer, and a thousand swords flashed from their scabbards.

Turning to Count Zichy, some of the staff asked angrily: “Why does not that boat fly the Imperial flag? It is impossible that a prince of the House of Hapsburg can be on board a boat flying insurrectionary colours!”

“If the Palatine is not entirely at liberty,” added the Ban, “let him come to us; and under the eagles of my army, he will find a place worthy of one of the Imperial family.”

Zichy was much moved. “Your Excellency is right!” he said, shaking the Ban’s hand; and he turned abruptly to go back to the steamer, which was soon again only a puff of smoke on the edge of the blue lake water.

As “Hermann,” the writer of the letter quoted above, goes on, “It was a great moment, and we felt it, from the Ban to the youngest officer. I pity the Palatine!”

He ends his epistle: “Again let me thank you, dear father, for giving me the chance of seeing this interesting campaign. I count these the happiest days of my life.”

September 1848

CHAPTER XXII

A MAIL-BAG OF LOST LETTERS

“To-day the principle of nationality is being fought for in Hungary, and to-morrow the robber horde of Slavs will be before the walls of Vienna! Nothing is safe, not even burghers’ homes, and your wives, daughters, and children are all in danger from these cannibals. And our young freedom will be lost in blood!”—*Magyar Proclamation.*

IN a collection of printed *Archives of the Hungarian Ministry* are to be found some private letters from the Croat camp, evidently a mail seized by the enemy and preserved amongst the Hungarian papers. To this I owe “Hermann’s” letter in the last chapter, and I propose to give a further selection of these documents of the moment, which have the interest (and inaccuracy!) of personal records.

A letter from Anton von Jellačić to Captain von Esevich of the Sluiner regiment at Zagreb throws light on affairs, although his anxiety for his headstalls and lunging-reins may seem unworthy of the high theme of a patriotic war:—

“HEADQUARTERS, KILITY AM PLATTENSEE,
“Sept. 22nd.

“DEAR FRIEND,—Yesterday I had news that my horses and other effects were sent from Gross-Tapolcsán on the 14th. They ought to have arrived at Zagreb by the time you get this letter. We have advanced too far now, to have them sent

on to me as I first proposed, and as I think you said. Please be so good as to tell my stableman to stay in Zagreb—or if he should have started to come to me, to return. I will also write to General Benko at Warasdin on this matter. A few things I want if there is any good opportunity to send them—some headstalls, and harness, and long reins for lunging, and horse-clothing; but only if they can come quickly. You are, doubtless, in correspondence with our army, and therefore my details will come too late—and, indeed, up to now our march has been poor in warlike happenings. Certainly the event of the day before yesterday was very important—the meeting that ought to have taken place between the Palatine and the Ban. I was sorry not to have been present at so great a moment, but I came back from my mission to Vienna on the same evening. . . .

“Now we are here, concentrating, and in the next days decisive events will take place. The enemy seems to be concentrating near Stuhlweissenberg, and their strength is variously described; their strong point is the Hussars, perhaps four regiments; the rest are sweepings, with some regular infantry. Good spirits reign in our camp, and the weather is pretty favourable. One great bother is the habit of plundering, especially among the Lika men—a thing to be put down by firm means. I am in a hurry, and I hope you can make out this bad scribble.—Your true friend and comrade,

“ANTON JELLAČIĆ.”

Kempen, once the Ban's superior officer, and now his general of division, writes from Oereg-Lak on 21st September, lamenting that “we have scarcely

any of the General Staff with us, and they are very necessary, and cannot be supplied in our dearth of officers; my whole division, for instance, has only 94 officers."

This lack made it difficult to prevent the plundering frequently alluded to, and was also a bar to sending out small detachments on reconnaissance duty.

There is a letter from Jellačić himself, dated Kility, 23rd September, to Baron Kulmer:—

"DEAR FRIEND,—You know with what difficulty I have improvised an army; it is the necessity of upholding the Monarchy against the wickedness of the Magyars alone that has brought the Frontiersmen to the doors of Stuhlweissenberg. The Magyars are all fanatic, and they have so worked on the Hungarian troops that the hope that the Line will not fight us is vain. I purpose to publish the manifesto in hopes that it may not be fatally *trop tard*. Let there be only a strong resolution at Vienna, and I think the good cause will win. But, my dear friend, I was given hope of help: I expected bridge-equipment and 12 horse-batteries by this time; and now, I may mention, they are too late, and it is difficult to keep discipline when soldiers do not receive their pay. You cannot imagine how much I have willingly done for the sake of my office and the good cause. The day before yesterday the Archduke Stephan with Böthy, Szapáry, etc., came on the steamer *Kisfaludy*, flying green, red, and white, to Szemes, and I wished to meet them, but was not allowed. The Archduke gave his word of honour; but my people thought deeds stronger than words, and I also could scarcely

sympathise with the Prince's despair. So they wouldn't let me go, and there was no meeting. There is this to be said, that whatever the Palatine had promised or said to me would have had no constitutional guarantee — the Parliament or Ministry could have easily disavowed it. Generally speaking, parleying doesn't appeal to me: in three or four days the decision will be written in blood! *va benissimo!* They concentrate in force between Pesth and Stuhlweissenberg. Once we get out of this, all is won. Also, dear friend, money, and, even more important, a clear understanding. —With good wishes, your old friend,

“JELLAČIĆ.”

An order for the postal arrangements follows. It consisted of a service accompanied by a non-commissioned officer and two soldiers, who should go to Nagy Kanitza, and there be relieved, the bags being carried to Warasdin, and so to Zagreb. “The under-officer is to keep the mail in his special care and guardianship,” ends Jellačić’s order; but what happened to this particular batch of letters is not known, though they obviously never reached their intended destinations.

From Stuhlweissenberg, 27th September, we have a further account of the march:—

“DEAR FRIEND,—In the supposition that you have received my two letters from Kis-Komarom and Kility, I am freely writing to you again from Stuhlweissenberg. We marched in last night, and have a rest-day to-day.

“In Kility the 23rd and 24th were days of rest; and on the last-named, in consequence of Rittmeister

Baron Jellačić's mission to Vienna, Count Mensdorf brought a letter from the Kaiser to the Ban, approving of all the steps already taken, and declaring all who opposed the Croat army to be traitors and rebels. The Ban immediately communicated the contents of this letter to the crowd collected at his quarters, and it was received with a stormy 'Živio!' Count Mensdorf set off at once on his way to the Palatine. . . .

"But this much-desired letter did not fulfil our expectations, for yesterday there was a skirmish between our divisions: Kempen and Schmidl, and the Hungarian troops. On the 25th we marched from Kility to Lepeseny; on the 26th to Stuhlweissenberg, and on this march our foreguard knocked up against a Hungarian outpost and took prisoner three Wurtemberg hussars. Soon after, the Magyar troops were seen on some flat land, and they withdrew before us, firing six shots at us; but only one horse was hit, and one ball lodged in a tree by the road. On our side there was no shooting. The enemy fled, and there was no fight; but it all hindered our march somewhat, so that the men who left Lepeseny at 4 a.m. only got to Stuhlweissenberg late in the evening. The Hungarians fell back on Pesth, where their army is concentrating, and will give battle. They say Kossuth is going to serve as a common artilleryman; others declare that he is at Kecskemet organising an army. The field-post is going out, so I must close. Greetings to all the Oguliners.—Your sincere friend, HIBL."

Another epistle from the camp at Stuhlweissenberg has lost both direction and signature, but is also dated 27th September, afternoon, and begins:—

"I could not write further to you yesterday before work, and we had to march off to Stuhlweissenberg to-day. Since the 12th I have had no holiday (Rasttag), and our march has been all through Czakathurn, Porlok, Kotori, Kanitza, Berény, Bölonge, etc., to Stuhlweissenberg. Rarely have we seen pretty country—just plain (puztas), and a miserable road. The weather has been very favourable, but the commissariat for the troops is a frightful job, for we have to requisition everything. I always travel in the F.M.L.'s carriage, as he rides, and I am always very well quartered with him, and famously entertained, therefore I have paid nothing for my board from Kanitza until now. To-day is the first day I have paid for my eating, and I have not had a morsel from 3 a.m. until 2 p.m. Washing happens rarely, and a shave not once in eight days, as one can't get a day's rest for such things. To-day we halt here—50,000 men: you can imagine the tumult!

"The enemy retreated before us, gave us only half a dozen cannon-shots, and now has just made a little attack, but without result. In four days' time we shall be before Pesth, and God help the town, for the Frontiersmen are so embittered and angry that they will be awful to manage. Already, they can't be kept from excesses, and rob and steal frightfully. We order a thousand floggings to be administered every day; but it is no sort of use: not even a god, much less an officer, could hold them back. We are received by the peasants quite kindly, but every evening come the complaints, sometimes dreadful ones. I am driven desperate by this robber-train, and feel no better than a brigand myself; for I must look after the commissariat. If I can't get the stuff

willingly, I must commandeer it, and it grieves me sorely to force the poor people's cattle from the stall and wine from the cellar. I need daily 9000 loaves of bread, 280 *cimer* of wine, 100 quintals of meat, 5 qrs. of salt, 60 pecks of oats ; in short, it is dreadful, but until now I have managed to find it. In spite of all our trouble to manage the Frontiersmen, they have broken into 200 cellars already and let out 1000 *cimer* of wine. That's to say, not the three or four regular battalions, but only the folk of the militia (Landsturm)."

The wails of men in the field—want of time to wash and shave, short rations, and troops who *will* steal—are much the same at all dates and from Modder River to Manchuria. Some details supplied by the enemy show that the "Croat-terror" was still alive in Hungary, for a Magyar sympathiser's letter remarks : "These Croats shriek on the march and bay like a pack of hounds—it is repulsive to hear them"; and a proclamation enclosed laments : "After 160 years an enemy is approaching our town (Stuhlweissenberg). To-day (26th September), between 3 and 4 p.m., the news came that Kempen was at St Mikály and the ex-Ban close behind. The force mostly consists of peasants and vagabonds. The ex-Ban made a laughable demonstration with six unloaded cannon at the head of the Hardegg Cuirassiers and two Frontier battalions. They played 'Gott erhalte,' and his people yelled 'Živio!' eternally. At last he dismounted at the empty Bishop's residence. . . . Up, Magyars, and defend yourselves!"

Major-general Schmidl had his own opinion of the force under his command, and wrote to Karl,

Ritter von Weidenheim, in somewhat gloomy vein :—

“I, poor devil, must wrestle with Hungarian affairs, and march with these disorderly swarms of wild Croats who vex me continually. I am used to civilised warfare, but here I am over head and ears in quite another sort of boiling-pot. God send us a speedy end of it; and then I will wait no longer, but retire, and with you, my old friend, pass the days right pleasantly. Prague will be a resting-place then. I find many beauties in Hungary. It is a splendid country with good folk in it, only too many exalted fools like Count Batthyany and Kossuth, who make the land unhappy. The nobles are ruined by the loss of tithes and feudal dues, while the wretched peasant says: ‘I will gladly pay tithes and feudal service, if I can be freed from duty in the national guard and army’; therefore it is evident that everyone is discontented, and hence our war!”

A fuller packet of news was sent to one Herr Bernhardt Bischof of Karlstadt, from a friend with the army :—

... “General Roth has already (24th September) passed Fünfkirchen with the Slovene troops to form our right wing. The foreguard will be Colonel Grammont with the Ogulin, Sluin, and Ottochan regiments; General Neustadler the left; General Kempen the rearguard; and F.M.L. Hartlieb the reserve, with the locust-swarm of militia and camp-followers. The enemy lies an hour before us, mostly cavalry, but the number is not exactly

ascertained. To-day a squadron of hussars troubled our outposts with some shots, but galloped off instantly. Our troops are hard to hold, and will be always pressing forward. All the Imperial troops near here, except the hussars, have come to join the Austrian colours. . . . The Hungarian Ministry has summoned all the peasants against us, but it is doubtful whether the counties behind us will rise; only the Jews of Kanitz have distinguished themselves by treating our sick officers inhumanly, so when I reported this to the Ban, he ordered a battalion still left on the Drave to go there, and the Jews laughed on the other side of their mouths. . . . The Hungarian crops will be short on account of the plague of Croat locusts. The Ban promised that each Magyar whose land was damaged should be recompensed—we must pay for our caprices! To-day I had a field-oven built to bake bread for the troops, and a hospital is arranged for, and will probably come for the skirmish—a very modern idea to care for such things! When we get to Stuhlweissenberg the provisioning will be easier; here all is poverty, and food is hard to collect. The brave Magyars hide themselves and their goods when they hear that we are coming, but the Sereshans track them out like hounds after a hare. Our dear Ban works on and is well and gay; his only wish is to be as soon as possible in Pesth, and he hopes to see Vienna also, to regulate the Aula¹ and the mob with his troops, and to ask them who is their master. So far as I am concerned, I am well, thank God, and can claim a strong constitution, or I should certainly have broken down under all this bother and exertion.

¹ Student-assembly.

Since Warasdin I have neither changed my clothes nor shaved, and day and night there is much to do ; but I have the satisfaction of having served my country. The best witnesses to my usefulness are my Ban, the generals, and staff-officers, who always treat me so very kindly. A captain of our troops, named Talján, has received a letter from Pesth, in which it is stated that the greater part of the burghers there are for the Ban, and have every confidence that he will put all in order."

To end this budget from the front, we will hear the young lieutenants on the situation :—

"DEAREST JENNY,—Yesterday I found myself with the Croat army, and to-day we are at headquarters in Stuhlweissenberg. Up to now, it has cost nothing in blood ; the Hungarian troops retreat, and, at this rate, the Croat army will soon march into Pesth and send the Hungarian Ministry to the devil. To-morrow the army is to move out towards Pesth, where the whole might of Hungary waits, and where a battle must be fought. I am attached to General Hartlieb's division, but address me : 'N. R., the Kreutzer Regt., with the Croat Army in Hungary, via Warasdin'—because all letters come to us by Warasdin. . . . According to the look of things, Hungary will lose the game ; and then they say, we shall march to Vienna!"

"MY DEAREST BETTY,—To-day I have a lucky opportunity to write to you in spite of the bustle around. . . . For ten days I have known nothing of a bed, but bare mother earth lets me sleep on her lap. . . . We are marching against Pesth and

thence to Vienna to bring peace, order, and security to our beloved King. We are strong, and our cause is noble. A lot of placards are selling in Vienna for 3 kreutzer or more ; among them is one saying : 'Battle at Zala-Egerrseg (?) and total defeat of Jellačić.' They are just inventions. Jellačić never was at Egerrseg, and no battle has taken place. But to-morrow we hope and pray for a meeting with the Hungarians. If a report reaches you that the Croats are in Vienna, then you may be sure that your brother Karl is there, if he's still alive. The terrible Red-mantles called Sereshans will guard the Burg, and our regiment will come to glory and honour. The Aula at Vienna must be chastised, and I can hardly wait any longer for the blessed moment when our good Kaiser Ferdinand shall see his throne strengthened and his *voluntarily* granted constitution protected. And that is our unshakable determination, the determination of our honoured, noble, immovable leader! Adieu! Perhaps more from Pesth! and still more from Vienna!—Always your faithful brother KARL."

One hopes that "Karl," with his mixture of political knowledge and boyish feeling, did live to see his "terrible Red-mantles" mount guard over their Emperor!

September–October 1848

CHAPTER XXIII

THE TURN TO VIENNA

“In truth, if the State of Austria did not exist, in the interests of Europe and all humanity, we ought to set to work to form it again.”—PALÁCKY.

THE battle looked forward to so gladly resolved itself into a long day's undecided action near Stuhlweissenberg. Kempen's division came in contact with the enemy near the village of Patka, but found the Magyar situation too strong for a decisive attack. It was a piece of land full of swamps, lakes, and sharp stony hillocks, extremely difficult to manœuvre over. Near the lake of Pakozd, the Croats were drawn up in battle array, and the Sereshans began an assault on the Magyar position. Captain Rokvić led his men with great gallantry up the rocky hillside, using a little wood as some sort of shelter, and the Magyar outposts were driven in. By 10 a.m. the engagement had become general, and presently the Ogulin regiment had to ask for reinforcements. The Magyar guns and hussars overbore the Croats at several points, but the fighting was very fierce on both sides. There is a story that an order was misunderstood and the Frontiersmen advanced *en face* instead of trying to turn the enemy's flank. The Magyar artillery did deadly work and the Croats wavered, with a cry of “Treason!” The Ban, watching eagerly, saw that the only chance of

retrieving the situation was to deliver the charge, and, with entire forgetfulness of his position as general-in-chief, he seized a flag and galloped ahead of the men crying : “Who will follow me?” They rallied, and followed him right up to the batteries, gaining the point under heavy fire. And as the wounded filled the ambulances, they shouted to the man who had led them and rode unhurt : “Živio, Ban!”

At about 5 p.m. the battle ended between Pakozd and Velenć, and neither side could claim a victory. The Magyar volunteers (the honveds) did not greatly distinguish themselves in their first field, and the Sereshan sharpshooters accounted for many of them. Under one rock at the top of a little hill, 37 dead honveds were found ; but the whole loss of Moga’s troops was not very great, and that of the Croats is estimated at about 100.

It was undoubtedly something of a check to the advance, and an armistice of a few days was concluded, for there were strange rumours abroad of events which might change the whole course of the campaign.

There, two marches from their goal—the Magyar capital—the Croats halted.

“Gospodar, we will go to find the crown of St Stephen for you at Buda, and we will follow you to the end of the world,” said a Frontiersman to the Ban, voicing the hope of his fellows ; and when the sacrifice of that desire was asked of him, he kept his word and followed his leader with absolute, ungrumbling loyalty.

When the Palatine, after the scene at Szemes, had hastened to Vienna to fling his office at the Emperor’s feet, it was necessary to send some authority in his place.

“He leaves Hungary alight behind him, and Croatia, the Banat, and Transylvania in seas of blood.”

Batthyany approved of the selection of Count Franz Lamberg as High Commissioner, and the appointment was made in the hope that it would please the country. It was obviously a post of danger, and Lamberg himself had a strong presentiment that he would never come back from Hungary. On 28th September he reached Pesth and took certain measures for the safety of both that town and Buda, which the mob chose to resent. At about 2 o'clock the national guard and honveds, armed with scythes and other weapons, hurried over towards Buda to force the gates of the fortress-town which were said to be barred by order of the Commissioner. Lamberg tried to find Batthyany and failed. Then, though the mob was shouting for his blood, he endeavoured to make his way to Buda across the great bridge. He was seized, dragged as far as the chapel of St Johann and cut to pieces, before any rescue could be effected.

This was news to rouse all men's loyal fears, for such a revolutionary outburst meant the beginning of anarchy in Hungary.

The Government at Vienna awoke at last to a realisation of the true state of things and to feelings of utter alarm. The first step taken was that, on 3rd October, the Emperor, through old General Rećsey, temporarily minister for Hungary, published a rescript, expressing his horror at the murder of his Commissioner and appointing Baron Joseph Jellačić to be commander-in-chief of all troops in Hungary, with full powers under martial law.

Pesth was not the only part of the Empire in

disorder, for Lichnowsky, the charming, witty aristocrat, who had tried parliamentary life as a new sport, paid for his fun by assassination at Frankfurt, and Auerswald shared his fate.

The only man in authority who still hoped for peace was Latour. He refused to seize the Hungarian fortresses, Komorn, Peterwardein, etc.; did not agree with Windischgrätz, who was getting an army together in Bohemia, in case Vienna itself should need assistance; and seemed, even yet, to think that a solution without serious fighting would be possible.

Hubner, the excellent subordinate, was painfully aware that there was no political head in Vienna capable of guiding events. He had his own hero—Prince Felix Schwartzenberg—and long since he had written passionately imploring the Prince to leave Italy and to come to the rescue of his country. Posts were irregular, letters came seldom, and September wore through with no answer. On the last day of the month, “the door of my room opened abruptly, and a man entered. He was of great height, very upright, with his short, scanty hair greying on his small head; his face noble and pale, as if chiselled in marble and giving an impression of absolute calm; his speaking eyes sweet and stern at the same time, and not hiding strong passions controlled by an iron will. Yes, it is he! My Austria shall not perish!—‘Here I am,’ said Prince Felix Schwartzenberg.”

Without sharing Hubner’s unqualified admiration, we may remember the very great services rendered to his country by Prince Felix, and the greatest of all was his imperturbable calm during those October days of revolution.

“Go on, and if one thing won’t do, try another,” was his motto for several months of perhaps the most difficult political work a minister ever faced, and the secret of his power was that he was never afraid.

The Imperial rescript of the 3rd seemed to precipitate matters. The revolutionists saw that repression in Hungary was death to their policy, and the reign of terror in Germany inflamed the mob in Vienna to do likewise. For once, the common sense of the Viennese utterly forsook them, and they rioted like any Parisians.

On Friday, 6th October, the disturbances began in earnest. The arsenal was stormed, General Bredy lost his life while leading his men, and Auersperg, the commandant, tried in vain to make a junction of the troops and defend the Burg. The Innere Stadt was practically left at the mercy of the mob for some time. The War Office was one of the first places to be attacked, for Latour had earned the hate of the Radicals, though some Conservatives complained of his want of firmness. Auersperg heard of the minister’s danger, and hastened with what men he could gather to the rescue, but arrived too late. Bach was with Latour, and, at the sounds of the breaking front-door, he begged the Count to fly. There was a back way out, and Bach took it, cramming a servant’s cap on his head and so escaping unnoticed through the crowd. Latour hesitated fatally, for the mob surged up the stairs, seized him, and carried him off with the awful cry: “To the lamp-post!”

Thus died an honest soldier, who had distinguished himself so far back as the Napoleonic wars, and who had tried faithfully to fulfil his difficult duties of

later years. A letter was found among his papers, in which he said : "Through my determined stand against the revolutionary party, I have earned its hate ; I am warned that they will attempt to injure me personally. I wait for the event in the calm of a soldier, whose life can be given for his king and country as well through an assassin's dagger as on the field of honour."

That night, Vienna was in the hands of the mob, and the national guard was hastily turned out to protect property and to prevent a general sack of the town. Next morning, the Imperial family left the capital in all haste for Olmütz, a strong place chosen as the refuge in this second flight.

On 7th October the news of Latour's murder and the Vienna insurrection reached Jellačić at his camp.

The rescript appointing him commander-in-chief of all forces in Hungary had been received with great rejoicings by his army, and this serious information made all wonder what their general's next step would be. To go on to Pesth meant to leave Vienna defenceless, but was to fulfil the aim of the Croats and to crush the Hungarian revolution. Still, if Vienna and the monarchy fell . . . ?

Jellačić saw only one way. He was Austrian : he had declared his object plainly from the moment of his elevation to the command—a strong, free, united Austria. To take Buda-Pesth would satisfy his nation's pride, but the national feeling must give way before the Imperial duty. Incidentally, there was a great sacrifice entailed, and that must be made also for the good of the Empire. If he marched with all speed towards Vienna, the Slavonic troops under Roth and Philippović would not be strong

enough to resist the Hungarians alone, and would thus be cut off and probably lost. But the greatest danger of all was lest a Magyar army should reach Vienna and join the revolutionaries ; compared with that, all else weighed light.

He had said that the most difficult thing in life was to make a decision ; but this most momentous one was made with characteristic swiftness, and the plan of campaign was entirely altered. Three hours after the news came, the orders were being carried out that 12,000 men (the militia and irregular troops) should march back towards Croatia to protect her borders, and 27,000 should go on with all speed to Vienna.

The Hungarian historians call this movement the breaking of a truce (the armistice) and a shameful retreat, and General Klapka speaks of the way Jellačić "broke his word, sacrificed Roth's reserve, and fled to Raab on the way to Vienna."

Görgey, more moderate, says Roth's force was "cut off by Jellačić's too swift flank march," so that on 7th October it "ceased to exist." Görgey's name had already become known, for on 30th September that lean, red-haired man, Leiningen's hero, the best soldier that Hungary possessed, the most calumniated survivor of the war, had done a deed which showed his temperament. Count Odön Zichy was caught coming from Stuhlweissenberg and brought to Csepel island in the Danube, where Görgey was in command as major of honveds. Papers from Jellačić were found on the Count, the Emperor's proclamation and a safe-conduct from the Croat general. He was a Magyar, and still protested his patriotism and devotion to the national cause. Görgey presided over his court-martial and

hanged him there and then, with a summary justice which has often been condemned. A great magnate might have expected mercy if not favour, but Görgey knew neither where a suspicion of treachery was concerned. The game he played was war, somewhat cold-blooded, calculated war, but he held always to the rigour of the rules and played with his mind as well as his heart.

The Croat march to Vienna was a feat of endurance quite worthy of the traditions of the Frontiersmen. They were tired troops at the start, for the long march to Stuhlweissenberg had taken off their freshness and the hard day's fighting at Velenć had exhausted them. Yet on the night of 8th October the outposts were at Laaerberge, within sight of the walls of Vienna. Klapka says that Auersperg's envoy "found the heroic Ban in wretched plight, surrounded by 2000 Croats in rags sleeping in the fields"; but though even the officers' boots had given out, and the men were, in many cases, *sans culottes*, they were there, before Vienna, and ready for action.

The officer of Croat Hussars, from whose adventures as scout we have already quoted, found that his men were so filled with delight at the idea of seeing the capital that the first night's bivouac was cheery in spite of intense fatigue. The Sereshans refused to believe that the Emperor could have fled, and also were firmly convinced that the tower of St Stephen's, which soared up above the houses, was no less than their monarch's palace.

"The Emperor is sitting on the tower of St Stephen in the golden city, the city of Vienna. Does he wish to give an order and make an army march, he strikes the dome with his sceptre and all

the town hears. Long live the golden city, the city of Vienna!"—so rang a song they made and sang by the camp-fires. They connected Emperor and capital so intimately, that nothing would shake their belief, and it held good, as well as many other fairy-tale wonders, in their simple minds.

Auersperg's force was encamped not far from the Belvedere, and even when the junction with Jellačić was effected he considered the whole strength insufficient to take the offensive. There were rumours of a Magyar army hastening up, and the students and mob were being organised in Vienna under Messenhauser and the Polish general, Bem, into a considerable force.

Hubner started to overtake the Imperial family on the way to Olmütz on the morning of Monday, the 9th, and Schwartzenberg's farewell words to him were: "If Jellačić does not come in time to prevent the junction of the Hungarian and rebel forces, if Windischgrätz cannot march quickly on the capital, and if we cannot soon have a large part of Radetsky's army here, I do not see how we can break the force of the revolution. Nevertheless, we will play the game and trust in God."

Jellačić fulfilled his part of the requirements. He arrived before the Hungarians had time to concentrate or to march into Austria, and he gave a moral as well as material support to the Imperialists which was of inestimable value. It is, perhaps, exaggeration to say that his action in giving up the march to Buda-Pesth and flinging all his weight into the scale by advancing on Vienna actually saved the Empire; yet the fall of the monarchy might have been the result had he even delayed, or had he been undecided in his course.

October 1848

CHAPTER XXIV

BEFORE VIENNA : SCHWECHAT

“Oh, once there was a hero bold,
And Jellacsichs his name ;
Such deeds of his I can unfold
Make other heroes tame—
A poet, statesman, soldier, he,
Combining in himself all three,
Can every honour claim.”

In the Bosnian fighting :—

“The Herr Baron was drinking schnapps,
When sharp the musket thunder-claps—
‘The enemy ! O Jiminy !’ was coming to invade him.
No quicker flight was ever known
Than that our nimble Herr Baron
Took with his horse to aid him. . . .”

Finally, he decided to humble Hungary :—

“And then our noble Jellacsichs
Found many a gallant Pecsovics¹
His boots would lick most gladly :
A bodyguard he did select,
And with a viceroy’s title deck’d
He didn’t do so badly ! . . .
And little recked he of the day
When he the bills would have to pay
For all these gallant fancies,
We’ve followed his career till now,
And what’s to come the time will show,
The end of all romances.”

From the “Jellacsichiade,” an heroic poem in four parts.

THE above poem (?) is a good example of the humour of Vienna in the year 1848. As ever, the people enjoyed endless rhymes and caricatures, even during the throes of their revolution.

¹ Conservative.

On the Sunday after the *émeute*, prettily dressed ladies and smart young men took their morning stroll to the barricades, and the jesting and chatter went on as usual, though the broken windows and traces of grape-shot showed where the fighting had been fierce. On a barricade near the Thurmthor a flippant notice was posted: "Charity is asked for an impoverished Austrian noble"; and boys ran about with collecting boxes begging: "A kreutzer, please, sir, for the workman." If one gave money for the barricades, the recipient still used the old polite formula, "Many thanks," or, "I kiss your hand," for the idea of citizenship and equality had never yet occurred to the ordinary people.

Only on that awful day of 6th October had the passions of the mob been really roused, and the brutal treatment of Latour's body was an orgy of ferocity quite unlike the usual conduct of the lowest of the populace. A journalist, coming into Vienna on that day, found armed men waving pieces of linen and clothing on pikes in the street.

"What are those?" he asked a workman.

"Bits of his clothes," was the grim answer.

"Whose clothes?"

"Why, Latour's. We have hanged him."

"Impossible!"

"Why impossible? Look here"—and he pulled a red collar, made redder with blood-stains, out of his pocket and hid it again, as though fearing that it would be stolen—"I tore this from him myself."

At the same time, the people lamented that the Emperor had fled, and told one another how sad it was to see him weep when the cage with his favourite birds was packed into the carriage. They liked their "poor, good Ferdinand" to the last,

but they had little time to think of him, for they were busy making a revolution, and, like children playing with matches in a hay-barn, they found it very good fun.

A student-legion was organised, as well as the citizen guard, and scores of young men marched about proudly carrying any old guns that they could find, and thoroughly enjoying their own warlike appearance. Little parties were made up at night to go "shooting Croats," although Messenhauser, chief of the national guard, had issued a strict order against such expeditions, and the danger was considerably greater for the student than for the Sereshan.

The journalist quoted above continues his account of his personal experiences:—

"On the night between the 10th and 11th of October I was roused by the cry, 'The Croats! To arms!' and I found myself, musket in hand, on the bastion of the Burg in the clear moonlight; but, alas! no Croats came. No one ever heard of a 'Ban' before, and at first the title sounded as barbarous as that of a Tartar chief in our ears. Now he and his horde have become the bugaboos of Vienna, and 'Banus ante portas!' brings all the town to its feet."

The popular assembly proclaimed that the Croats were few and had been beaten in Hungary; but none believed it, for all knew the tales of old and feared the Red-mantles.

Meanwhile, the Court had reached Olmütz in safety, and thence Hubner was sent to Prague to beg Prince Windischgrätz to get his army *en route* for Vienna in all haste. It was the moment of Windischgrätz's triumph. He had shown his

strength during the days of March with such effect that the two women who were practically the rulers of Austria—the Empress and the Archduchess Sophie—pinned all their faith on him. He was Felix Schwartzenberg's brother-in-law, and he was, as Grillparzer said, "*un Metternich botté*" in politics. Eisenmann judges him severely: "Without military talent, he became commander of an army corps at Prague; without political talent, he became, for a moment, behind the curtain, master of Austria."

To fight revolutionary ideas was a sacred mission to him, and this profound conviction and his personal abnegation are his only sympathetic traits. Jellačić summed him up shrewdly when he said: "Windischgrätz is an aristocrat. He hates all revolution from inner feeling as much as from professional instinct. He squashed Frankfurt's constitutional ideas in Prague, and here in Vienna he will allow no liberties. He is always hard on the penitent revolutionary. A real republican devil finds more grace from him, for there the extremes touch. Besides being an aristocrat, he is a military pedant."

This was the man now appointed commander-in-chief of all the armies of Austria save the one in Italy, and who made haste slowly from the north to bring insurgent Vienna to reason.

Jellačić, in the meadows at Schwendorf, received reinforcements of the Walmoden cuirassiers and the Franz Joseph dragoons (his old regiment), as well as some Italian infantry, and the whole formed a camp of very mixed nationalities.

An officer of the cuirassiers puts on record his surprise at the appearance of the Sereshans, and believes "that except the famous Ottchan and

Lika regiments and the hussars, there is not a uniform to be found in the whole lot. Our men were much amused at the apparent disorder in which their new allies were lying about and their strange clothes, while they were equally astonished at Austrian neatness." The Ban's own bodyguard of magnificent Sereshans, who "wear their red cloaks with a wonderful grace," came in for special attention wherever they were seen.

During all those days there was desultory fighting, but the actual attack on Vienna had to wait until Windischgrätz and his 40,000 men arrived. He had expressed his views as to a constitution to Hubner at Prague ; "but," as that diplomatist pointed out, "it's not a constitution, it is a sword we ask of him!" and on the 19th he was in communication with the Ban and gave as watchword to his troops the one significant word, "Latour."

In Vienna, Messenhauser was proclaiming that "Mezaros hastens to our aid with 16,000 men, and Jellačić is at Bruck. We have fought a splendid fight, but the storm is not over and our freedom is still in danger. . . . There is a rumour that Jellačić is made prisoner and that his army has been totally defeated. Here's to the noble Magyars!"

The Ban also issued a proclamation to Vienna, showing his sympathy for lawful freedom and exhorting the burghers to return to their allegiance. A newspaper comments flippantly on it as "in respect of style more original than correct, but the practice of guerilla warfare does not teach German grammar."

Moga was still in command of the Hungarian troops, but his loyalty to Kossuth's party was so doubtful that Görgey was sent to help him, with the

secret mission to see if he were faithful and to report on the state of the army. Görgey's uncompromising opinion was that the Magyar force could hardly take the offensive, but Kossuth insisted that their revolutionary brethren in Vienna must be succoured at any cost. If the Hungarian army could have fallen upon the Croats before they had recovered from the strain of the long march, and before Windischgrätz had placed his guns on the heights above Vienna, a victory would have been almost certain, for the revolutionary troops of the city were led by Bem, an experienced general, and Messenhauser, who had served for some years in the Kaiser's army, and, if they had made a sortie, the small Croat force would have been caught between two fires.

But nothing of the sort was attempted, in spite of a constant exchange of signals between the tower of St Stephen and the fires lit by the Hungarians beyond the Leitha.

Kossuth, who joined what was now called "his army" on the frontier, sent a letter to Prince Windischgrätz asking that the troops of the Ban should be disbanded, the Hungarian constitution respected, and the blockade of Vienna raised. The Ban, into whose hands the honved messenger fell, sent on the letter to the Prince, who made the cold reply, "I do not treat with rebels," and took no further notice.

During those days, from the 25th to the end of October, the spectacle presented by Vienna was very terrible from the hills which surround the town. The bombs, the dark columns of soldiers marching on all sides towards the suburbs, the buildings on fire, all gave an extraordinary scenic effect, a picture of the beauty and terror of war, especially striking at night.

The Croats advanced to the wood of the Prater on the 26th, and thence they attacked a bridge over the arm of the Danube and the streets held by the student-corps.

The cuirassier, whose account we have, says it was "pretty to see their dexterity and playful way of parrying a student's furious cut-and-thrust and then taking him by the throat and giving him quietus with the short, keen kandjar."

There were many heroic deeds during those days, but no man, I think, showed more cold-blooded valour than the only minister left in the capital. The rest were safe at Olmütz, preparing to hold sittings of the Parliament at Kremsier, but Baron Krauss, the Finance Minister, absolutely refused to leave his office in Eugene's palace in the Himmel-pfortgasse. He boasted of being the students' friend, and constantly begged them to be "good boys," and his presence had undoubtedly a good effect upon both rebels and monarchists. He went to and fro, from Olmütz to Vienna, at imminent risk of his life; apologised for giving the rebels a little money, "because it really goes to the canteens much more than to the armourers"; and, as Hubner said, "his was the courage that doesn't mount the breach but stays where it is." A little man of fifty, rather fat and pale-faced, with sweet, saintly eyes and a gentle smile, he trotted about, his big portfolio under his arm, did the business of his country to the best of his ability, and appeared to be a "modern Daniel liking his den of lions." Certainly, many of the "lions" were kindly enough, and reiterated to each other: "How is it possible that the Emperor will let Windischgrätz and the Croats work us harm? It isn't like him to do such a thing!"—but the



WINISCHGRÄTZ AND THE BAN BEFORE VIENNA.

republicans, Robert Blum and Froebel, had come from Frankfurt to congratulate their fellow-reds and to hearten them for a further struggle. Messenhauser would have surrendered to prevent more bloodshed, but Blum, with a big sword and a Calabrese feathered hat, was always ready with a fresh incendiary speech to rouse the waning interest of the comfort-loving citizens. And Bem, the old Pole, who was never so happy as in a fight, was not likely to let such a pleasant occasion come to an end too rapidly. He had appeared at Vienna like a stormy petrel, and asked for a command, which Messenhauser, knowing his European fame, was ready enough to give him. With indefatigable zeal he organised the defence, sitting on a straw chair near the Prater and clapping his hands when any Croats fell before his men's fire, and his joy in such a forlorn hope far outweighed any consideration of loss of life or property.

For it was an absolutely forlorn hope that Vienna could resist, now that Windischgrätz had ringed her with cannon. The Marshal sent his ultimatum: unconditional surrender in forty-eight hours, or the bombardment would begin. While he waited for the town's answer, Krauss appeared at headquarters, imperturbable as usual and anxious to obtain good terms for his poor "boys." Windischgrätz received him with some heat, and remarked: "You know, Baron, I ought to keep you here as prisoner."

"You couldn't do me a greater service, Prince," replied Krauss, with his winning smile; "do you think it will amuse me to be bombarded by you in Vienna?"

The Prince shrugged his shoulders, and the

Finance Minister went back to his post among the rebels.

On the 28th Windischgrätz telegraphed at 11 a.m. : "General attack"; and in the evening another message was received at Olmütz from him, stating that he had taken the Leopoldstadt. On Monday, the 30th, he wired : "The town surrenders at discretion. To-day my troops will occupy it."

Early on the same morning news came that the Hungarians were advancing, and Jellačić was sent towards Schwechat to give them battle. It was a thick, foggy day, and the cannon were "bellowing through the mist and rain" by 8 o'clock.

Windischgrätz, on a hill, saw what he could of the fight, but the whole disposition of forces and plan of the action was left to the Ban.

The Magyar right wing advanced to the attack, and Guyon, an Englishman by birth, charged on the village of Mannsworth with a battalion of Szeklers and another of national guards. The company of Sereshans and battalion of the Gradiska regiment posted there fought furiously; but they were overwhelmed by the Magyar superior strength, and had to retire. At another point, the village of Neumühl, the Croats were successful, and by 10 o'clock the action of the centre was begun. The objective of the Magyar attack was Schwechat, and they had partially gained it, when the Ban sent Lichtenstein to turn the left flank, and so prepare for his real effort on the centre. There was a delay; and Jellačić, in furious impatience, ordered his chief of staff, General Zeisberg, to advance across the river Schwechat with his artillery, and at the same time to deliver a charge of cavalry. The cuirassiers and dragoons dashed into the narrow streets of Schwechat

town under a heavy fire, but found the Magyar troops melting before them. The honveds could not stand a direct attack, and Görgey is witness that, out of 5000 national guards and volunteers, only one old man stood fast. A battalion of the Prince of Prussia's late regiment bolted "without order or reflection," the men throwing away their knapsacks as they ran ; and the Imperialists saw in the action the guilt of rebel consciences.

In fact, the whole centre of the Magyar army was in hopeless flight, and the Ban himself, at the head of a squadron of cavalry, chased them for some distance.

The Magyar force recovered itself on its native soil at Pressburg. Moga resigned ; Görgey was appointed in his place ; and Kossuth took steamer for Pesth, to find himself in the same boat as Bem, who had escaped from Vienna—some say in a coffin—and was quite ready for fresh service against Austria.

Some of the Imperialist troops had received their baptism of fire at Schwechat, and their joy knew no bounds when the Ban especially complimented them. They cheered him wildly, and he answered, " You have deserved the praise, not I!"—words which made their hasty bivouac on the wet ground gay enough. It rained in torrents, but the worn-out men slept well, unheeding even the noise of the bombs pouring down on Vienna.

The Ban's despatch that night to Windischgrätz was characteristically short and simple :—

" No longer a Magyar on Austrian territory."

November 1848

CHAPTER XXV

“VIVAT DER PRINZ! HOCHLEBE, JELLAČIĆ!”

THE town of Vienna had formally surrendered on October 30th; but, on receipt of a false report that the Hungarians had been successful, the fighting broke out again. Windischgrätz had to punish this breach of faith, and began a bombardment, especially on the points where attacks had been made after the white flag had been displayed.

Hubner, with Prince Felix, joined the commander-in-chief at his headquarters at Hetzendorf, and rode with him and his staff to the Rothe Hof, not far from the Favorita barrier. He describes the scene: the Marshal sitting on a plank, looking through his glass at the town, with the generals, preoccupied and gloomy, round him. Further off, groups of aides-de-camp and young lieutenants roasted potatoes and chattered over the fires they had made. Presently, handsome General Jablonowsky passed, at the head of a column going to attack the gates of the town. After midday a deputation from the city arrived in a cab, but Windischgrätz refused to receive them. At 3.30 the general bombardment commenced, and the flames of buildings fired by the bombs began to rise on a high wind. It was an awful sight for an Austrian general to see his capital alight before him, but Windischgrätz barely showed the agony

he felt. The palace seemed to be blazing ; St Stephen's — the Westminster of Vienna — was flooded with waves of rose and scarlet, while the black point of St Michael's soared detached, above the flames.

When night fell, they all rode back sadly to Hetzendorf, and, as Hubner was crossing the castle courtyard, “a rider in the uniform of a general, followed by some Sereshans, approached at a gallop by the great avenue leading to the castle, jumped lightly to the ground, and asked to speak to the Marshal. It was Jellačić, the hero of Schwechat.”

Next morning there was good news. The wind had dropped, heavy rain began, and thus the city was saved from a serious conflagration. During the night General Czorich had forced the five gates of the Burgthor, and after seven minutes' sharp fusillade his troops became masters of the Stephens platz. The students, who had vowed to die under the ruins of the university, bolted, leaving their arms and Calabrese hats behind ; and some, caught up on the Kahlenberg, were shot at drum-head court-martial.

Vienna had now surrendered, incontinently, entirely, and with apparently the same joy and alacrity which she had displayed in making the barricades. Our friend the cuirassier writes : “A glorious day. We marched into Vienna amid scenes of welcome, handkerchiefs and flags waving, and shouts of : ‘Vivat der Prinz ! Hochlebe, Jellačić !’ And the ladies brought us presents, not forgetting our liking for the best Havannahs.”

That evening Windischgrätz celebrated his triumph by a dinner-party at Hetzendorf, and next day he took up his residence at Schönbrunn. Thence he

proceeded to reorganise the town, which was put under martial law, to pass sentence on the chiefs of the rebellion, and, in a word, to govern Austria.

Jellačić made his quarters in Vienna, and in an interview which took place at this time he gave expression to his feelings on the questions of the moment, with a frank openness which showed his entire indifference to the world's opinion. His judgment on Marshal Windischgrätz we have quoted already.

"It's otherwise with me," he went on: "I love freedom, and her Credo is mine. The Viennese Assembly had my sympathy until it went into such bad ways that no right-thinking man could stand it. Croatia had been allied to Hungary, with the same rights as Germany, by a compact twelve hundred years old. The Viennese did not take this into consideration, and made no mention of Croatia in the so-called 'constitution.' I know well that this was because they feared the weight of Croatia in the Assembly, while the Magyars seemed better allies than the Croats, who were nearer the Russians. As a Croat, I can go no further (with the Viennese). I hold that the Kaiser is as much King of Croatia as he is Archduke of Austria and King of Illyria. In the Austrian confederation all must have equal rights; and so, naturally, the Croats must have the same protection as the Germans. I could not sacrifice my country's rights to prove the German calculations. That the Minister-president knows well enough, and so he supported the feeling of the Assembly against me, in order that I might find it necessary to fall in with his plans. I saw through the double game, and I had to make cause with the enemies of my enemies.

There was nothing to be hoped from the Viennese Assembly, especially since the 6th of October. Latour was my friend—that is, my political friend. My only course was to avenge him, to obtain some satisfaction for so gross an insult to my service, and to deprive the Magyars of a strong ally. I should have been a traitor to my service and to Croatia had I not marched on Vienna. The black-red-and-gold colours had to be overthrown in the capital, and a Slavic Austria is indispensable, to which Hungary will be obliged to listen. The result of all this is the present situation. At Kremsier the Croat deputies will be well received; and now Croats and Austrians have made a personal acquaintance. Maiden Germany is becoming Croatised, and a good understanding will follow. What Frankfurt may do, troubles us little. I do not fear the making of a greater Germany, but I do demand my people's rights. We cannot and will not wait: for it is incumbent upon us to create a mighty Slavic Austria. That will in no way interfere with the daily work of the Frankfurt council.”

He ended this clear, and to our ears strangely prophetic, speech, with a quaint little Slav turn of thought.

“One may be aristocrat or democrat,” he said, “enemy or friend; but whatever one is or one wishes to be, God's will can be the guide.”

That was his political creed, and he upheld his desire for leniency and freedom against Windischgrätz himself. At the council of war, when the Marshal asked the advice of his generals before beginning the bombardment, Jellačić and an Italian general alone raised their voices in favour of easy terms for the rebellious city. Later, when a spy

was about to be shot, the Ban opposed the sentence, not as unlawful, but on the plea that it would be dishonouring the powder and shot, and that the “poor devil’s worst punishment would be freedom.”

“If he were not so energetic, his kindness would make him weak,” said one of his contemporaries.

Though peace, or rather an armistice, had kept Italy quiet since August, Radetsky, at Milan, was anxious about the loyalty of his troops, for they might soon be wanted. He wrote, as usual, very frankly to Prince Felix Schwartzenberg, and Hubner puts the gist of the matter into a few words:—

“The Hungarians are restless, and proclamations of Kossuth’s have been found among them. If they desert, the Croats will go too, to fight them at home, and nothing will stop them. Only Germans, a third of the army, will remain, and the King of Sardinia will seize the opportunity to break the armistice.”

A most fatherly proclamation was therefore drawn up at Olmütz, which, as Hubner says, “made the archduchesses weep: please Heaven, it will have the same effect on Radetsky’s hussars!”

Jellačić helped to secure his people’s loyalty once more, and wrote to the Croats in Italy:—

“His Majesty had addressed a manifesto to the Italian army, and especially to the Frontiersmen, begging them to be true to their monarch and fatherland—words which I know will sink deep into your hearts. You have heard of the terrible events of 6th October, at Vienna, and of the fight before the walls with our Austrian brothers. I, your Ban, am ready to fight this war joyfully for my Kaiser and King . . . and you also, my countrymen



THE SERESHAN CAMP BEFORE VIENNA.

in Italy, must help to sustain your Kaiser's throne. Hold fast to the colours you have followed so long ; hold fast to your heroic leader, our ever-ready Count Radetsky, who loves you as his children. . . . Thus you will gain the thanks of your Monarch, and all the world will say that the Frontiersmen, in the day of danger, followed their Ban, and gave an example of perfect loyalty to the Throne.”

The joyful welcome by the populace of Vienna to their “saviours” was followed by a host of social rejoicings. The Croats became the fashion, and from the pretty milliner who spent her holiday in marching about the camp gazing at the Sereshans as though they were strange, wild beasts, to the very great lady who boasted of the number of Red-mantle officers gracing her *thé*, every woman in Vienna must needs pet the Frontiersmen.

A little crowd always hung about the house where Jellačić stayed, in the hope of seeing him go out followed by his Sereshan guard, and he received ovations and attentions, laudatory speeches, and articles enough to make any man think his fame established for ever. It was all very pleasant and delightful, and, after the long, weary service on the Frontier, and the mental strain and hard physical work of the past months, a respite, a sort of soldier's dream of pretty women, witty men, luxury, and soft living, must have deeply touched the imaginative side of his nature. Among the nearest of his friends was the Countess von Stockau, whose husband, Count Georg, Commander of the Hanoverian Guelph Order, and owner of a great estate in Moravia, was serving as a volunteer in Radetsky's army. This charming lady had a daughter, a young girl of fourteen, who already showed promise of great

beauty, and whose romantic little heart quickly enshrined the Ban as her hero of heroes.

Admiration and honours were pleasant enough. From his Emperor, Jellačić received the Grand Cross of the Leopold Order ; and from the Czar of Russia, Prince Lieven brought him the Order of St Vladimir of the First Class, and an autograph letter speaking of his “noble conduct in restoring order” ; and yet the soldier chafed at the delay of those weeks in the gayest town in Europe. He felt that the work was only half done, and that, while Hungary was yet unpunished and in full rebellion, all these fêtes and rejoicings were premature.

The Vladika of Montenegro sent a congratulatory letter, recalling his old friendship, and speaking of the long-desired unity of the Slav peoples, while between the lines could be read some anxiety as to the Southern Slav situation. On 20th November Jellačić sent a proclamation to his people, expressing his sorrow that some folk were discontented with the taxes and with the removal of the old rights over woodland. He begged them, one and all, to trust the word of their Ban that these matters should be justly and fairly settled in due course, and he called on their patriotism and their love to give them patience and to help him in his difficult office. He ended : “I greet thee, my dearest people, from the bottom of my heart, and commend thee to the Almighty.”

Certainly, a long delay in the campaign was very unfortunate for Croatia. The little country, drained of her fighting men, remained in a state of uncertainty and unrest. She had her desires and her aims ; but until the danger from Hungary was removed, no consummation of those aims could arrive. A quick

march on Buda-Pesth, an onslaught before the Magyars had drilled their honveds into fighting form; and then, the war over, Croatia could have settled down to consideration of her internal questions, the exercise of her new freedom, and the peaceful, wise arrangement of her constitution.

But there were political reasons against the swift continuation of the war, and Windischgrätz, slave to precision and order, was not the man to take a hasty course. He was too anxious to have a hand in the political discussions, too much the dictator and too little of a general to see that every day his troops danced and dawdled to Vienna, waiting for supplies and equipment, was more than a day gained by the Magyars, who were organising a resistance in earnest, and a defiance to the whole force of the Empire. He was exceedingly busy during all November, opposing his brother-in-law's proposals of a constitution, and his demand that every point should be laid before him for judgment was an assumption of supreme power beyond any minister's acceptance.

At Kremsier, not far from Olmütz, the Parliament was to sit, and Prince Felix Schwartzenberg formed a coalition Ministry under Stadion, with Bach and Bruck—the last, the founder of the Austrian-Lloyd company, and a sound business man. They proceeded to the difficult task of hammering out a provisional constitution, which should be liberal enough to satisfy the Left and possible for the Right to accept.

Count Franz Stadion, who had shown great firmness and ability as governor of Trieste and of Galicia, was vastly more modern in his ideas than Windischgrätz, and probably a cleverer man than

Schwartzenberg ; but already, in the winter of 1848, he began to show signs of the mental and physical illness which led to his death, after years of inactivity, in 1853. His thin, haggard face, and willowy figure presented a strange contrast to Baron Bruck's fair, peasant-German type. They had become acquainted at Trieste, however, and the noble and the business man understood one another thoroughly, so that, had Stadion's health permitted, they would have done great things together for their country. As it was, the constitution of Kremsier—child of their brains, disliked by Windischgrätz and tolerated by Schwartzenberg—must be considered a landmark in Austrian development.

Liberal Germany was very much shocked by the summary condemnations after the taking of Vienna. Blum, the agitator, was shot ; and his fellow-deputies in Frankfurt howled of his parliamentary rights, and the crime of executing a representative of the people.

Messenhauser also suffered, facing his end, at the age of thirty-five, with perfect calmness. He was a fiery-eyed, fame-desiring man, whose literary abilities had carried him into the ranks of the radicals, and so to his death.

This military severity was legitimate enough, and Windischgrätz showed no brutal desire for reprisals. He made war as a *seigneur*, but, as a *seigneur* he also intended to govern ; and there his absolute, iron-bound conservatism hindered any settlement in accordance with the spirit of the times.

CHAPTER XXVI

2ND DECEMBER 1848

“The hope of the country was the masterly W.I.R.¹ (Windischgrätz, Jellačić, Radetsky) ; the strong knight in Bohemia who held the soldiers’ honour safe in a time of ill-counsel ; the old, ever-young Marshal across the Alps whose heroism led his troops to glory and victory ; and the man of genius whose name, as an oriflamme, shone over all and guided true hearts through the confusion—a name which will be written in golden letters in the world’s history, even if only two pages of that volume are given to our days.”—From *Unsere Armee*, ST QUENTIN.

SCHWARTZENBERG wanted “an Emperor we can show to the soldiers,” like any Roman of old.

The Archduchess Sophie had resigned herself, nearly a year ago, to the prospect of being Archduchess-mother, and never Empress ; and the saintly Marianne of Sardinia was only longing for the moment when she could lay down the crown and be free from the constant anxiety which her weak-minded husband caused her. The two necessary abdications—those of the Emperor Ferdinand and his brother Franz Karl—had been planned for some months ; and though it had been hoped that things might remain as they were until the Archduke Franz celebrated his nineteenth birthday, the events of the autumn of 1848 hurried matters and made a change of ruler a necessity.

The Archduchess Sophie had for long centred her dearest hopes on her eldest son, and there was good reason for her pride in him.

¹ *Wir* = we. *I* and *J* are almost synonymous in German and Slav.

"My poor Franzi was my first care in our misfortune," she wrote to Metternich, in the days of March just after the Chancellor's flight; "and in my doubt and pain, I blessed heaven for giving me such a son. His courage, his steadfastness, his strong, undismayed way of feeling and doing, were far beyond his years, and can give us great hopes that God has sent him the gifts necessary for the future before him and that he may be equal to all the blows of Fate."

She had done her best to educate him for the great post before him; and, above all, she had allowed him to follow his bent and to become more of a real soldier than are most princes so near a throne. His teachers and household were, naturally, very conservative and clerical; but the warm, living joy in action, and faith in humanity which no court atmosphere could drive out of his mother's clever head, had unconsciously influenced her son. He was a cool, rather quiet boy, not so quick and vivacious as his next brother Ferdinand Max; and, as the weight of affairs began to press on him, he showed an habitual gravity in quaint contrast to his boyish appearance and occasional outbursts of reckless daring and gaiety. He was happy on a horse, and happiest of all with his soldiers. "Francsoldat," his mother called him; yet a shadow of the magnificent statesmanship of the later years was already to be seen.

One slight hitch occurred to the plan of abdication, which had been secretly arranged so early as 8th November. The Archduke Franz Karl showed conscientious scruples as to his resignation, and all his wife's tactful pressure might have been in vain against the obstinacy of a very weak man, had not

heaven aided her. However, the Archduke, one night, had a vision of his father, the blessed Kaiser Franz, still supreme influence on his sons' minds, bestowing his benediction on his grandson; after that, his opposition ceased, and he resigned himself to private life with perfect complacency. If, sometimes, his wife regretted the signs of outward power which she had to forego, she gave no indication of her feelings, but devoted all her energies, her ambition, and her love to the careers of her sons. They repaid her with affection, yet her influence was hated in Austria as reactionary, and when her desire to find a throne for Ferdinand Max was fulfilled by his election as Emperor of Mexico, the awful tragedy of his death broke her heart and was regarded by many as just punishment for her pride.

Hubner gives some interesting details of the actual scene of abdication.

On 1st December he writes: "The great act is ready to be accomplished to-morrow. At the last moment Prince Felix decided that the name should be 'Franz Joseph,' not 'Franz II.,' so that all had to be altered in despatches, etc. The secret has been well kept. The young diplomatic copyists, the members of the Imperial family directly interested, Grünne (Grand-master to the Emperor-elect), the ministers, and the three great captains—Windischgrätz, Radetsky, and Jellačić—alone knew it."

That night, when Prince Felix and his faithful secretary were about to go to bed after a hard evening's work, their room was suddenly invaded by Marshal Windischgrätz, his son, the Ban, and Prince Lobkowitz—all arrived by the last train from Vienna. Hubner shows the detached interest of an official towards Jellačić, and gives him a few lines of

somewhat inaccurate description: "He is like a paladin of Charlemagne, a knight-errant of Ariosto, recalling also Murat, and a little like him, fond of striking costumes and noise. Such as he is, he pleases everyone at present, and also those who, looking deeper, enter into communication with his mind."

"Curious indeed it was," goes on the secretary, "to see those three men sitting there on a shabby horse-hair sofa: Felix Schwartzenberg, Windischgrätz, and Jellačić—the men who, with Radetsky, have prepared the way for the young Archduke to mount his throne to-morrow. Thank heaven, they are not Spanish generals—these exceptional men—and will make no *pronunciamientos* on their own accounts."

The clear winter dawn of Saturday, 2nd December, saw the Archbishop's palace of Olmütz astir. The news ran through the town that all the Imperial family, the generals, ministers, and Court officials, were to appear at the palace at 8.30; and, before that, the whole garrison was turned out to prepare for a review—given, it was supposed, in honour of Marshal Windischgrätz and the Ban. No one realised the importance of the event that was coming; but the rooms near the Archbishop's coronation hall were soon crowded with civil and military uniforms. Archdukes and duchesses, with their suites, canons of the chapter of Olmütz, as hosts of the Imperial family, ladies and pages—all hurried in, asking eager questions and receiving evasive answers. Even the Archduke Max and his cousin Ferdinand d'Este asked Hubner what was the matter, and they were only told that they would know—very shortly.

At eight o'clock precisely the doors of the throne-room were opened to admit the Archdukes Max, Karl Ludwig, and Ferdinand d'Este; the Archduchesses Maria Dorothea (widow of the Archduke Joseph) and Elisabeth (wife of Ferdinand); the ministers Windischgrätz, the Ban, and Hubner (who was the bearer of the *procès-verbal*). When the doors to the ante-rooms were shut again, their Majesties appeared, followed by the heads of their households, the Archduke Franz Karl, the Archduchess Sophie, and the Archduke Franz Joseph.

The Emperor and Empress sat before the throne, the Imperial family occupied chairs on each side, and the ministers Windischgrätz and Jellačić stood facing the Emperor. There was a solemn silence while the Emperor read the few words of his declaration; and then Prince Felix, in a voice touched with emotion, read the act declaring the Archduke Franz Joseph's majority, the renunciation of his father, and the abdication of the Emperor. The necessary documents were signed, and the young Emperor came forward and knelt before his uncle.

“May God bless you!” said Ferdinand softly, bending over the slight figure before him, and using the childish words of his ordinary speech: “only be brave, and God will help you; I do this very willingly.”

Then the Empress took the boy in her arms for a long embrace. Thankful, perhaps, to have no sons of her own, she had a warm tenderness for her young nephew; and, in the blessed relief of the end of her sad days as Empress, she felt deeply for the boy who was taking up the weight she was laying down.

Franz Joseph touched everyone by his simple

dignity through the whole trying scene. He asked and received his parents' blessing, and then retired, followed by Count Grünne.

After the *procès-verbal* had been read and signed, the great doors were opened, and the brilliant company, kept so long in suspense, rushed in, to be greeted by Prince Felix, who, in a few words, explained what had happened.

Placards were quickly posted and read to the "ancient and faithful town of Olmütz," and presently the winter sun shone down on the young Emperor riding out to greet his troops.

Ferdinand d'Este made the announcement to the drawn-up lines of men, and then Franz Joseph appeared, followed by the two soldiers who had done so much for him, Windischgrätz and Jellačić. The regiments filed past cheering, the bands played "Gott erhalte Franz dem Kaiser," and the new reign began—the new order of things which has lasted until our days. When the Archduchess Sophie drove up, they gave her so loud a burst of cheering that she could only wave a hand in reply while she strove to repress her tears.

Early in the afternoon the Emperor Ferdinand and his wife left by train for Prague. Their departure was kept as quiet as might be, and only a few of his subjects were there to cry: "What, already?" and to see the last of their "poor, good Ferdinand."

Next day the Emperor alone received his officers and made them a short, manly, heart-felt speech.

Austria had weathered many storms by the help of her gallant army, he told them, and he had unshaken confidence in his troops, and was ready, in case of need, to place himself at their head.

The generals looked with approval at the grave lad in a colonel's white uniform, and when a flash of eagerness came into his face at the last words, there was an answering stir of real feeling. An Emperor you could show to the soldiers, indeed, was this young man who desired so earnestly to lead his troops. The passion of loyalty—the curious, inexplicable thrill of personal devotion—was roused in his hearers' hearts, and more than ever the Croat, whose ancestors had fought and died for the House of Hapsburg, must have felt that his course and his country's was plain : “For God, our Kaiser, and our Fatherland.”

The proclamation of the Emperor's abdication published to the army was simply expressed, as befitted such a serious moment.

“To our brave army we must say a grateful farewell.

“You have kept your oath inviolate, you have been a bulwark against enemies and traitors at home, and never more bravely than in these last days have you defended the Throne; and, as a pattern of truth, constancy, and valour, have you been a refuge to the beset Monarchy and the pride and ornament of your country. With the same love and devotion you will defend your new Emperor.” “This is our Emperor's farewell, and it says all,” adds Major-general Cordon, countersigning the document.

There was every reason why the new Emperor should throw himself into the hands of the army; indeed, there alone lay his chance of remaining on his throne. The army was entirely loyal; it had an old tradition, and was ready for the work which had to be done. The time did not call for conciliation,

but for action, repression of rebellion, and consolidation by the sword. There were no great statesmen, there were several great generals: above all, the financial condition of the State had arrived at such a pass that war, cleansing the money-channels, impoverishing the people, yet rousing them to sacrifice, was a better way of re-establishing Austria's lost credit than peace.

The politicians worked hard, but their efforts did not lead to very great results.

Schwartzenberg managed to offend the only loyal party in Hungary—the little band of men headed by Baron Josika, who had not fallen under Kossuth's spell—by ignoring the historical rights of the Magyars altogether.

"You have not yet conquered Hungary, and you dispose of her already," said Josika, resenting so bitterly the slight to his unhappy country that he broke off his long friendship with Schwartzenberg, left Kremsier, and took no further part in political affairs.

A sop was thrown to the Slavs by the appointment of Kulmer as minister without portfolio to take charge of their interests.

At the same time as the Dalmatian situation gave rise to anxiety, Jellačić was appointed civil and military governor of that province. The union of Croatia and Dalmatia had not been consummated as he had hoped, and now he addressed a warm invitation to the people of the Coast to see in him the upholder of their rights and welfare.

"I lived for years among you," he said to them. "I know, value, and love you, and I count it my greatest happiness to work for your good with entire self-sacrifice. So soon as my present weighty

mission is fulfilled, I hope to come among you, and to ascertain your desires, and it will give me unending pleasure to make you content in every way that lies in my power."

He counted on the friendship of the Vladika of Montenegro, whose influence was great along the coast-line, and about this period he received another letter from that personage hinting more at Slav supremacy than promising loyalty and friendship to Austria.

"A mysterious destiny, illustrious Ban," wrote the Vladika, "has called thee to the head of the Slavs of the South. . . . Thy mission is grand, for it can become a new political asset in Europe. The fulfilling of this mission will free the Slavs from the shame they have borne until now, of being miserable slaves or paid by others. . . . I am ready to rush to thy aid with my Montenegrins."

But the Ban's first duty lay in the field against Hungary, and no invitations from his brother Slavs could turn him from the straight road, with his army, to Buda-Pesth.

And, after 2nd December less than ever was he likely to waver in his allegiance to the boy who sighed "Good-bye, my youth!" — even as he grasped his sword, and looked towards the future with a strong heart.

There was promise of day to succeed the dawn of '48. There was an Emperor to be proud of, there was an Empire to regenerate, and there was an enemy in the field.

December 1848

CHAPTER XXVII

TOWARDS BUDA-PESTH

“ After all, the sound of trumpets and noise of cannon is the finest of all music to me ; there is nothing better, not even that ‘ Prophète ’ which you admire so much.”—JELLAČIĆ, *to the Baronne de Bury*.

THE people of Vienna took a never-failing interest in the Croat camp just outside their town. A series of sketches, exhibited now in the Civic Museum, proves that artists of all grades found the Frontiersmen’s costume and habits picturesque. The contemporary records, too, teem with anecdotes of the Croat soldiers, their primitive beliefs, and naïve inability to understand the unaccustomed luxury of the capital. In the street-fighting of the last days of October there had been some unavoidable looting—that peculiar joy of the Sereshan’s heart. Many quaint treasures were carried home later to the Frontier, as the fruit of those happy moments, but often enough the poor Grenzer was sorely deceived in the worth of his prize. One man was found carrying proudly round his neck a broad silk band with a huge brass ring at the end of it. He explained that it was a jewel of price, which he intended to bestow on his brothers at home to make the rest of their lives easy by its sale, and he obstinately refused to credit more experienced citizens, who assured him that such bell-ropes were

common and cheap in Vienna. Another simple Sereshan exchanged a pocketful of delicate watches taken from a jeweller's wrecked window, for a big metal clock. The wily Bohemian who owned the clock knew well enough the superior value of the Croat's loot and traded successfully on his comrade's innocence.

But, on the whole, the Sereshans found the Kaiserstadt all that their fancy had painted. There was great plenty to eat and drink; and, if the citizens found their camp an amusing gallantry-show, they paid for their visits in tobacco and strange drinks. And the citizens, for their part, learnt what the troops who guarded the outposts of Empire looked like and thought. A Viennese could never again consider the title "Ban" unknown and uncouth, when, for more than a month, the holder of it had ridden and walked about the Graben and the Prater, and when a Sereshan had expressed his opinion of his chief.

"Was there ever another Ban like this?" one asked a Frontiersman.

"Eh, no," was the answer; "never was any like him! The Almighty protects him wherever he goes; in the hail of bullets and balls, never a bullet or ball for him. He has never been wounded and never will be, for the hand of God is on his head."

Not one of his men was so eager to try again that immunity from danger in which every soldier unconsciously believes, as Jellačić himself. All through November he had chafed at Windischgrätz's delay, and he still held that the campaign ought to have been over by Christmas.

Hungary was not even cowed by the slow preparations against her. She was working with

feverish energy; her new-made generals were drilling and arming honveds and raw levies; Kossuth was beginning to coin his famous paper-money, and fiery proclamations were rousing the country from one end to the other.

On 6th December the *Zeitung* of Pesth made ribald comment on the change of ruler.

“One more King,” the leader is headed, and it goes on:—

“Sophie says to her son, who is still a minor, ‘You are King!’ He answers: ‘I am King, and my first care will be to fight against the revolt in Hungary.’ What a scandal! We always said that Herr Jellačić and Co. were not true to poor Ferdinand, and this proves it. We hold that Ferdinand cannot abdicate against the will of the nation; and if he lays down the crown, a Governor must be chosen by the people. . . . We and the nation remain to-day what we were yesterday.”

Windischgrätz replied to these Magyar endeavours to prove the legality of their defiance, by a proclamation ordering the Hungarian army to return to its allegiance within fourteen days. His army was now ready to move. Schlick, at Dukla in Galicia, had orders to march on Hungary from that side. Nugent was north of the Drave, with 6000 men, and Puchner in Transylvania with 8000. Hungary was ringed, the plan of campaign was arranged, and it remained to strike the decisive blow at the storm-centre.

The First Army Corps at Vienna was under the command of F.M.L. and Ban Baron Jellačić, with Major-general Zeisberg as his chief of staff and Major Mosmüller as director of artillery. It was in two divisions, under F.M.L.’s Kempen and Hart-

lieb, and numbered 14 battalions, 5 companies, 20 squadrons, 1 pioneer-corps, and 1 bridge-equipage.

On 9th December Zeisberg went to Bruck on the Leitha. From the hills near could be seen the Hungarian vedettes on the horizon, and a reconnaissance was made next day on the left bank of the river, while two bridges were re-established.

From the pen of a French soldier, the Marquis Georges de Pimodan, we have an account of this reconnaissance and of how Zeisberg hoped, even so soon, to come in touch with the enemy, but was disappointed by the hasty retreat of the Magyar cavalry.

Pimodan, head of an old French family, after the revolution of 1830, had sought service in Austria to lighten his exile. In 1848 he had been Radetsky's orderly, and to him was confided many a mission of importance requiring a cool head and daring spirit. He had run innumerable risks, distinguished himself in every action during the summer campaign in Italy, and, when Windischgrätz asked Radetsky to spare him some staff-officers, the brilliant Frenchman was one of those sent to Vienna, at the beginning of November. A few days after his arrival he was attached to the staff of the Ban—a leader entirely to his liking,—and his record of the Hungarian campaign as he saw it, is one of our most valuable sources of information, and has been quoted by every writer on the subject.

The Ban made his first headquarters at Haimberg, where a fine castle gave a magnificent view from its terrace over the Danube and the plains on its left bank. Far off could be seen, on the horizon, the white towers of the old royal castle of Pressburg, looking ghostly and dreamlike in the moonlit winter

nights. The weather was cold, but clear and fine; November had been unusually warm, and December began with sunshine and no snow. But the "winter campaign" was destined to fulfil the worst meaning of its name before it ended.

On 15th December the Ban and his staff left Haimberg for Bruck, where the whole of the 1st army corps was ready to march, and at 8 a.m. on the 16th the move over the Hungarian frontier was begun. Zeisberg was detached, with the cavalry regiments and six guns, to pass the Leitha and occupy the road to Raab, thus cutting off the retreat of the Magyar troops, while the Ban prepared to attack them at Parndorf.

At 9 o'clock, when Zeisberg had had time to arrive at the desired point, Jellačić led the right wing to the charge, and after a very short fight was master of Parndorf and had broken the Magyar line. He pursued over the heathy land beyond; the great ditches caused many delays, and the enemy, seeing retreat cut off by Zeisberg, took a detour to the south to regain the road to Raab by the heights of Altenburg. Zeisberg made an effort to cut them off again, and his foreguard came up with them in the village of Casimir. Again the Magyars had to retreat, but the Imperialists were obliged to wait for the rest of the corps before pursuing further. Evening had come, and it was not until 8 p.m. that Jellačić marched in, with the main body. Eager and untiring as ever, he proposed to give the troops a few hours' rest, to march at midnight by moonlight, get to Altenburg, and cut off the enemy at the crossing of the Danube, for Windischgrätz was sufficiently close behind to be able to double up the remains of the enemy's force.

It was a daring, well-arranged plan (Pimodan warmly approved of it), and the endurance of the Croats could most probably have stood the strain of two days and a night of such work. Windischgrätz, however, did not make war in any rash or daring way. He sent a messenger from his headquarters at Haimberg, just before midnight, ordering the Ban to remain at Casimir, as by no means could his force arrive in time to take part in an engagement, and the right wing—the Croat army—must not separate so far from the main body. It was an aggravating check—the first of many; and the news brought by the scouts at dawn—that Görgey and his men had slipt through in the night and were safely on the road to Raab—was bitter to the Croat army and its leader.

On the 17th the orders were to march to Sommerein, and on the 18th Jellačić himself undertook a reconnaissance towards Altenburg with 4 divisions of cavalry and 6 guns. It was a lovely day, clear and frosty, with sun flashing on swords and helmets, as the troops marched along the great road to Raab.

Pimodan was scouting ahead, when suddenly, passing an embankment, he saw the enemy in line of battle, only separated from him by a canal. He wheeled round sharply, to see the Ban deploying his squadrons for the unexpected combat. The Magyars had the advantage in numbers as well as in readiness, and though the Imperialists stood their ground under the heavy fire, there was some little confusion. The Ban sent to Lichtenstein at Mickeldorf for reinforcements; but, meanwhile, he galloped on his famous black horse, to the head of the cuirassiers in the front rank, and, in a thrilling voice

ordered them to re-form and stand fast. Then he pulled up and stood, immovable before them, in the place where the fire was hottest. Hompesch pushed himself in front of his general, but the Ban ordered him back with a gesture and the smiling words: "I need no shield between me and the enemy."

For twenty minutes the pause continued, Zeisberg jesting now and then, and the Ban standing as if at a review, while the bullets whistled round him and the cannon-balls rolled on the frozen earth as though they were bowls.

The guns, under Captain Filipović, were being placed in position, and, at last, they began to return the enemy's fire, and the engagement became general. "Where danger was greatest, there was our Ban," says a Croat witness.

At last a cloud of dust in the distance showed that help was coming, and Prince Franz Lichtenstein arrived at a gallop with the reserve. The Hungarians saw that the day had turned, and Görgey drew off towards Raab, at first slowly and then in great haste. The Croats were not strong enough for a pursuit, and they returned to Sommerein, where the night was spent.

On the 19th the Ban continued his march with his whole force to Altenburg, where four days passed in inaction, waiting for Windischgrätz and his slow-moving army. The peasants of this part of Hungary were German in appearance and sympathies, only desirous of peace—poor folk!—and equally annoyed whether ordered to bring supplies to Croats or Magyars.

Now the cold began in earnest, and the swampy land towards the frozen river Raabnitz was treacherous in its half-solid condition. The bridges over

the river had been burnt, and when the Ban reached Szent-Miklos on the 23rd it was necessary to find a crossing and make a bridge, for the ice would only bear in places.

Pimodan, sent to examine the river to find the best point, was lost in the quick-coming darkness and intricacies of the swamps. The bivouac fires guided him; and, at last, he found himself on the bank of the Raabnitz again, but on the wrong side. Leading his horse, he crawled out on to the frozen river, praying that it might prove a point where the ice bore for the whole way across. At the middle there was a crack, and the heavy sound of breaking ice behind; the startled horse tried to turn back, but felt water, and with a plunge, went on, to gain the right bank, with a struggle, in safety.

“To drown under the ice in the darkness would have been a horrible death!” comments Pimodan, in recounting this adventure.

It was expected that there would be a strong defence of Raab, where Görgey had a considerable force, and where the Magyars were said to have solemnly sworn at High Mass to conquer or die. Meanwhile there were numberless little skirmishes and adventures during those cold winter days by Raabnitz. Once a corporal and seven troopers, with despatches for headquarters, were surrounded by honveds in a bend of the river. The Magyars shouted: “Surrender! surrender!” and closed round the Imperialists with pitchforks, scythes, and muskets.

“Long live the Kaiser!” was the answer; and the corporal cut down two and rode over a third of his enemies, in truly heroic style. “Now then,

boys, after me, and cool yourselves!" he shouted, putting spurs into his horse and plunging over the bank into the stream. His men followed him, over and through the honveds, and half-swimming, half-fording the icy river, they reached the other side in safety. The corporal, an Italian, Angelo Ferrarini, received a silver medal and a pension for his plucky act.

Everyone with the army gave accounts of the discomforts and grim attempts at cheeriness of that Christmas time, so different from the usual home-festivities. There was plenty of wood, so fires could be made when not in danger of the enemy's observation; there were addled eggs and cow-beef to eat; but sleet, dense fog, bitter winds, and a thermometer fifteen degrees below zero made the work of patrol, mounting guards, and scouting duties very trying. When night came and the bivouac fires were lit in the most sheltered places, it was all very well for the staff-officers, as Pimodan explains; for their work was over when the orders for the next day were written out, and they could eat and sleep, rolled up in their cloaks, in peace. But the special officers of the Ban had duties still to fulfil, and an absolutely untiring general to serve. Hompesch, Toni Jellačić, and St Quentin, the aides—as well as the orderlies, Thurheim, Harrach, Arthur Nugent, and Pimodan himself,—were liable to be sent off at any hour of the day or night on long rides to Windischgrätz's headquarters, or on extra-dangerous scouting duty. Often daybreak saw them returning, worn out with a night in the saddle and the detours necessary to avoid the enemy's patrols. Thurheim was missing once for forty-eight hours, having escaped with difficulty from a band of

Magyars; and a Major Hacke was less fortunate, for he was cut to pieces in an unfriendly village through which he had to pass.

So Christmas Day was spent in crossing the Raabnitz, and the next march was a long and toilsome one over the swamps to Czecseny. As the staff of the Ban entered the village at night-fall, the shocking spectacle of all the poultry in the place being chased by soldiers with their swords drawn met their horrified eyes. The Croat ability for foraging was as great as ever, and the Ban found himself very frequently paying out of his own purse for his men's suppers.

In that riverine country bridge-building was one of the chief difficulties, for the enemy, naturally, destroyed each one in its retreat. When the Croats reached the river Marczal, the ice was thick enough to support straw with planks above, for the infantry; but the weight of the artillery made such a light structure dangerous, so all hands had to turn to and strengthen it. Officers worked with men; the Ban hauled planks with the best; and, in the end, cavalry and guns crossed in safety. All this took place at daybreak of a bitter morning, with the horses slipping on the ice and frosty boards, men's stomachs craving breakfast and warmth; but, before them, to keep their spirits up, the promise of a fight at Raab if they got there soon.

But Görgey knew his strength and weakness. He had harassed the Imperialists' march, and he knew, as well as any old Boer, the advantage of retreat. He remarks, in his memoirs, that Kossuth asked him to hold Raab for ten days, and that, as Prince Windischgrätz was good enough not to attack until the 27th, it was possible to do so. On

the appearance of the van of the Prince's army (the corps of Jellačić) he took the road to Pesth, and left Raab to fall undefended.

The Imperialists entered the town on the evening of the 27th, and Ottinger and the cavalry were sent on quickly to follow up Görgey. They started with no supper and no feed for the horses; and, in spite of the intense cold, the men slept in their saddles and awoke to find their eyelids frozen. After marching thus all night, at dawn they fell in with the Magyar stragglers, and knew that the main force of the enemy was not far ahead.

"Five of Walmoden's cuirassiers chased a couple of light carts containing troops, and took them after a capital hunt," is the way our friend the cuirassier describes one little adventure.

"At about 10 a.m. the lancers reported that a battalion of the rebel regiment, once the Prince of Prussia's, was retiring across the plain, and Ottinger put himself at the head of the 400 Walmoden cuirassiers in hot pursuit. The enemy formed solid square, and the general prepared for a charge. At his roar of: 'Forward, men!' his troops dashed after him with a cheer.

"They rode down the renegades as though they were Indian corn, would not hear the trumpet-call to return, and would have given no quarter had not the general insisted," writes the cuirassier gleefully.

Ottinger himself had charged, cheering, with his men, when, twenty-five paces from the enemy, his orderly saw that he had no sword in his hand. "Here, Herr General, mine cuts capitally!" cried the young man, offering it to his heedless chief.

After this terribly severe little action, Ottinger's brigade (the Hardegg and Walmoden regiments) received the name of the "butchers" from the Hungarians. Seven officers, several hundred men, and a standard were taken from the rebels in this affair of Babolna.

Dec. 1848-Jan. 1849

CHAPTER XXVIII

SUCCESS AND FAILURE

“When to the field
The battle-trump calls louder
Than erst the cannon pealed
Through drifting smoke of powder,
Clear clinks the rider’s steel,
Up leaps his heart to feel
There, where his squadrons go,
Waits an uncounted foe.”

Soldier-song.

THE Ban left Raab on the 20th December, and it must be confessed that his men were not in the best of tempers. They wanted a battle, they had not forgotten being baulked of that moonlight dash after Görgey, and they grumbled to each other that if the war was to consist of marching across the plains of Hungary always a day behind the enemy, another season than midwinter might have been chosen for the promenade.

After midday the staff reached Kis-Ber, and took up quarters in Count Casimir Batthyany’s fine castle. The pictures of charming ladies on the walls looked down on these soldiers of the Emperor, who were no guests at that hospitable table, but enemies in occupation ; yet the velvety eyes smiled serenely from their gilded frames, and Pimodan, always susceptible to beauty, at least paid them his compliments.

Towards evening news came that Perczel's corps had been prevented from joining Görgey, and, 10,000 strong, was at Moor, hoping to get to Pesth by that route.

If his troops were eager for their long-deferred fight, Jellačić was as ready. He wanted to march at once, before nightfall; but counsel with Zeisberg made more cautious plans prevail. Moor was in the great forest of Bakony, and it would be far easier for the enemy to escape than for the pursuer to attack in such difficult, unknown ground.

The orders were given to march at 4 a.m.; and, to pass the time, the staff sat long at the supper-table, talking over the chances of the coming day. Some believed, or pretended to believe, that they would be "sold again"; and at last, several of the young men went up to where the Ban was sitting and begged him to promise them a fight.

Jellačić laughed as he swore to overtake Perczel, "even if I have to follow him into Asia!" Then he raised his glass and cried: "To our victory, and to those who will do good work to-morrow!" The threefold "Živio!" which greeted the toast made the walls ring.

Before dawn, bitterly cold in the frost-fog, the troops started through the forest by the road which ran from Raab to Stuhlweissenberg. By eight the fog cleared into pale wintry sunlight, and at nine the van left the forest to enter the open ground which surrounds Moor. The Ban was with the foreguard, and what followed we will let his despatch to Prince Windischgrätz show in the fewest possible words:—

"Yesterday—30th December—I heard at Kis-Ber that the enemy's troops, 8000 or 10,000 men

under Perczel, were only a little in front of me on the road to Moor. I decided to pursue, and at 5 o'clock in the morning we started in chase with all our men. An hour before Moor, being in a good position, I surprised the enemy. My desire was to keep on the defensive until Hartlieb's division, which was an hour and a half behind, should arrive; but the enemy began to beat a retreat. This obliged me to attack with Grammont's brigade and Ottinger's cavalry. The movement was courageously executed, especially by the cuirassiers. In half an hour we had broken the enemy's centre, taken six guns and more than 1000 prisoners, including many officers. They say that a rebel general is killed. A whole corps lay dead on the field. Oberlieutenant Count Sternberg and Captain Count Pimodan took the first cannon at the head of a division of Walmoden's cuirassiers. The troops showed the courage befitting the Kaiser's army. Generals Ottinger and Grammont led their men with caution and courage. The chief of my staff, Major-general von Zeisberg, showed, as ever, his military talents. At this moment part of the 5th Jager battalion is bringing in a howitzer taken from the enemy. The remains of Perczel's corps, about 8000, have retreated towards Stuhlweissenberg."

In this very successful action the strength and weakness of Jellačić as a general are clearly shown. His were none of the mathematically proved calculations by which modern commanders make their plans, but his quick decisions were taken on the spur of the moment and the whole value of them lay in instant action. Cavalry, not artillery, was his favourite arm; a charge was his accustomed manoeuvre—a shattering attack, which swept all

before it and left little provision of safety in case of failure.

At Moor, he could not dream of waiting for Hartlieb, but attacked a force of 10,000 with barely half that number. Nothing succeeds like success, and he had the moral advantage of being the pursuer, so that the bold course was, in that case, the safest. But the fact remains : he was, above all things, "no military pedant" ; he was a Croat, with all his national characteristics. Like his men, he loved a quick action, fought better in attack than in defence, and firmly believed in fate and his star for good or ill.

The engagement at Moor abounded in picturesque incidents and hand-to-hand fighting.

Perczel was seen riding up and down between his ranks encouraging his men, and it was said he offered them two florins apiece if they were victorious. In the flight, only the swiftness of his horse saved him, and the news he brought spread consternation when it reached Pesth.

One curious circumstance was that, in the retreat, the Hungarian hussars, making for Moor, had to gallop alongside instead of away from the cuirassiers. The Imperialists thought at first that the enemy had joined them, but it was a race for safety and nothing else.

The Ban had kept his promise and given his men a fight, and nothing would have pleased him better than to follow up the success quickly. Had he marched on at once, he could have cut off Perczel's retreating corps from Pesth and prevented his junction with Görgey. But, as before, the second army corps was far behind, so far as Acs near Komorn, on the night of the 30th ; and without

its backing, an engagement with Görgey's force was not to be risked. Even as it was, had Görgey advanced on the Croats while they were encamped at Moor, he might have divided them from the main army and done them serious harm. But Görgey had also his handicaps. The Diet and Kossuth sent him a message begging him to give battle and to defend Buda-Pesth, because they were taking the train to Debreczin. He hastened to Pesth on 2nd January, and found Kossuth fled, so he took what measures he thought fitting, though he seems to have had no real intention of giving battle before the walls of the Magyar capital or of making it "another Saragossa," as the Magyar journals grandiloquently boasted.

When the second corps was in touch, the Ban moved on, through a heavy snowstorm, to Lovas-Bereny. By the 2nd of January, he was at Marton-vasar, while the second corps was at Bicske. On the 3rd, near Tetény, after midday, the enemy came in sight, and, in spite of the distance, a battery on the hill opened fire. The remains of Perczel's corps were still trying to unite with Görgey, who, meanwhile, was on the left and not far away. Thus the Ban's corps was between two fires, but their leader did not hesitate to attack. It was only a half-hour's fight, before the enemy retreated and the Ban entered Tetény at the head of his men.

The part of the second corps at Bia might have hastened, and, guided by the sound of cannon, would have cut off Perczel completely; but its general contented himself with sending a squadron of cavalry, which, finding the road blocked by ditches and felled trees, made no further effort, but returned to headquarters having accomplished

nothing. So Görgey and Perczel united forces, crossed the Danube, and made their way to other fields ; the first marching towards upper Hungary and the last across the Theiss.

Thus it was that Windischgrätz found his mission accomplished and yet unfulfilled. He had purposed to enter Pesth and so end the Hungarian rebellion. Pesth lay before him defenceless, but the rebel army was still in the field, fashioning a new plan of campaign—the concentration of their forces on the line of the Theiss.

Instead of being roused to a real soldier's spirit of perseverance, the mood that makes a once-baulked general ten times more dangerous, he seemed unable to understand that he had failed, and he was totally unequal to forming a counter-plan which should quickly turn the new state of things to some advantage.

On 3rd January the Marshal, in his camp at Bicske, was approached by Louis Batthyany on behalf of the town of Pesth. Things had gone further than Batthyany had ever intended ; he was now in opposition to Kossuth and desperately clinging to his loyalty and the illegality of the Emperor Franz Joseph's accession. But Windischgrätz refused to receive any "rebel" envoys. "I have no question to entertain with you but your unconditional submission," was his present version of the famous "I do not treat with rebels"; and his troops hoped, from those words, that their general meant to lead them soon to a decisive battle.

First, the rebellious city had to be humbled, and on 5th January Windischgrätz and Jellačić rode in at the head of their men.

It was a great day for the Croats : the day for

which they had prayed four months earlier. Yet it was no real triumph, even for them. An Austrian general shared the honours with their Ban, they were very weary with fruitless hard marching, and now, at the end, there was no glorious battle, no storm and sack, to rouse their spirits. The inhabitants of Pesth scowled round the Croat ranks, and the borderers smiled at their rage, but would rather have met their enemies in hand-to-hand fighting.

When Jellačić left his quarters at Count Karolyi's palace, and mounted his horse to ride across the famous chain-bridge to Buda, "all Pesth trembled at the thundering 'Živio!' which his men gave him, and even the Magyars bore witness that nothing could be more touching than to see how the Croats loved their Ban."

It seems incredible that Prince Windischgrätz should have lingered as he did in Pesth. A few days to rest and refit would have sufficed his troops, yet the whole month of January and half of February saw them still kicking their heels in idleness. The officers found plenty of amusement: *thés* were a raging fashion, the theatre was good, all the pretty Hungarian girls, who were not nationalist, cast their melting eyes with favour on the Whitecoats, and their low, deep voices and strange accent gave great piquancy to the mildest flirtation. One could dance and make love, but the Magyar army was being organised and equipped with all the skill which Görgey, Bem, Damjanić and the rest could muster, and each day was an advantage to them.

Not only valuable time was being lost, but lives were being deliberately thrown away. Since 2nd

December Schlick and his men had been steadily fighting in Upper Hungary, about Eperies and Kaschau, unsupported and outnumbered. Before the end of January Görgey and Klapka were both harrying the Imperialists, and Schlick smoked his inevitable cigar on many a hard-fought field.

“They faced each other like well-matched chess-players,” says Leiningen, writing of Görgey and Schlick in this “ever-memorable winter campaign.”

The Imperial general had a long record of gallant service. Born in 1789, he had been adjutant to Bubna, who was General-adjutant to Kaiser Franz himself, and so, at court and in the field, he had seen much of cities and men. In 1813, a severe wound cost him the sight of an eye, but he remained to the end of his life the *beau sabreur*, the beloved of women and men, the “gallant Schlick” of song and story. Certainly his campaign during January and February 1849 showed every quality of good generalship, and, had assistance been sent to him, or had Windischgrätz taken the offensive with decision, the long drawn-out campaign would soon have been over and many lives and much money would have been spared.

Schlick is one of the most picturesque figures of that picturesque time. He carried his sixty years as lightly as though they were six-and-twenty, and was a smart, spruce figure either on foot or on horseback. His long dark moustache, strongly-cut nose, and the black patch over his lost eye gave his face a look of soldierly fierceness, very *débonnaire* and romantic. They told numberless stories of his coolness under fire, of his sending a message to “tell Countess C. that I will drink tea with her as usual,” at the moment when a doubtful engagement was turn-

ing to his advantage, and of his eternal cigar, beloved by all his army, because, when it was well alright, the order for attack would follow. That was the man who slowly retired "with a sting in his tail" before the overwhelming strength of Klapka and Görgey, until even Windischgrätz had to make some movement in his defence. The Prince proposed to attack the front of the Hungarian army while Schlick harassed its rear; but Schlick was already at Petervasár, too late to carry out the manœuvre. He could only hasten on to be in time to assist Windischgrätz at the hard-fought field of Kapolna, on February 27th.

Feb., March, April 1849

CHAPTER XXIX

KAPOLNA AND THE CONSTITUTION

“Like a lion leaping on,
Dembinski bars the way,
And the Prince, with deep dismay,
Sees his chance of victory gone.
Shouts of joy the rebels raise,
But their Polish leader’s gaze
Turns to northward : cries he, ‘ Quick !
Fly ! he comes, the one-eyed Schlick !
Charging in his fiery might.’
And the rebel-horde takes flight.”

Soldier-song from “Der Winter-Feldzug.”

As in November, one reason for Windischgrätz’s delay through January and February was his concern with the political settlement of the Empire. He had demanded that the young Emperor should sign nothing which was not first submitted to him, and whether this somewhat arrogant request was complied with or not, he certainly kept in close touch with the ministers at Kremsier and especially with his brother-in-law, Felix Schwartzenberg.

Stadion, struggling with failing health, Bach, rapidly dropping his revolutionary ideas to become a reactionary, and Bruck, the open-minded, enthusiastic man of affairs, all insisted on the adoption of a really liberal and uniform constitution for the whole Empire, except rebellious Hungary. Schwartzenberg, seeing the disturbed state of Italy and Germany, had good reasons for his partial

opposition, and Windischgrätz objected, on principle, to the whole scheme. On 22nd February, the Marshal's idea of a constitution was placed before the Ministry, and Stadion and Bach both said that they would resign sooner than adopt it. Schwartzenberg shrugged it away, as he had dismissed Bruck's suggestion of a modification of Norway's constitution to suit Austrian needs, with a click of his snuff-box, but it remained for him to conciliate his obstinate brother-in-law. The situation was most serious: all Austria was awaiting the result of the deliberations at Kremsier, and disunion among the heads of the State at such a moment threatened to embroil the whole Empire afresh.

Hubner, Schwartzenberg's *alter ego*, was sent to reason with Prince Windischgrätz and to show him how dangerous his opposition was at such a time. The constitution had to be blocked out on liberal lines to give the boy-Emperor any chance of remaining on his throne, and the Marshal owed it to his monarch to make the difficult way as easy as possible.

After a wild drive and some adventures, Hubner reached Pesth at 1 a.m., and landed at the Hôtel du Tigre, which Jellačić had made his quarter-general. He noticed the groups of Sereshans round the hotel, sleeping on the stairs and on guard before the Ban's rooms, and, at sunrise on the 26th, he had an interview with Jellačić himself.

The Croat, as usual, gave his views very frankly. He deeply regretted the slowness of operations, and was especially hurt at being left now as rear-guard, while Windischgrätz took the offensive at last. His corps had been the van, and, so far as he knew, had done nothing to forfeit the honour, so that to

condemn him to inactivity at such a critical moment was an injustice, to say the least.

Hubner left him, and, in the ante-room, had a few words with Pimodan, who lamented, like his chief, the sad fate of trailing his sabre on the pavement of Pesth instead of fighting the enemy.

With a young hussar, sent by Jellačić, as guide, Hubner then drove over the "horrid roads" to Windischgrätz's headquarters at Gyöngös, where the Marshal received him with his usual calm hauteur, and gave him tea. The action of Kapolna had actually begun, but the principal matter discussed was the deliberation proceeding at Kremsier. Hubner put forth all the arguments with which Prince Felix had supplied him, and showed the terrible consequences of a rupture at that point, until, at last, the Marshal gave in and said: "You are right, one must accept this charter. It is bad, but there is nothing else to do."

Next morning—Tuesday—the Marshal drove off with a brilliant suite to the battle-field, and Hubner returned post-haste to Kremsier, where he arrived at midnight and brought Prince Felix a good night's sleep with the news of his success. Thus the nascent constitution was saved for that moment, and the leader of the army could turn his full attention to the campaign he was conducting.

On the 26th there had been some fruitless cannonading, though at dusk two Frontier battalions (Ottochan and Warasdin-Kreuz), with terrifying yells, had driven the enemy out of Sirok, and at 4 a.m. next day the march on Verpeléth began.

Schlick himself had done thirty-six hours on horseback, with no meals but two cups of tea, and so utterly tired was he, that he flung himself on the ground to

sleep while his troops got under arms. His rest was short, for the men marching past his camp-fire could not be restrained from giving a cheer, which roused him to take horse and lead them again.

Dembinski, the hasty Pole, was in command of the Hungarian force, and Schlick's determined storming of the village of Verpeléth drove him back, while Windischgrätz attacked his centre. The honours of the day were with Schlick, who lost about 200 men, but gained the position.

This battle of Kapolna made the enemy retreat across the Theiss, and Jellačić, with a small corps at Szolnok, did not receive the news in time to stop their passage.

The object of the Imperialists was now to close the roads to Pesth—defensive rather than offensive operations.

The Ban was given orders to prevent a Magyar advance by Czegled, and there, in the midst of those infinite plains, he and his men watched and skirmished during the month of March.

News came up from the south that Theodorović and his Serb levies were fighting hard, and with success, by the Romer-Schanze (the district between the rivers Maros, Theiss, and Danube, still called the Roman Dykes), and Jellačić hastened with Schlick to Pesth on 15th March to lay a plan before the Marshal and the council of war. He asked to be allowed to unite his corps with that of Schlick and to march towards Szegedin, cross the Theiss and join Theodorović. The Magyars were obviously concentrating all along that river, and no crushing defeat could be inflicted on them by waiting at Pesth, while the line of the upper Danube was rapidly becoming indefensible. Six

weeks later all this was acknowledged, but at the moment Windischgrätz could not see his way to spare so large a body of troops and had no idea of abandoning Pesth. And six weeks later, Theodorović had been almost cut to pieces, while the whole country up to the left bank of the Danube was in the hands of the Magyars.

On 4th March the Emperor signed the constitution, that abused, short-lived charter of rights and liberties which was the first step towards the unity of Austria. Professor Friedjung calls its parliamentary ordinances the groundwork of the constitutions of 1861 and 1867, the basis of the universal suffrage bill of 1906, and of the elective questions of to-day. The whole trend was to put the government into the hands of the middle-class instead of the nobles; but, as Grünberg said in his history: "Nowhere in Europe has the work of peasant-freedom been done with such energy and foresight, and with such great results as in Austria."

The special clauses relating to Croatia gave vague promise of national rights, of the union of the Serb Voïvodstvo and independence of Hungary—all questions which were left to be considered in detail later. The Military Frontier was to conserve its peculiar laws so far as the safety of the country demanded, but was promised a special statute to arrange civil matters. On this point, we have an interesting memorandum written by an officer of high rank who looked back on his twenty years of frontier service as the happiest time of his life, and who could speak with authority on the special needs and hardships of the border-folk. He shows plainly that the old state of things had come to an end, and modern conditions forbade the continuance of the

“armed camp,” with no law but the harsh one of perpetual military service. The spirit of the Frontier would always respond to the country’s danger, but it was in hope of new freedom and betterment that sixty battalions had sprung into life at the mere word “the Ban wants soldiers.” A fresh organisation, equal rights and equal service with the rest of the Empire, was necessary for the Frontier, not the destruction of the whole fine plan of old days, but an adaptation to modern conditions and the progress of the nation.

The 75th article of the constitution, provisional, as indeed was the whole great work, only ordered that in military standing the Frontier should remain unaltered, but, in confirmation of the frontier folk’s hopes, the Emperor himself wrote to the Ban, through Baron Kulmer, as follows:—

“DEAR BARON VON JELLAČIĆ,—In reference to Article 75 of the constitution bestowed upon my people, I think it well to inform you that my gallant and loyal Frontiersmen shall remain as before in all their peculiar organisation as soldiers; nevertheless, in their civil constitution they shall share all the privileges of my other peoples. Therefore, you will place before me proposals as to how to bring these important and useful frontier institutions into harmony with the arrangements for the united monarchy.

FRANZ JOSEPH.

“OLMÜTZ, 31st March 1849.”

In April, a commission was appointed in Zagreb, to go to Vienna and to lay before the Emperor the rights and desires of Croatia, which the constitution had by no means fulfilled. The address laid stress

on the services rendered to the throne by Croatia and by her Ban, and expressed the opinion that the new charter took small notice of the ancient constitution of the kingdom or of the present needs of its inhabitants. The points decided on as necessary at the meeting of the Diet in June 1848 were put forth again, and the four deputies who presented the address were graciously received by the young Emperor. He said that he rejoiced to see their pride of nationality as well as their loyalty, and he acknowledged the magnificent service done to his House by the Croats and their knightly Ban. All that he could do to fulfil their desires, and for the unity and harmony of the whole Empire, should be done, and he ended his speech with the cry, in their own tongue : "Long live the ancient Croat-Slavonic people!"

For Austria could not yet dispense with Croatia's help, while Hungary rose in revolt more strongly each day ; so the language of government and crown was, above all things, conciliatory. Stadion meant to make his constitution good, but he broke down even before its details were settled. In the end, provisional it was and provisional it remained, until the word became a jest throughout Austria, and if you grumbled at your post-horses, you were told with a grin that they, like everything else, were only provisional.

Away in that outpost of Empire, the long narrow gulf called the Bocche di Cattaro, where one can look up to the wall of the Black Mountain towering above the huddled old Italian town by the sea, there was trouble and disorder stirring. Religion, among these Greek and Catholic mixed folk, was always a ground of dispute, and hot-heads in Cattaro had

thought the difficult situation of the Empire a good occasion for strife among themselves and a rising against the authorities.

Jellačić sent them a message, as their Governor, Ban and compatriot, begging them to keep the peace of the Empire, promising to come to them so soon as the war was over, and hoping that he should find no need for the strong hand of authority, but should be able to greet them as a loving father.

“Wait for me with patience,” he ended his letter. At the same time (1st April 1849) he wrote to the Vladika of Montenegro :—

“Great cares beset me, and to the anxieties of the war are added daily new political dissensions in the Slav countries of our Empire, and amongst these last are the recent disorders at Cattaro.”

As a friend of the Empire and as a brother-Slav, the Ban asked Peter Petrović to assist in the preservation of peace in the Bocche di Cattaro. “This will be a new proof of your high conception of our interests and the strong affection of all the Southern Slav brotherhood.”

On 13th March Jellačić had been promoted to the rank of F.Z.M., and while he and his corps were still manoeuvring about Czegled at the beginning of April, he received news that Görgey was advancing towards Pesth by way of Hatvan. Windischgrätz sent orders to recall both his left and right wings to the centre at Gödöllö, but the Ban’s troops had scarcely reached Alberti when they received fresh instructions to join Schlick, who was observing the enemy’s movements towards Hatvan. It was necessary to give the men some rest, but at seven in the evening (3rd April) they started on the march again. In the twilight, the enemy’s bivouac



JOSEPH JELLAČIĆ, F.Z.M. AND BAN.

fires could be seen, as men and horses stumbled wearily through the deep mud of recently thawed roads. They did not reach their halting-place, Tatio-Bicske, until after midnight, and at 8 a.m. they were on the march again by the swampy left bank of the Tatio stream. The Ban rode at the head of the first column all the morning, and he had stopped at the village of Setzö to overlook and hasten the rest of the line, when he heard cannon behind him. The orders were to join Schlick without losing time or engaging in any skirmish by the way, so Rastich, commanding the rearguard, was warned not to fight under any circumstances, and six guns were placed on an adjacent hill to ward off the enemy's attack. Presently, news came that Rastich's brigade was being harassed: the Ban reiterated the order to come on at all costs, but half an hour passed and the noise of firing continued, yet coming no nearer. There was nothing for it but to stop the march of the rest, and the Ban, pacing restlessly to and fro, sent Pimodan in all haste to see what was going on in the rear. The fact was that Klapka had seen his opportunity, and, with 8000 men and Damjanič's corps for reserve, had cut off Rastich's two weak battalions at Tatio-Bicske. The Ottochan regiment made such a gallant defence that the Hungarians drew off, and Rastich ought, at that moment, to have hastened with all speed to join the Ban. But his men were excited and out of hand, and, paying no attention to orders, they went on with the pursuit of the enemy. Damjanič turned to Klapka's aid, and the Croats were forced by a terrific fire back into the swamps of the Tatio. The Ottochan men were falling and fighting with grim determination, when Pimodan rode up and

cried in horror: "Is this all that is left of the brigade?" It was not; for the rest, rallied on rising ground, greeted with shouts of joy the returning Ottochan regiment as it dragged up nine guns taken from the enemy. Rastich re-formed, crossed the Tapió by the burning village of Bicske, and hastened towards Setzö, before the Hungarians had time to intercept him again, though they kept up a fire from the hill-sides. Pimodan rode by a shorter path to regain his chief, and one of the most painful sights of war met his eyes by the way—the injured horses striving in vain to rejoin their ranks, and having to be shot down as they neared their friends. At Schak, he found some cavalry who believed the Rastich brigade to be lost, so he galloped on to bring relief to the chief's mind.

"I got to Setzö; saw anxiety on all faces; even the Ban looked agitated. I ran to him. 'Excellency,' I said, 'the Rastich brigade will be here in an hour, with nine cannon taken by the Ottochan regiment.'

"'Oh, my good Ottochans, my good soldiers! Well done, Rastich!' cried Jellačić. 'Thank you! thank you!'—and he shook me warmly by the hand."

On that evening, Schlick and his suite, riding out to make a reconnaissance towards Hatvan, had a quaint experience not uncommon during that strange campaign.

From the other side of a wide ditch, a troop of Hungarian hussars sent a few bullets towards the Imperialists. Presently, one of them shouted to Schlick's officers: "Heh, let us stop firing and talk a bit, won't you?"

They came nearer, and proved to be the Nicholas

Hussars, some of whose late officers were now riding in Schlick's suite. There followed a long conversation, and finally the hussars gave a cheer for F.M.L. Prince Lichtenstein, who had been their colonel in old days. They assured him that he had better come back to them, for they would follow him gladly, and, as one naïvely remarked, their present officers were much worse than he had been.

Good-nights ended the chat, and both sides rode home.

These curious encounters between men of the same regiment fighting against one another were common enough ; and common, too, was the bitter sorrow of finding a friend or relative dead in the enemy's uniform. Hungary paid in more than mere loss of life for her desperate attempt to become a separate nation.

April 1849

CHAPTER XXX

THE BATTLE OF ISASZEG AND EVACUATION OF PESTH

“ ‘Up !’ commanded Schlick, and his soldiers,
Who for a moment in lager lay,
Sprang with the joy of war to their weapons,
Hastened once more to the bitter fray.
'Forward ! the Ban has need of battalions !
Schlick to the rescue, and turn the day !’ ”

Song from “Der Winter-Feldzug.”

ON 5th April the junction with Schlick was to have been made ; but, seeing some of the enemy's scouts in the distance, the Ban halted near Fenzaru and sent some of his men in various directions to get news. He found that Schlick was not at Hatvan, as he had expected, but had retired to Isaszeg, a village to the south of Gödöllö. That meant a weary march back, and then to the left, towards Isaszeg. At eleven in the evening, it was obvious that the men could do no more. They had marched for three days from sunrise until late at night, and were in sore need of more than a few hours' rest. Cattle were driven with the column ; but it was necessary to force the men to kill and cut them up for soup, as they would rather have dropped to sleep, supperless. The cavalry, however, ranged half the night searching for forage, and took the thatch from cottage roofs if they could find nothing else. Lard was the great requisite of the commissariat. With

a bit of it in his pocket, the soldier went on gaily through the day, and often the Ban, as well as his officers, had no other provender.

After the night's rest, they went on through the woods, where Pimodan was amused to see a whole battalion set to work to chivy a passing squirrel during a short halt. The Croats might have done a long march, but they were not at the end of their strength!

Towards midday, leaving the wood, they came in sight of Isaszeg, and a magnificent view of valley and heights beyond Gödöllö stretched before them. The troops were halted for a meal ; but the sound of cannon-fire stopped the cooking, and almost before the men were in their ranks the enemy's attack began. The Ban hastened to get his artillery posted on the heights, and to hold his position at all costs. For three hours the hard fighting continued, their chief standing near the guns and encouraging his men. Suddenly, beyond the stream, a new firing began. The Croats, who were beginning to feel the tremendous superiority of the enemy's numbers, broke into a cheer, and took heart again. Schlick, hearing the guns, had marched from Gödöllö through the forest, and thus came to the rescue in the nick of time.

Jellačić sent Ottinger with the Hardegg Cuirassiers to cross the river ; but he soon saw the impossibility of attacking in force, for Görgey's army numbered 52,000 men. All the time, the Ban had been under fire, "cheering on his Croats like a father" ; and when one of his staff expostulated with him for exposing himself unnecessarily, he answered that he felt no bullet would touch him that day.

Ottinger could not bring off a charge, but had to

return, and, at sunset, the corps received orders to retire towards Gödöllö.

Görgey counts this a decided victory for the Magyars, and there is no doubt that, in spite of Schlick's success, the Imperialists had the worst of the whole day's fighting. Windischgrätz decided on a general retreat towards Pesth, in such order that the army could at any moment face the Magyar army if, as seemed likely, it attacked again. The generals went to meet the Prince and to get further orders, while the army halted in battle array.

The Ban received an ovation from Schlick's men as he rode past them, and the Croat troops gave the *beau sabreur* a similar cheer when he joined their leader at a gallop. Windischgrätz was at an inn, and there he held a solemn council of war on the future operations. Some generals proposed to concentrate the whole force at Waitzen, to wait for Görgey there, and, if not strong enough to give battle, to retire beyond the Gran to a good position and await reinforcements. The other party insisted on a retreat to Pesth, and to this course Windischgrätz finally inclined.

Görgey did not follow up his success of Isaszeg, but the Imperial army bivouacked near Pesth in the plain of the Rakos, while the enemy's reserve, under Aulich, occupied some villages not very far away.

After two days' repose, the Prince ordered a reconnaissance as far as the river Rakos, from which the Hungarian brigade could be seen with glasses; but, for fear of an ambush, no attack was allowed. Some cavalry—Ottinger, sent by the Ban, and a small force of Schlick's—and guns were sent further and came in touch with the enemy. In rainy, windy weather they rode out, Schlick's horsemen looking

like phantoms in the mist as they appeared near Kerepes, and Ottinger sent a reassurance to Windischgrätz and a request to be allowed to attack, as the main part of Görgey's army was certainly not there. But night fell amid torrents of rain, so that the order to retire had to be given, and again the army camped before the walls of Pesth.

As a matter of fact, Görgey had beaten the brigades of Götz (who died in the rebels' hands) and Jablonowski, and was marching towards Komorn. Some hold that here the Hungarian general threw away the great chance of the campaign. He had left Windischgrätz safely bottled up at Pesth ; he had beaten the corps between him and Komorn ; and, if he had marched straight on Vienna, there seemed little hope for the Kaiserstadt again. But Görgey was short of ammunition, and he had no desire to carry the war into Austria. He stated, once more, his loyalty to King Ferdinand, in spite of Kossuth's urgings towards a republic, and manœuvred about Gran.

On 14th April the sound of cannon made Jellačić hurry from Pesth to the camp to call out his men. Ottinger and his cavalry were to the fore as usual, the general himself having a narrow escape of his life. It was merely a skirmish, and another little engagement took place on the heights of Steinbruch on the 16th, when Jellačić came to Schlick's aid and beat back the attacking Hungarians.

These small engagements cost lives and led to nothing, and the authorities in Vienna were asking sharply why the war still lingered on, coming to no conclusion. It was evident that the Imperial forces were losing, not gaining, each day. Görgey was advancing on Komorn ; Bem was master of

Transylvania; Perczel had thrown Theodorović back on the right bank of the Danube, and was wasting the Raizen country with horrible cruelty to the Serb inhabitants; and the small army that had fled before Windischgrätz in December now numbered 80,000 disciplined men. The apex of the Magyar rising was reached, the republic was proclaimed, with Kossuth as dictator, and it seemed as though they could obtain what terms they pleased from Austria.

It was time for a change of generalship, and Schlick and Jellačić, above all, had reason to complain of the Commander-in-chief, who had baulked their plans so often. Still, when the news came that Prince Windischgrätz was superseded, the men who had cause enough to blame his failure regretted his disgrace. He was a fine figure of a general: an impassive, stately person, kind and courteous in daily life, somewhat mediæval in his tone of mind, and a gentleman in every sense of the word. He leaves the page of history with a tinge of bitterness, for he was convinced that he owed his removal from command to the machinations of his enemies. He continued to be the head of the Conservative party, and to oppose what he called the "robbing of the nobles." Three years later, in an interview with the young Emperor, he spoke of the "intrigue" of which he had been a victim.

"No," said Franz Joseph, "there you are wrong, dear Prince. You believe yourself to have been the victim of an intrigue of Prince Schwartzenberg, but that was not the case; as things were, I had to do my duty as King."

"Ah, your Majesty, then that does away with my last hope, for this was all my comfort; but if your

Majesty thinks it was your duty, then I can only lay my sword at your feet at once."

"Oh, now, what is wrong with you?" asked Franz Joseph, and he tried to soothe his embittered general's feelings, but to no purpose. Windischgrätz retired altogether into private life under a cloud which made a sad ending to a brilliant career.

His successor in the command of the army before Pesth was General Welden, who had been commander in Tirol and had taken part in the Italian campaign of 1848.

It was a difficult situation for the new commander, but he took the most reasonable course with commendable speed and activity. He decided to abandon Pesth, leave a small garrison in the fortress of Buda, and retire with the 2nd and 3rd corps to Pressburg and the Austrian frontier, there to receive reinforcement and reorganisation. The 1st corps was to march by the right bank of the Danube to Esseg, and assist the Serb army and the besiegers of Peterwardein. Thus, the plan made by Jellačić in mid March was to be carried out at last, but under conditions made much more difficult by the long delay.

Welden assured everyone that it was only a strategic retirement, that the offensive in earnest would shortly be taken, and, in proof, he left a small garrison under Hentzi at Buda, a force not strong enough to stand a determined siege, and destined to be sacrificed to save Austria's pride.

Nevertheless, the army, weary and disgusted by these months of mismanagement, felt the evacuation of Pesth as a personal dishonour. The night of the 23rd-24th of April was fixed for the movement, and the Ban's corps was ordered to join that of

General Schlick in making a feint on the enemy's positions, so as to deceive them as to the retreat about to be made. It was the custom of the officers not on duty to ride into Pesth when each day's work was done, attend the opera, and show themselves in any of the few salons still kept open by their loyal mistresses. Pimodan vouches for the charm of those evenings which formed such a piquant contrast to the soldier-work of the day. The nationalist ladies were preparing garlands for Kossuth and his men, but the imperialist dames showed their feelings by welcoming the Austrian and Croat soldiers with plucky gaiety. Many a tender good-bye was said at a midnight parting which proved indeed a farewell for ever, and many a ribbon or a flower hardly withered was found on the body of a lad who had only carried it for a few hours.

Countess N. asked one of the staff for news of young Mayer, who had been quartered at one time at her house and who used to come to see her daily.

"He can't do himself the honour to visit you, because he's killed," said his comrade naïvely, remembering only too well how poor Mayer had died from another shot as he was being carried, wounded, to the rear.

Sometimes there was a miraculous escape to laugh over, during those evening reunions. Captain Zastavniković, aide-de-camp to Ottinger, was turning in his saddle to speak to his general, and had his right hand on his horse's mane, when a bullet passed between his arm and the beast's neck, tearing off his uniform sleeve-buttons, but doing him no harm; and you may be sure that the story lost nothing in the telling that night at the theatre.

On the 23rd the troops received orders to be in readiness to leave their bivouacs. But Schlick and many of the staff attended the opera as usual, partly from bravado, and partly from a desire to keep the retreat a secret as long as possible. What was happening had leaked out, of course ; and many a Magyar stared at the Austrian general, trying to read signs of his feelings, as he sat so unconcernedly watching the stage with a smile.

To the Ban and Schlick was given the honour of covering the evacuation. Ottinger deployed his cavalry at midnight, to ward off an attack ; and at the bridge over the Danube, Jellačić, Schlick, and the staff gathered in silence, watching the infantry defile across. It was a bitter moment. Schlick smiled, and Jellačić summoned all his stern fatalism ; but they both felt the crushing blow to their souls.

“The black and yellow dogs run !” shouted a Magyar voice ; but there was no answer, no sound from the troops who had entered the town so triumphantly four months before.

At daybreak Jellačić and Schlick mounted their horses, said good-bye—“to our next meeting on other battle-fields,”—and parted with good wishes for the future.

The two staffs said warm farewells ; the chiefs cried, “Long live the Emperor !” as a last protest and encouragement ; and all galloped off in two directions—Schlick towards Raab, and the Ban for the south.

Some loyalists of Pesth rode with the Croats, and also a few hussar officers whose regiments were with the insurgents. These unfortunate men were torn in two by their national pride and their loyalty ;

but, at any rate, the Imperialist defeats were no surprise to them.

“How can you expect our army to stand up against the Hungarians?” said one of these officers to Pimodan. “We haven’t one hussar amongst us; they are all with the enemy!”

April-May 1849

CHAPTER XXXI

DOWN THE DANUBE

“Never get too much brandy into your heads, children ; but have God in your hearts, and the devil in your bodies.”—*Old saying of Colonel Bubenhofen.*

THE Austrian force against Hungary was now divided into the armies of the North and South.

Welden had soon to resign on the score of health ; and, at the end of May, Haynau succeeded him in command of the Northern army.

Jellačić, in command of the army of the South, had three divisions : in all 26,700 infantry, 4400 cavalry, and 2600 artillery ; while 10 battalions, 1 squadron, and 51 guns lay in lager before Peterwardein.

Slowly the Ban’s division moved southward along the right bank of the Danube : at Erczen on 25th April, at Adony next day ; the endless road taking them sometimes close to the great river, sometimes along the line of low hills which rises on the right bank from Pesth to Mohacs. From these vine-clad heights the view extended over illimitable plains, the sun sank and rose over the flat horizon as though over the sea, and for miles and miles a solitary herdsman and his flock would be the only sign of human life.

The infinite melancholy of the puzta—a sadness like that which lies in the background of Hungarian

music, the strange emptiness of this stretch of country more lonely than the sea,—quieted even the Croat songs. The men marched as though in a dream, silently moving in their long columns, and seeming at the end of a day no nearer their goal than at the beginning, so vast were the distances and so unchanging the landmarks.

Now and again the enemy's bands would appear on the other side of the river, but no fighting took place.

Once the famous ex-brigand, Rozy Sandor, was sighted with his band, armed with cattle-whips as well as muskets. This man had offered his services at the beginning of the war, had received a pardon for his freebooting crimes from Kossuth, and, with his 300 men, had been of great service to the rebels, for he was expert at carrying off cattle and other Government supplies. He could fight when occasion required, but preferred his ancient trade legitimised into commandeering. At the end of the war he was hunted by a cavalry regiment; but his horse was too good for them, and he got off scot-free.

At Földvar a scourge worse than the enemy attacked the Croat troops. It was hot May weather, and cholera broke out in the camp. The Ban took prompt measures and got his men on board the river steamers, so as to put water between them and the disease. Thus they came to the Esseg, past Mohacs, with its memories of the most disastrous fight in Hungarian history, and there they camped for some time.

Ottinger was sent to Fünfkirchen to relieve a fort attacked by a Magyar volunteer force, and found his work easy, for the volunteers drew off after a skirmish.

For three weeks the soldiers' life is described by our friend the cuirassier as "eating, drinking, and making love in the broiling sun"; but there were many preoccupations harassing their commander.

Jellačić found the situation of the Imperial troops in the south most desperate. All that remained of Theodorović's corps of 15,000 was a force of about 3000 men under Colonel Puffer at Karlovitz, and General Mayerhof with 1200 men at Semlin. Colonel Mamula still held his position before Peterwardein, but had only 2000 men to guard his trenches, and all his skill and energy barely sufficed to keep the Magyars from breaking through his lines to ravage Slavonia and Croatia.

The Military Frontier was in a terrible state. It was cleared of men; war, famine, and disease had done their worst; whole villages had been burnt, and their surviving inhabitants had fled to the woods, where they lived and died like beasts. The traces of massacre and war to the death were everywhere, and the hot sun of early summer was drawing the poison of the half-buried corpses into the water of those swampy districts by the rivers.

All this made the military situation one of extreme difficulty. The commissariat alone of a large force in such a devastated district was a superhuman task, and the effort to keep the men in health under such conditions was hopeless.

Also, Jellačić was Ban as well as F.Z.M. of an army, and his country had for long been demanding his presence. He alone could settle the many dissensions which had arisen, and put an end to some seditious propaganda that had been doing mischief. The end of the Hungarian war in May seemed further off than ever, and Croatia refused

to acknowledge the new constitution and demanded her ruler. He answered the urgent call, and on 7th May made a hasty journey to Zagreb.

There, on 9th May, he addressed a proclamation to his people :—

“ In the midst of pressing work, I have seized a little time and have come to see my beloved folk. When I left you last autumn, I hoped that you would remain firm in your design and pay no heed to vain delusions, and I have not been deceived in you. In your midst some false prophets have appeared and have tried to lead you from the way of law and reason; but, for the most part, you have shown your right feeling, and you remain as ever, good, reasonable, and peaceful.

“ I must leave you again to fight for those holy things which you acknowledged to be your desires in the Diet of last year; and, as I go, I adjure you by the living God that you guard order and peace as your dearest treasures, for without peace and order comes no true freedom, fortune, or welfare; remain true as before to your reigning King and the illustrious dynasty; continue to show the desire to maintain the integrity of the monarchy which your representative upheld last year before all the world; be obedient to the authorities; pay attention to the administrators of justice, and help them in their difficult task. This is your Ban’s request, and he has only the one desire—to see his people happy. God be with you! JELLAČIĆ BAN.”

A provisory Press-law was also the result of the Ban’s visit, and then “ followed by his people’s blessing,” he hastened back to his post at Esseg.

Meanwhile, very bad news had come down the river from the north—the last communication that could reach the Southern army by the Danube-route for some time: Buda had fallen!

Welden had left Hentzi in command of a merely nominal force of 4000 men, including two Frontier regiments. Buda was not a strong fortress—hardly, indeed, defensible without a large garrison and guns; but when Görgey demanded its surrender, gallant General Hentzi said that he and his men would die at their post before they yielded.

The first serious attack was on 4th May, when one of the castle's water supplies was cut off, while the other, a forcing-pump, was attempted in vain. For fourteen days after that Hentzi held out, and even the general assault on the night of 17th to 18th May was unsuccessful against his determined defence. On the next nights feigned attacks took place, and the worn-out garrison felt that the end was very near. The fortress-palace of Buda rears its long front directly above the chain-bridge across the Danube, and Hentzi's only means of defence was to send a few bombs flying across the river into Pesth, and to repel stormers as best he could. At 3 a.m. on 21st May the real storm began: Guyon had sent the guns from Komorn for which Görgey had been waiting, and they were brought up to play on the Weissenberg ronel with deadly effect. When daylight came fully, the honveds were on the ramparts, and hand-to-hand fighting began in the streets. A major of the Frontier troops was in command of 200 men down at the head of the bridge. Near him was placed a small powder-magazine, and, seeing that things were hopeless, he put his lighted cigar to the barrel, and thus went to

heaven, unconquered, with his men. The explosion failed to injure the bridge or to stop the entry of Görgey's troops, so that, by noon, the Magyar general was in the fortress. He found old General Hentzi mortally wounded, and saved him from being torn to pieces by the honveds, who, mad with excitement, were sacking and killing right and left. One report (in the *Wiener Zeitung*, 27th May) says that all the Croat officers were killed without being given quarter. The loss to the Magyars is given as 250 men and 40 officers, so the loyalists of the little garrison of Buda sold their lives dearly, and the glory of their hopeless struggle was acknowledged by friends and enemies alike. Until recently the monument to Hentzi stood in a square of the fortress-town he defended with his life.

Of course, the fall of Buda was greeted with wildest jubilations at Debreczin, where President Kossuth held his court. Görgey refused the fantastic titles and orders bestowed upon him for his victory, and objected steadily to the adoption of republican government for Hungary; but nothing could stop the policy of the revolutionary enthusiasts. Hungary had gone too far; she had flung away her loyalty and her constitution; and nothing but absolute independence could satisfy her now. She had beaten or held at bay the Imperialist troops; but serious danger still lay on her horizon, and surely many, even of those most passionately certain of the justice of their cause, must have seen the shadow of failure before them.

Windischgrätz had strongly advised a recourse to the Russian alliance, and Schwartzenberg, after much hesitation, agreed to ask help from the Czar. Already a Russian loan had enabled the Austrian

Exchequer to struggle through its difficulties ; but the actual bringing of Russian troops on to Austrian soil was a step before which any patriot might recoil. The Czar's personal friendship for the young Emperor was an excuse for his interference ; but a far more plausible reason was that the victory of the Magyar army meant serious danger to Russia in Poland. The Polish legion was a strong one under Kossuth : a successful revolution in Hungary was bound to be followed by a rising in Poland, and the safety of the Czar's dominions demanded the end of this struggle between Imperial and Republican ideas.

Nicholas of Russia preferred to take the ground of a fatherly friend, and the Archduchess Sophie received his kindness with deep emotion. That Russian troops should join with those of her son to end this horror of strife and rebellion seemed to her no strange or impossible thing ; but many hearts in Austria were hurt in their most tender place—that pride of country which is the dearest possession to us all,—and, had a strong man been at the head of affairs, perhaps the “foreign help” would have been refused, hard-pressed though the Empire was.

The Russian division was promised at once, and, under Paskiewicz, began to assemble in Galicia to strike the last blow at Hungarian freedom.

To go back to the Southern army. Jellačić found his difficulties greatly increased by the loss of communications with the north ; but he proceeded with his plans, and tried to fulfil his Emperor's order to “take the offensive quickly.”

From Esseg on 15th May the Ban implored all the Serbs to stand fast, so that “on the field which drinks the blood of our heroes, will the plant of our

freedom and fortune come to blossom. . . . Brother Serbs," he continues, "until now only in spirit have we been united; now, in one body on the battle-field, we stand for King and Freedom. This unity must be the beginning of an unbreakable bond between all the sons of the one Mother, 'our Slava.' Let us trust in the justice of God and the fortune of heroes. God save our Kaiser and King Franz Joseph, and all our faithful nation!"

"What God sends and a soldier's fortune"—his motto through the campaign—brought him hard days during that summer.

The Serb troops were not an ideal fighting force, and the regulars, who had been so long in the field, were so weary that they fell easy victims to enteric—the horrible form of typhus—and cholera.

On 18th May the troops were marched to Ruma, where the Ban's headquarters were at Slankament. On the night of the 24th he attacked the enemy near Peterwardein, took four guns, and drove them back to the fortress, with a Croat loss of 4 killed and 10 wounded.

The Titelberg was a plateau between the Theiss and Danube, a natural fortress in the form of a broad tableland running north-west and south-east with swamps below. The town of Titel itself had a wharf and magazine along the Theiss; but the whole position, in spite of its advantages, was a bad lager, especially in summer, when the swamps dried and became malarious, and there was no good drinking-water. Still, bad as it was, no better headquarters than Ruma could be found; and for the next three months the army of the South sweated and shivered with fever, fought and starved and died about that plateau. Neither commander

nor men ever lost their pluck, the steady cheerfulness on which the Austrian army prides itself. That spirit was noticeable everywhere.

“I was in Vienna,” writes an English traveller, “during the Hungarian war, when they were losing battles and the descent of Görgey on the Imperial city was within range of apprehension. . . . But when I found myself among the Austrian soldiery it was like transition from a November fog to sunshine of summer. They were not out of heart; they were prepared for a long struggle and quietly confident of success. . . . They admired the military genius of Görgey. When there was some expectation of catching him, a saying of General Wohlgemuth’s was in everyone’s mouth—that if he were taken, they would have difficulty in deciding whether to hang him or to make him a Field-marshall.”

The last sentence has a familiar ring to those who remember our chase of one De Wet during a long-drawn-out campaign, in a country where the peasants were as hostile to the English troops as the Magyar *csikos* were to the Austrian.

It was hard to be “quietly confident of success” down in these marshes of the south, cut off from news and possibility of help, outnumbered by the enemy, and with every day a longer list of sick and dead.

On 2nd June Perczel made a tremendous try to storm the Titel plateau and was beaten back, with a loss of 4 officers and 84 men.

“Živio Jellačić Ban!” was the answer to the Magyar “Eljen Kossuth!” and to that gathering-cry the Frontiersmen and Serbs rallied unfailingly. The old dissension between Serbs and Croats was

showing signs of reappearance, and only the mutual love for their leader held them together. Knicsanin, the Serb leader, and his levies, were wild, fierce fighters, men with long black hair, dusky clothes, and a brace of pistols, a knife, and a long gun for weapons. They were Slav, of course; but the religious differences between them and the Croats kept cropping up, and there were also many quarrels on matters of discipline. They did good work; but they preferred an ambush, a quick rush, and then retreat, to steady advance, and they could not be induced to combine with the rest of the force.

Of the cavalry, only Ottinger's gallant cuirassier brigade remained in anything like marching order. Horses and men had been used unsparingly, and even the "Butchers" felt the strain of long work and short rations.

One of their hardest fights was near Vilova, when the enemy surprised them at dawn by coming through the high maize. The corn was seven or eight feet high, but Ottinger found a pass through to the Roman Dykes and a free space in which to charge, until the enemy retreated. Finding the wounded afterwards, in the thicket of the half-trampled maize, was a long work, and some men lay hidden and unable to get help for two or three days.

"No food for the horses, and the water of the Danube is too thick to drink. Cholera is raging": thus our cuirassier sums up the situation at the beginning of June.

June, July, August 1849

CHAPTER XXXII

HEGYES, AND THE END OF THE CAMPAIGN

“ Fortune, glory, honours, and decorations perhaps you may miss ; but he who sees the heart knows that you have worked honestly, and round your shot body your comrades gather and say with deep conviction : ‘ That was a good man ! ’ And so lie many on the battlefields of Italy and Hungary : though their names are forgotten, still they live ! ”—From *Unsere Armee*, ST QUENTIN.

JELLAČIĆ was not inactive, for he stormed and took Neusatz—a fiery sacrifice by the enemy, who set the town alight as they evacuated it. The homeless inhabitants fled to the Ban’s camp, and as many as possible were sent by him to Karlovitz in safety.

During those first days of June the great object was to get into communication with the Northern army. Jellačić heard at last that the Russian troops were advancing ; and, if they were driving the Magyar force south, it was necessary to take the offensive, and to effect a junction with either the Russians or Haynau. Together with this news from the north, came a despatch from the Emperor conferring the Commander Cross of the Maria Theresa Order upon F.Z.M. Baron Jellačić, and the Knight’s Cross on Ottinger and Rastich. These last were bestowed before the whole army by the Commander-in-chief, with a few deeply felt words.

The taking of Neusatz proved an empty success, and the further project of holding the line of the Franzenscanal, so as to cut off the enemy and be ready

to join the Northern army, meant guarding a long stretch of country, unhealthy, and not easy to defend.

So June passed, in constant skirmishes, attacks, retreats, and manœuvres. Jellačić led in person on every possible occasion ; he was the soul of his army to an unusual extent, and his personal influence alone kept the tired men up to their work.

The Bacske was in his hands, but the twelve miles of canal-line needed everlasting watchfulness and care. Skirmish succeeded skirmish, and a real engagement was a relief after many feints and disappointments. At Ó-Becse, on 25th June, the Ban led his men on a night-march, attacked, at 7.30 a.m., over the open ground of the Roman Dykes, and drove the enemy from the right bank of the Theiss. That was well worth the 17 men it cost, for it brought in 200 prisoners, and left as many of the enemy dead and wounded.

But July found the Ban's army in an evil case. No help came, and the Magyars were falling back in force on the south, where now lay their only hope. The swamps were drying, which left the Titelberg very insecure, for even cavalry could cross where the fierce sun had hardened the ground. Food was failing, disease increased, and it was evident that a decisive movement must be undertaken while the troops were capable of it.

The Ban's mind was soon made up. He would gather his men for a tremendous attempt, take Peterwardein, if possible ; if not, inflict a defeat upon Vetter and Guyon that would shatter their hopes and drive them north again.

Two battalions were at Földvar, two at Szent Tamas, two at Vrbass, and four squadrons of horse at Vrbass and Kula : no great strength in all,

especially as the men were anything but physically fit. The scouts reported the enemy's force to be not very strong; but that was a mistake, for Guyon had wind of the Ban's movement and turned hastily to join Vetter and so to surprise the Imperialists.

This Guyon was an interesting figure. His father was an English vice-admiral; but the family had emigrated from France in the eighteenth century, and this member of it had led a roving life of service in Spain and Austria. Married to a Hungarian lady, he left the army, became a furious patriot, wore Magyar dress, did his best to talk the language, and, as a cavalry leader, gave his talents to the revolutionary cause. He was a born horseman—horse-coper, his brother officers in the hussars had been wont to say—and united in his appearance “the knightly spirit of a Magyar and the high dignity of an English noble,” according to an admirer. His sudden attack on the Ban at 3 a.m. of 14th July, was his greatest and most successful feat of arms.

Jellačić had left camp at midnight, and the main part of his army was in the narrow valley of Hegyes when heavy firing began on the front and right. It was still dim dawn-light, with mist rising from the swamps and rivers, and the men, utterly surprised and confused, could not face the furious attack on the right flank, which was the weak point. Puffer and the Serbs began to retreat, and the Ban saw his whole line waver. He jumped from his horse to lead them himself through the woodland scrub, and they rallied gallantly to his voice, with an answering “Živio, Ban!”

They had forced the enemy to retreat to the village, when, at the same moment, their left wing

was strongly attacked by fresh columns coming from Szeghegy. St Quentin made a gallant try to get at the Magyar guns, which were mowing down the Imperialist cavalry ; but the heavy cannon thundered from behind, and it was obvious that a retreat was inevitable.

Jellačić may have been rash in attack ; but, throughout his life, he showed extreme coolness and wisdom in the difficult business of retreat. Now, the cuirassiers held back the enemy, pausing every few minutes to show a front and allow the artillery time to get on, and the whole movement was carried out with a skill which did much to retrieve the lost day. They had been seven hours under a raking fire, when, across the canal, they got at last out of gunshot. Guyon pursued to Vilova, but the Ban continued his march back to Titelberg, where some sort of safety could be found. Titel itself was swarming with refugees, and no forage or food could be found for the unfortunate soldiers. As the grass was completely dried up, Ottinger's brigade was sent down the Theiss and across the Danube to Ireg. The rest of the army encamped on the plateau and watched their defence, the swamps, drying daily. Once the Magyars, wading breast-high in mud, were within fifty yards of the position, when Knicsanin loosed his waiting Serbs, who did such work with their kandjars (held in their teeth while they fired their pistols, and then used) that very few of the enemy returned to tell the tale.

Every day, from the 20th to the 24th of July, there was hard fighting ; but the enemy was beaten off, and, at last, the Hungarians' definite retirement seemed to show that the army of the North was not far behind.

Ottinger was ordered to go in search of the Russian contingent, and after eight hours' march he found a staff-officer from Haynau riding in to say that the armies were in communication and the Hungarians were in flight towards Temesvar.

The long strain was over, and the end of the war was in sight.

Haynau, the general who had gained such a reputation for severity in Italy, had conducted this campaign quickly and well. His greatest service to Austria was that, by smashing up the revolutionary army in a series of sharp fights, he made the Russian help more a show than a necessity.

The Emperor himself had taken the field during June, and when Raab fell to Schlick, he won laurels by a boyish escapade of scrambling into the town before it had entirely surrendered.

“Who is this who rides under a hail of bullets in the thickest of the *mélée*, and in that bloody fight before Raab would be first in the field?

“It is the Emperor, who fights gallantly for his throne, and lifts the crown of Hungary from the battle-field.

“It is Franz Joseph, the slight and delicate ‘Flower of Hapsburg.’ Franz Joseph, armed so young for such serious emprise! Hardly have his men seen him on the terrible field of death, listening to the cannon’s roar with red-lipped courage, than the national hymn rises from the thickest of the fight—‘Gott erhalte Franz dem Kaiser.’ And they fall—more than one, alas!—with his name on their lips, singing with voices that fail before the refrain is finished. So entered the Emperor through the falling ramparts of Raab, to the sound of his hymn, and the noise of shot and shell.”

So sang Sedlitz of the young man who said with a laugh, when Haynau ordered him away from a dangerous point, "If that's what it means to be Emperor, I would a hundred times rather be only an officer!"

The people of Vienna grumbled that he would never be "Franz'l" to them while he was so entirely a soldier; his mother and Schwartzenberg gave him small licence in politics; but, with his army, he was the Emperor, the idol of the men who had W.I.R.¹ engraved on their swords, and who, many of them, wore a small portrait medal of their Kaiser and kissed it as one might a holy thing.

Raab taken and the north conquered, Haynau hastened to rescue Temesvar, where General Rukovina had been shut up since April, fighting and starving, with a little garrison of under 9000 men. On 9th August that siege was raised, and half the original force answered the muster-roll. Rukovina, sixty years before, had served as a sentry in the town he defended so well; but the gallant old man of eighty did not live long to enjoy his fame, and died, soon after, of cholera.

Kossuth had said that he would shoot himself if Temesvar were relieved; but on the news of his army's defeat there, he took the more rational course and fled to Turkey. Görgey was thus left in sole command, and he came to the conclusion that only two courses lay before him—surrender, or a dash for Turkish territory. I will not enter into the much-disputed points of Görgey's sincerity or ability. He has been accounted a traitor, and was adored as a hero by the men who served under him. He has been blamed for bad generalship, abused for

¹ Windeschgrätz, Jellačić, Radetsky.

personal ambition, acclaimed as the best soldier the revolution produced, and acknowledged the author of the best memoir of the war that was written. I follow his own relation, and leave the inference to be drawn by each reader according to personal bias.

As commander of a national army, he saw only one way possible of the two before him. But professional pride made him resolve to surrender to Russia, not to Austria, for "the Empire had forfeited all claim to such honour, and was a less certain guarantee of Hungarian liberty." So he drew up a letter, appealing to the Czar for justice and mercy to all the officers except himself, and expressly asking that the act of surrender might take place before Russian troops alone. In the night between 12th and 13th August Rudiger (the Russian commander) sent his chief of staff to arrange the place and time. Next day, under the blazing sun, Görgey and his staff rode ahead and met the Russian envoy at Uj-Pankota, not far from Vilagos. Rudiger received the Magyar general kindly, and promised him all the consideration in his power. At sunset all the troops had crossed the Mühlen canal bridge, and Rudiger inspected them and saw them disarmed—a bitter moment for them all, and especially for the chief who saw his only campaign end in failure, and knew that his life-work was over at the age of thirty-four, though he has lived on in exile and retirement down to these present days.

On 16th August the army of the Ban joined that of Haynau, and for some days the troops were encamped at Uipecs. Here one of those little pictorial incidents took place which seem too

dramatic for ordinary life, and yet can be always paralleled in history.

It was 18th August, the young Kaiser's nineteenth birthday, the first of those celebrations which are now as dear to Austrian hearts as "Queen's Birthday" to us. The troops kept the occasion with due solemnity, and during the evening meal the Ban himself came to drink with his soldiers the health of the hero of the day, their King and Kaiser. It was evening, but not dark, and the bonfires roared up in the still air as the men sat round them, some eating still, singing here and there, happy as only soldiers can be over the mere physical comforts of a good meal and rest.

They jumped to their feet as the Ban gave the sign, and the anthem rolled out slowly from all the bands of the regiments.

"Gott erhalte Franz dem Kaiser" was being solemnly sung by Slav and German together, when someone turned his face to the sky and cried: "Look!"

Floating down wind came an enormous bird, wavering on outstretched wings above the camp. It was an eagle, and nothing else, and the symbol was greeted by a shout which drowned all the bands' playing.

"Here's to the Eagle! the Eagle of our flag!" yelled the men, and they watched while the royal bird swooped almost to where they stood, before rising again and taking flight for his native hills.

"The Kaiser's own eagle," said Jellačić, touched to the depths of his imaginative mind, "sent by God for a sign to us on the Kaiser's own day!"

September 1849—June 1850

CHAPTER XXXIII

AFTER THE WAR

“Greeting to thee, hero of hero-band !
We honour thee as children do their sires ;
And now waits for thy coming all the land,
That thou may’st bring the blessing it desires.
Thou comest laden with the palms of peace,
The richest horn of plenty to outpour,
So that our weary days of pain may cease,
And branch and field may bloom for ever more.
A giant’s work thou settest out to do
For thy great nation’s joy and good alone—
The Slavic race that to its oath stayed true
And saved from falling mighty Austria’s throne—
Thou hast a losing game turned to a winning,
A new way shown us better than the old—
Oh, take our thanks ; from ending to beginning
We knew thee strong and right and truly bold.
Our trust and love are thine, are thine for ever ;
Call us and hear the thousand voices cry :
‘Upraise thy banner ; it shall falter never,
For with our Ban we go to live or die !’”

Zagreb’s Greeting.

PETERWARDEIN surrendered to the Ban on the morning of 6th September, so that he had the satisfaction of entering his birthplace as a conqueror. On the 10th he issued an Order of the Day to his troops which was his farewell to the men who had followed him so long :—

“A year has passed since I raised my banner and led the faithful Frontiersman to put down rebellion and to be a bulwark against invading anarchy. And it has been a year such as Austria never saw before

and may never know again—a year of hot and bloody fighting, of tribulation and want. Insufficiently clothed, barely armed, you fought through the bitter cold of winter with as faithful self-sacrifice as through the devastating heat of summer on those barren plains. You have had to fight against the power of a climate to which you were unaccustomed as well as against your enemies' swords, and you have seen many lay down their lives as sacrifices to fever and infectious disease. Very many of our brothers rest in foreign soil; they have all won honourable graves, for all died for their great common Fatherland. But you, you who now turn homeward after so long and weary a campaign, take my thanks with those of your country, for her truest sons you have proved yourselves. With the full consciousness of duty well done, can your lessened ranks go home. Weep for the missing; but do not regret them, for great was the aim to which we strove: it was to support the falling throne and, out of the horrors of a civil war, to make our country glorious and strong! You have paid a heavy price; but now look up with pride to the colours which have lighted you through a bloody night of fighting. Your glorious motto is proclaimed to us all in the golden words: that there is again a great and powerful Austria, while, in the hour of deepest doubt, you were, as ever, gallant and true!"

To his brother, Count Georg, the Ban wrote at this close of the war: "The lighter part of the work is done, now that we have satisfied the sword, but next the labours of Sisyphus begin."

The green council-table of Vienna awaited him—a harder field than any he had yet fought—and he

brought to it a mind and body worn out with the strain of a desperate year.

It is awful to see what ravages that time made on the health of the strong men who bore the brunt of the mental work and anxiety.

Szechyeny lost his mind; Stadion was struck with mental and physical paralysis; Schwartzenberg died suddenly of apoplexy in April 1852, in what should have been the prime of his life; and Kubeck, an older man, who took up his work, only outlived him for three years. Austria demanded much of her administrators during those stormy years which, as Professor Friedjung says, "bridge the gulf between old Austria and our own days."

Jellačić had asked his people to receive the provisional constitution with contentment, and to "wait for a few years of peace, and all these wounds will be healed." He prayed to God to aid and bless "a united, constitutional Austria, our young knightly Kaiser, and our beloved Fatherland"; but his people were not so ready to part with ancient rights and privileges, and on 4th August Mirko Lentulay, as head of the Ban's Council, had presented a remonstrance to their chief on the subject. The Council held that the new laws were against the political and historical rights of the nation, and they begged their Ban to approach his Majesty, their beloved young King, and to ask for his special intervention in their favour. They wished for their old laws, and especially that the Diet might be reconstituted and assembled.

Jellačić went to Vienna on 13th September, to undertake the charge of guarding his country's interests, but he found the whole feeling of official

circles reactionary and further than ever from his own love of liberty.

Hungary was being cowed with a strong hand, and vengeance or justice was falling heavy upon her magnates. The Czar's representative kept his word to Görgey, and made a personal request that mercy might be shown to those who surrendered; but the Emperor replied that justice must take its course without fear or favour.

Haynau was given full powers, and Haynau's interpretation of justice was not much tempered with mercy. Radetsky called him "a razor to be used with caution"; and Paton, who liked him personally, acknowledges that "when pitched violently out of the hussar saddle into the judicial bench, he acted conscientiously, but had no more legal acumen than lawyer Kossuth had practical statesmanship."

On Schwartzenberg, too, falls the blame for some of the severity, as he had the ear of the young Kaiser and much power.

"That's all right, but we must hang a few first," he is said to have answered a plea for leniency. There is also an unauthenticated story that Grünne, now the Emperor's adjutant, was sent to Arad with pardons, but Haynau refused to countersign them.

Komorn, the last fortress to hold out, fell into Austrian hands on 5th October; and next day, the anniversary of Latour's murder, the executions of the revolutionary leaders took place at Arad, after brief and somewhat perfunctory courts-martial.

This was a blood-sacrifice which is not forgotten in Hungary yet.

Pöltenberg, Török, Lahner, Knezich, Nagy-Sandor, Leiningen, Aulich, Damjanič, and Vecsey

were hanged; Dessewffy, Kiss, Lazar, and Schweidel received the grace of powder and shot. The feeling was deep among the relatives of the condemned, even when they were not nationalist. Old General Count Vecsey, of whose four sons two had fought on each side, summed up more than his own grief when he said bitterly: "I know my boy Karl deserved death, and I do not complain that he had to undergo it; only, it hurts me that no consideration was shown to the name which I have borne with honour during fifty years of service in the army. They might at least have shot him."

Aulich tried to justify himself in his last moments: "The King ordered me as a soldier to take an oath to the constitution of 1848; I swore it. The King has not held to his oath; I have to mine."

Even more impressive to the nation than the martyrdoms at Arad was the sentence passed on Count Louis Batthyany. He, greatest of magnates, embodiment of the Magyar spirit, was sentenced to be hanged at Pesth, where he had remained on and off since the spring. He could, doubtless, have fled long before; but flight was not his custom, and, until the last moment, he could not believe that a real danger menaced him. When the sentence was read to him, he gasped that it was an enemy's work, a revenge. His wife was allowed to visit him on his last day, and it is said that she brought him the small knife with which he tried to commit suicide. By Hungarian law no person having a wound on the neck could be hanged, and by martial law the sentence must be executed within twenty-four hours, so the penalty was changed to death by shooting, and it was duly carried out on the same fatal 6th of October.

It was a miserable, revengeful repression, creating bitterness throughout a gallant nation, yet thought necessary at the time in the stamping out of the fiery devil of revolution which is the chief tormentor of Hungary. The national pride was not reasonably humbled, but only roused to sullen hatred, and the seeds which have come to fruit in these later years were watered by the blood of those patriots who suffered as traitors in 1849.

The other penalties—imprisonments, fines, and confiscations—make an interminable list, while the fate of the escaped heads of the rising was the usual one of exile.

Kossuth, Dembinski, Bem, Perczel, Casimir Batthyany, Szemere, Kmety, Guyon, Visocki, Vetter, and Meszaros fled to Widdin, and put themselves under the protection of the Turks. Some of them found the sojourn pleasant enough, and it is said that the Pasha was peculiarly gracious to Countess Casimir, who accompanied her husband, and whose Orientally beautiful proportions won his favour.

Kossuth's wanderings are well known. His final settlement at Turin had some effect on Italian history, and his name is still magical in Hungary.

Bem, the scarred old warrior—“wreck in body, but boy at heart”—turned Moslem, and became Murad Pasha; but he died of plague (some said of poison) a year later (8th May 1850).

Meszaros, Radetsky's pet hussar colonel, lived on for some time in exile in England; and Szemere also found refuge in our island, whence he wrote passionate pleas for his native country.

Broken men, they had all played the hand and lost the game, and we can only wish their lives

had not been sacrificed with no gain to the country they loved so sincerely.

Over the whole Empire martial law prevailed, and in Vienna the Emperor set the example of being sternly and entirely military. If Franz Joseph had not much power over his ministers, he could order his troops as he wished, and his generals felt his hand always on the reins.

But Vienna could not, for the gay life of her, be repressed or military for long. Baroness de Bury gives us a picture of an evening with Nestroy which shows that the Kaiserstadt saw the lighter side of things as usual.

It was the vaudeville of the moment, "Zwolf Maedel in Uniform," and old Nestroy had a scene reserved for him where, says the Baroness, he "is found in his famous corporal's uniform soliloquising on everything—Schiller's *Pucelle*, Goethe's *Egmont*, or the last new drama at the Burg. He holds dialogues with the audience, and the scene is incessantly prolonged, for whenever the old monkey gets up to make a grotesque exit, a thousand shouts force him back and make new texts for new commentaries. It ends on the dangerous ground of politics, and here, in 'police-ridden' Vienna, this licence is allowed. 'Judith, Judith,' cries a voice in the parterre. Yesterday a tragedy of that name was produced at the Court theatre. Nestroy takes the part of the heroine, and in three minutes is talking of the Treaty of the Three Kings in the Orient, and is rousing a wild roar of laughter joined in by Welden and Jellačić in their boxes."

All through that winter and spring Jellačić stayed in Vienna, working for his people to the best of his ability. His desire was the end of martial law and

the establishment of civil administration under his own guidance; if possible, the unity of all the southern Slav people as one Crown land. He complained officially that Haynau showed no understanding of southern Hungarian affairs and no interest in civil administration; but his remonstrance had no effect.

In November the Emperor established the Serb country as a separate Crown land, under the name of the "Serb and Temesvar-Banat Voïvodstvo"; and, by the patent of 15th November, he himself took the title of "Great Voïvoda."

This, however, only confused the issues between Croatia and the Serbs. The Government refused to consider the creation of an Illyrian province—the hope so many Croat and Serb patriots had cherished—and, instead, bitter feeling arose over the arrangement of the new frontier. The three southern Hungarian counties, Veröcze, Syrmien, and Požega, were cut off and joined to Croatia—which caused Rajačić the deepest indignation, as Karlovitz, the seat of his Patriarchate, was thus separated from the rest of his charge. The quarrel grew so bitter that a writer in a Serb paper could "assert, that since the declaration of the patent of 15th November, the Serbs hate the Croats as they never hated the Magyars."

Suplikac, the Voïvoda, was dead; and presently a general they knew in the war, von Mayerhof, was sent to the new Crown land as Governor. He ruled with Austrian impartiality over Germans, Serbs, Magyars, and Roumanians alike. He put Rajačić and his militant priests back into their places as spiritual authorities, wrote his despatches and orders in military German, and reduced the discontented

Serbs to silence, if not to entire acquiescence. He was a man of some humour; for, to the horror of all parties, he bought a "Kossuthian hat," and rode in it through the streets of Temesvar—an act which had some effect on the sartorial nonsense of the moment.

Georg Stratimirović was given a commission in the army, so that his patriotic service was rewarded and his loyalty secured, and, gradually, the Voïvodstvo sank into quiet under the new regime.

The result of the Ban's stay in Vienna and hard office work during those nine months he proclaimed to his people when they welcomed him "as a father," on 23rd June 1850.

First in his thoughts had been the Frontier, and he sent a message to the people of it from the capital, telling them what had been done, with his usual frank intimacy :—

"Frontiersmen! After a long absence, I am coming back to you; during all the time I have been away, my heart has been with you, and the whole energy of my being has been consecrated to the interests of the brave Frontier-folk. I shared the dangers and trials of war with your soldiers gladly, and was witness of their entire self-sacrifice and hero-hearted gallantry. The flag of Austria has emerged victoriously from the deplorable strife of these last years, and with proud self-knowledge you can look at your glorious share of the fame; for, in the army of our lord the Kaiser, your brave men have shed their blood on all the battle-fields.

"If the work of war was difficult, difficult also and supremely important will be the work of peace, that so much distress may not be without compen-

sation, so much blood may not be spilt in vain, and so many thousand lives sacrificed for nothing. His Majesty, our gracious Emperor, who signalled the beginning of his glorious reign by the dispensation of 31st March, has given the clearest proofs of his fatherly care, and has commissioned me, with the aid of some worthy and experienced men among you, to undertake the reorganisation of the Military Frontier, so that, together with the whole Monarchy, the worthy Frontier people may share a prosperous development in the future.

“ This difficult work is finished, and I come back to my dear country, bringing a new Frontier Statute, in this manifesto which assures us of the grace and favour of our chivalrous Emperor. From this imperial manifesto, I quote here the most important points, which you will be glad to learn, as you have felt the difficulties of the present state of things.

“ The feudal laws are abolished, and land and property is, from henceforth, fully your own ; the commissariat and equipment of the serving Frontier soldier will be paid for by the State ; the development of parish life will be secured by a new district-order, and representatives will be chosen to guard your higher interests.

“ To this, which my Kaiser promises so kindly, I have nothing further to add, except to assure you that I will take every care that all those arrangements which are indispensable to the spirit of the present Statute of the Frontier shall be constituted at once, so that they shall speedily become lawful ordinances.

“ Frontiersmen! You are gallant and true ; but you must keep in mind that a flash of lightning or the

mischievous work of a few hours is enough to ruin a house, while only persevering, well-directed energy can make a building or place it on firm foundations. I have seen in the course of the last years what wickedness and unreasonableness can do in destruction: a bloody war has cost us thousands of brothers; you have bought peace at a great price; you, of all people, have the right to enjoy and to preserve it. This can only be done with a strong, firm attachment to lawful order. In this blessed work of peacemaking, I count confidently on your reasonable, good sense, and on the devotion to duty of you all, without difference of rank. Thus you will secure a happy fatherland to our babes, and thus you will fulfil the honourable trust placed in his honest Frontier-folk by our lord the Emperor. God save our knightly Emperor Franz-Joseph I.!

“JELLAČIĆ, F.Z.M., BAN.

“VIENNA, 20th June 1850.”

That satisfied the Frontier, but civil Croatia had much to complain of in the new enactments.

Jellačić fought each point for his country, and especially the question of the national language; but his efforts were in vain, for the ministers stuck to the “equality” of the races, with German for the official tongue, and central administration to be supreme in everything.

In his address to the provincial authorities on 26th June, the Ban made the best of the situation, held out hopes of free development, entire separation from Hungary, and national betterment. He exhorted his people to follow peace, in national and foreign affairs: “You have had enough of the pain and hatred of war, and let the past teach the

future to stretch forth a brotherly hand to the enemy, so that all may march together to the great goal of the national welfare."

Three victories the Ban won for his people on that disastrous green council-field. The boundaries of Croatia were enlarged by the addition of the three Hungarian counties mentioned above, the district of the Medjumurja, and the town of Fiume; the Archbishopric of Zagreb was established; and the Frontier Law was passed.

The rest of his programme—the firm establishment of the powers of the Diet, the union of Dalmatia, and absolute national autonomy—was put aside by the ungrateful politicians, who, now that the danger was over, treated loyal Croatia little better than rebellious Hungary.

On the language question, Jellačić gave a very clear and temperate expression of his views:—

"I willingly confess that the official recognition of the many languages of the Austrian States is a great hindrance in the management of the realm; but the disadvantage will be outweighed a hundred-fold by the real advantage of securing the loyalty of the people of greater Austria, and this will be strengthened in degree as they see themselves to be the stays, by which the words of the Constitution shall be turned into deeds."

For the moment, Croat was left as the official language of the country; but the Diet was dissolved and not summoned again, and the work of Germanisation soon began there as elsewhere.

Bach's reactionary scheme of government was summed up by Hartig in the military formula: "The Emperor listens, examines, and commands: the subjects ask, speak, and obey"; but, in practice,

even the luxury of free speech was denied to the subjects. The pendulum had swung indeed, and only the luck of the Austrian Empire—that fortune as continuous and as little deserved as its British equivalent—kept the huge, ill-managed body together at all.

CHAPTER XXXIV

“WORTHY GODS PITY MOST, THEY THAT SUCCEED!”

“In vain shall the Frontiersmen gather,
In vain shall the trumpets be blown
To pleasure our Ban in this hour
On the road he must travel alone.
The White Dove in her castle is silent ;
The White Dove with black eyes will not say
If this is her love who comes marching
With his standards in glitt’ring array.”

*Free translation of a poem in Croat on
the Betrothal of Ban Jellačić.*

DURING those months at Vienna Jellačić had been honoured and feasted by everyone, Court, nobles, and burghers alike. Various orders were bestowed on him by his own monarch and foreigners ; he was given the freedom of the city, and the ladies of Vienna presented him with a wonderful silver shield, decorated with hammered reliefs representing scenes of his campaigns.

More than all these public acknowledgments of his service, he valued the friendships that the war had brought him ; and in the tired reaction after the soldier-work there was room in his mind for a touch of romance to which he had so far been a stranger.

Count von Stockau, after his Italian volunteer service, had shared the campaign at Ruma, and he and his family had thus become even nearer friends than before. One can fill in the outline of the



COAT OF ARMS OF BAN JELLAČIĆ.

romance very easily. Little Countess Sophie was now a graceful young woman of sixteen, very charming to look at, with her low, wide forehead, her rippling thick hair in the ringlets of the fashion, not hiding its beauty, but setting off her fine eyes and childishly sweet, half-sad expression. Joseph Jellačić was forty-nine ; but his energy and apparent vigour made him seem still young, and the glamour of his fame enhanced the fascination of his personality. The hero-worship of the girl grew into a deeper feeling, and the man let it touch him, and saw in it a refuge from the cares that pressed him hard. For the shadow of failure dogged him ; at this moment, when all seemed most prosperous, the bright hope of gaining some permanent good for his country was fading, and the gloom, the nervous trouble which had pursued him all his life, was deepening under the long strain of overwork.

Count and Countess von Stockau saw the state of their daughter's mind with complete satisfaction. They invited the Ban to a shooting-party at Napajedl, their estate in Moravia, and there the marriage was arranged.

In June Jellačić left Vienna, after a special banquet given by the Emperor in his honour, and was received, as we have seen, most joyfully at Zagreb.

The Croat ladies did not wish to be behind those dames of the capital, and they prepared to present their hero with a sword of honour, magnificently chased and ornamented. When Jellačić heard of the plan, he proposed a characteristic alteration. The scheme which was nearest his heart at the moment was a fund for the Frontiersmen disabled in the war, and he was working hard to collect

enough money to make it of permanent use to his gallant men and their families. His own book of early poems, which had been circulated privately, was being published at Vienna for the benefit of the fund, and he begged the Croat ladies to help him. He would be proud to receive a sword from their hands ; but a plain blade would be valued by him as much as any fine ornamentation, and the rest of the money collected would be devoted to the men whose welfare was dear to them all. The fund was eventually established, and the patronage of it was secured to Jellačić for his life, to go afterwards to all succeeding Bans.

These matters settled, a little time could be given to private affairs.

The marriage took place at Napajedl, on the 23rd of July, in the chapel of the castle. Two sisters of the house of Stockau were married on the same day ; for, with Countess Sophie and Jellačić, Countess Theresa also knelt to plight troth to Count von Strachwitz, before the Archbishop of Olmütz. There were all the proper celebrations and solemn festivities, with a deputation from Croatia and Slavonia among the many guests.

But the real frenzy of rejoicing and welcome took place at Zagreb, when their beloved Ban brought home this lovely young "mother of her people." The town surpassed itself in an orgy of feasts, processions, and festivities of all sorts, and the whole country shared in an enthusiastic welcome to their hero and his Banica.

"No higher happiness can man attain than fortune in love and the gratitude of his nation," says the poet ; and it seemed as though Joseph Jellačić had reached that summit. If only the tale could

end there, like a fairy-story, with happiness ever after!

But the "Sisyphus work" was still undone ; the country's settlement was far from satisfactory, and the long, hopeless fight with those in power gave the Ban no rest.

"No doubt people judge me falsely now," he said once, when a friend lamented the misconstruction put on his deeds ; "but after my death they will see by what I have written, what I tried to do."

He made a gesture, as he spoke, towards the desk where his work was done. Later, disheartened and too tired to hope for anything but misunderstanding, he destroyed nearly all his papers, so that we have singularly little written material bearing on this part of his life.

Dr Stadtfeld summed up his character at this period, in an article in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* :—

"He is a good general, beloved by all, and a counsellor skilled in the quick words that go to a man's heart. Strong will shows in his flashing eyes. In his cabinet as Ban he is industrious and order-loving, working equally hard at civil and military affairs. Few men know the needs of the time and how to help them as he does. Through all this hard work and calumny, his kind, gentle character remains. He is a good host, and makes his guests welcome, ready to talk freely over a cigar ; but soon he goes back to work. Even in the evenings, the time he likes to reserve for his friends, pressure of work often keeps him at his desk.

"His brown complexion shows a nervous, high-strung nature, and in his movements there is something free and quick, like a true son of the south and a soldier. His words all have weight, and his

voice can rise like an Alpine torrent, sonorous, rapid, and swaying his hearers. He is ever ready with tongue and pen; patient and kind to all who seek him; in politics a Liberal in the deepest sense of the word, and ever true to his Emperor. 'God keep him, and give him a heavenly blessing,' is the prayer of his whole people. Like a mountain-oak he stands immovable, and it is a black lie that any Jellačić could be mercenary, for, father and son, they serve their Emperor alone."

His desire for "deeds not words" made his political disillusion all the more bitter.

In August 1849 he had congratulated Bach on his appointment as Minister of the Interior in words which show his ideal of a minister and what he hoped from this one:—

"The great art of being a prince is to choose the servants of the State; heaven, which has laid so many difficulties on our young Kaiser, has given him an easy task this time, and he has chosen you, a tried man—a man of deeds, not of expectations."

His friendship for Strossmayer, who was appointed Bishop of Diakovo in 1849, partly by the Ban's influence, also showed his preference for men who would give their lives to the work of realising their ideals. Strossmayer's motto, "All for faith and fatherland," was carried out to the end of his long life, and as a patriot and churchman he fully justified the faith that Jellačić placed in him.

Count Georg gives us a short account of these sad last working years:—

"My brother worked with the entire power of his conviction for the State and Emperor. He strove hard, and firmly believed that he was about to accomplish great things for his native land . . .



THE EMPEROR FRANZ JOSEPH AND HIS GENERALS.

but, as time went on, he arrived at the conclusion that he had really achieved nothing.

“These thoughts and ill-health lessened the length of his life and brought him to his untimely grave.

“In the year 1851 I was Brigadier at Agram, and was with him daily. I was distressed and often lamented his appearance, for he seemed so aged and altered. He could not get over the disappointment that his views were not considered and that he could do nothing for Croatia. I begged him to be calm, and told him that he had always desired to do the best and had done all in his power, and that Fate was stronger than the strongest man. He agreed with me, but reminded me that, if he had been of a resigned and philosophical nature during the years 1848-49, none of his work would have been done. He wearied himself with continual writing to influential people of the government in Vienna and continual pressing of his views; but, in the end, his opinion that nothing would come of it was only strengthened.”

At the end of May 1851 the Emperors of Austria and Russia met at Olmütz—an occasion for a solemn ratification of the alliance between them and an expression of the young Emperor’s gratitude for the elder Monarch’s help.

Franz Joseph had with him his ministers and all the principal generals of the late war. It was a gathering of soldiers worthy of the Empire and of the finest army in Europe. Radetsky, round, wrinkled, and cheerful, took the lead, as beseemed his years and services, with Hess, his chief of staff, always near at hand. Windischgrätz showed his

stern, proud face full of the bitterness of what he considered to be injustice and undeserved censure. The Archduke Albrecht represented the ancient school of military thought; while Benedek, the falcon of the Vistula and "Radetsky No. 2," as a song of the time called him, gave promise for the future. Schlick and Jellačić were happy to meet again and to renew the friendship of which their exchanged rings, now reposing in a case in the Army Museum of Vienna, are sign and pledge.

In commemoration of the war a set of special medals was struck. That of the Ban has his portrait in hussar uniform and mantle: on the reverse, the Austrian eagle with sun-rays and a crown above and, in the background, prospects of Vienna and Buda-Pesth. The inscription is, "For Emperor, Law, and National Equality." It was executed by Aug. Neuss, graver of Ausberg. The others of the series are in honour of the Emperor, the Archduke Johann, Haynau, Schlick, Radetsky, Windischgrätz, the Constitution, and the German League.

In 1852 the young Emperor toured his dominions, visited Italy, and, during the summer and autumn, made several expeditions into Hungary, where his youth and charm gained him popularity and did something to soften the impression left by the war. He visited Croatia and the Military Frontier; but, according to Beksić, the tour there was cut short and was not an unqualified success.

In 1853 Princess Mélanie Metternich records that Countess Sophie von Jellačić "has been given the honour of appearing at Court"; and in 1854 Baron Jellačić was raised to the rank of Count—a title which was arranged to pass to his brothers and their heirs.

These honours were of little account to the Ban, for not only disappointment in his work, but a deep private sorrow saddened his days. A daughter was born to him and Countess Sophie, and named Anka, after his adored mother; but, before she was a year old, she died of cholera at Napajedl, and no other child came to fill her place.

Count Georg believes that his brother's last official report to headquarters was drawn up in the year 1853.

"It dealt with the introduction of German as the official language. The Kaiser himself sent a draught of the order to the Ban, asking for his opinion. My brother spoke strongly against the introduction of German speech in Croatia and the Italianisation of Fiume. When the answer to his report came, and he found that no notice had been taken of his well-grounded objections to the scheme, he said to me:—

"‘I can do nothing, and I will ask to be relieved from my post.’

"Sadly, I persuaded him not to do so, without letting those round him know what the issue had been, for the whole country would beg him not to give up an office in which he could ever be useful to his fatherland, if not to the measure of his desire. Presently he gave in to my wishes. These perpetual disappointments of his aims by the Government brought on the deepest depression. I saw with sorrow that his nervous system, always sensitive, was giving him continual dreary pain"—the beginning of the slow disease of the brain from which thenceforward he suffered more and more, until his death in 1859.

It is painful to dwell on this picture of a strong

man exhausting himself, physically and mentally, in a hopeless struggle against a bureaucracy. It seemed, as "Anastasius Grün" wrote, that the result of the revolution, with all its tragedy and heroism, had been "to fill the supper-pots of the officials, and that Herr Bach & Co. might have portfolios and gold-laced uniforms."

For Croatia the great effort had been made in vain. She loved and honoured her Ban so long as he lived, but she had to realise that neither his desires nor her services would reach fulfilment and reward.

CHAPTER XXXV

PEACE AND REMEMBRANCE

“A voice shall strongly resound,
And over our hills proclaim,
Clear to the far world, telling
The word of his glory and fame.
Love and honour we paid him
Greatly, on every hand;
And a fortunate day God gave us
When Jellačić kept our land.”

Croat Folk-song.

THE Save, river of song and story, winds through wooded, grassy, hilly country after it leaves the mountain gorges and begins to approach the plain before Zagreb. There are little craggy bluffs, crowned sometimes with ruins of an old strong place; there are slopes of oak-scrub and thickets of withies down by the river, while the pasture is rich and green and not a great deal of ploughed land mars it. Altogether, it is what we should call in England a “good hunting country,” and the eye can glance over its fields and fences from train or carriage, marking, like “Mr Sawyer,” where one would have it, and where hounds might run.

Through white gates and railings appear the barns and stables of a home-farm that could well be English, and a stretch of park beyond leads to the long low building of a country house, beautiful in its surroundings and dignified simplicity. This

is Novi Dvori—the New House; and it was here that Joseph Jellačić spent the greater part of his last years. Far enough from Zagreb for peace and seclusion, it was within a day's drive of the capital, so that official business need not be neglected.

The sadness of those years broods still over the beauty of trees and garden, and haunts especially the tapestried room where the memorials of its famous master are kept. Houses remember, though we who inhabit them forget, and overlay the past with our present feelings, joys, and sorrows. But the house keeps the impress of the great tragedy it has seen, the great personality it has sheltered; and the grave dignity of sorrow will wrap Novi Dvori through all the bird-songs of spring and falling leaves of autumn so long as its stones remain together.

After 1854 the record is only of failing powers and ever-darkening brain, and in 1858 the Ban was moved to Zagreb in a state of serious illness.

Count Georg gives an account of his last visit and farewell to the brother he loved and admired beyond all other men:—

“In the year 1859 S.M. the Emperor gave me the high commission to go to Agram and to lay before my brother the suggestion that he should be placed on the retired list until his health should be restored. Before I reached Agram, the rumour of his retirement had been spread abroad, and my brother had heard it already; but, though miserably ill and knowing himself to be dying, he availed himself of the Emperor's suggestion. As his representative, he wished to appoint General Sokćević.

“I remained a little time with my poor brother. That night I stayed by him, and heard him talking

much while half asleep. He spoke disconnectedly to me of recollections of his youth ; and I, who knew his life, could guess the meaning of what he hardly knew himself to be saying. All his words were so pure, so noble, so good, that I could not but think that in this man's heart there was not one evil, unclean thought ; for, as at other times, so now in his half-conscious speech to himself, only good and noble ideas found utterance.

“Once he roused, and when I helped him to move, he said :—

“‘I know that stories will be told of me ; but of what lies in my heart will they know nothing’ (‘Ich weiss dass die Geschichte von mir erzählen wird, von dem aber was in meinen Herzen gelegen ist, wird sie nichts sagen können’).”

These are the last words we have of the man who had done so much for his country, the Bayard of Austria, as many called him, the Sword of Illyria.

Count Georg ends his memoir :—

“I had to go back to Krakau, and painful was my departure. I never saw him again, for in that spring of 1859 I went with my division to Italy, and there the sad news came to me of the end of my brother's life on 20th May.”

On Saturday, 14th May, the Ban received the last sacraments, and, after four days of complete unconsciousness, “his blessed spirit was given back to God at a quarter-past twelve on the night between the 19th and 20th of May.”

“Sophie Countess Jellačić von Bužim, born Countess Stockau, Lady of the Palace to her Majesty the Empress, announces with deep sorrow the death of her beloved husband, Joseph Count Jellačić von Bužim, Privy Councillor, Grand Cross

of the K.K. Order of Leopold, Commander of the Military Order of Maria Theresa, holder of the Cross for Military Service, Knight of the Imperial Russian Orders of St Alexander-Newski and St Vladimir, Grand Cross of the First Class of the Royal Hanoverian Guelph Order and of the Royal Saxon Order of St Henry, Commander of the Royal Saxon Civil Service Order, Grand Cross of the ducal Orders of Parma, Constantine, and St George, and the Papal Order of St Gregory; Ban, Military Captain of Croatia and Slavonia; Governor and Commander-General in Croatia, Slavonia, and Dalmatia; Governor of Fiume, K.K. Feldzeugmeister, Honorary Colonel (Inhaber) of the two Banal Frontier Regiments, Nos. 10, 11, and the 46th of the Line; who expired in the 58th year of his age, in the night between the 19th and 20th of May 1859, at about 12 o'clock, after long suffering, fortified by the holy rites of the Church and blessed in the Lord.

"The body will be transported, with due honours, from Agram to Novi Dvori on the 26th of May, and will be buried there.

"The solemn Office for the Dead will be held at 10 a.m. in the Cathedral of Agram on the 27th of May, and in the same place the Mass for the Soul will be said."

There is an engraving, too poor for reproduction, of the lying-in-state of the Ban, with his sorrowing Sereshans guarding him, and the priests of both Catholic and Orthodox Churches joining, as they did during his life, in prayers for his soul.

Also I have seen a large drawing of the funeral procession winding through the Jellačić Square of Zagreb. The ecclesiastical emblems went first, a detachment

of Sereshans, the school-children, the Corporation of the town, battalions of the Frontier regiments, Franciscans and other religious orders, the clergy, the nobles on horseback and the Ban's own charger, preceded the coffin, which had a guard of sharp-shooters and was followed by a cuirassier, the nearest mourners and friends, and more troops, the whole long line ending with another division of Sereshans. Outside the town, salutes were fired, and Zagreb took leave of her hero. Then the cortège of soldiers closed round the carriage which bore their leader on his last journey through his beloved country to his quiet resting-place at Novi Dvori.

The little chapel among the trees, where the Ban sleeps beside his baby daughter, was for long a place of yearly pilgrimage to those who knew and loved him.

A memorial sermon published in the year 1863 gives some idea of his people's veneration for his memory.

It is headed with his motto: "What God sends, and a soldier's fortune," and the old Slav proverb, "What comes from the heart goes to the heart." In a slightly abbreviated translation it runs thus:—

"To-day the fourth year is gone since our deeply loved and distinguished Ban, Joseph, Count Jellačić von Bužim, died. Light be the earth upon him! May our patriot-hero rest peacefully, he who won his country's love by his devotion to his people!"

"The greatest proof of what our immortal Ban has been to us is shown by our gathering here to-day; and his honoured name shall remain graven, not only in the history of our Three Kingdoms, but in the history of Austria and in the hearts of all men of Slav blood.

“Now his body is dead. A sad fate was his, for, wounded to the heart by a cause we know, he left us prematurely. His body, I say, is dead; but his heroic spirit lives in the nation still, and will live through all ages while our grief remains, the grief we feel at the grave of our ‘father,’ Ban Jellačić.

“And, O God, what he has been to us! What a just, good, and beloved father!

“Let us glance superficially at the story of his life. Born at Peterwardein on 16th October 1801, in the great year 1848 he was elected by the people, and appointed by the King, Ban of our Three Kingdoms, and from that day until the 20th of May 1859, the sad day of his death, we find in his entire life nothing but the fullest and most faithful love towards his country and people. His greatest wish and aspiration and his continual aim was that the people might be happy, or, at least, content. In that aim he was not allowed to succeed—God knows he tried in vain to combat the triumphant absolutism under whose bitter yoke lay not only the Croats but all the folk of Austria. Against that iron absolutism, the tyrannical Government of Vienna, our Ban Jellačić fought fearlessly, but to no purpose.

“Oh, how he loved his Croats, and struggled for their constitution, their independence, and freedom, not only on the battle-field, but against the Ministry then in power! This bitter fight at last tired him out . . . and affliction overpowered his heroic heart, which loved his King and his people with equal faith and sincerity. He was not so happy as to live to see the reconciliation of the Crown, the Government, and the nation, for his ardent spirit left the world in that fatal year 1859, and went to

the eternal glory, where his people looked up to him with tears in their eyes.

“As our poet Mirko Bogović beautifully says: ‘Now are opening the golden gates of our free constitution, which the iron keys of absolutism have locked for eleven years; and after the sombre, cold night of intolerable bureaucracy we stand on the threshold, warmed once more by the first rays of the blessed sun, which melts the foreign ice and sends the blood flowing from the joyfully beating heart.’

“So God has ordered it, and what God does is good, though not always pleasant in our eyes.

“The love, like that of children to their father, which has brought us to-day to the sacred resting-place of our beloved Ban, leads us to pray fervently for the peace of his soul, and that the peace of God which passeth all understanding may fill our hearts and minds also. Here, in this holy place, there are no political parties; we are all brothers, children of our Triple Kingdom, united in the reverence we pay to the memory of our dead Ban and in our desire for the happiness and prosperity of our country.

“. . . . ‘Where there is union, there is also God’s blessing,’ and ‘With God alone (is strength) amidst a hundred enemies,’ say our proverbs; and the unhappy consequences of national discord are taught us in all history, especially in the history of the Slav peoples. The Polish nation, kin to us, is even now engaged in a struggle for freedom which may fail for lack of unity, in spite of much gallant sacrifice of lives. . . .

“With this example before you, my brothers, I adjure you, here, where all passion is silent and falls into peace, do not be divided among yourselves, but

worthily reverence and celebrate the memory of the truest and sincerest patriot and Croat that has ever lived. . . .

“ Only once had I the happiness to meet him, and then I was unknown to him ; but the memory of that short conversation I carry with me still, and the impression it left on me was that, in loyalty and patriotism, Jellačić knew no equal. I think none among us doubt our late Ban’s devotion to his country ; some there may have been who did so, but we know them now to be unworthy of the name of Croat.

“ There is no better way of celebrating the memory of our hero than by vowing to remain in the unity he desired, that we may thus further the prosperity and happiness of the glorious Croat people, who will ever hold as their most illustrious leader, Jellačić Ban.”



THE PALACE OF THE BAN, AGRAM.
(Present day.)

CHAPTER XXXVI

CONCLUSION

“In necessariis unitas, in dubiis libertas, in omnibus charitas.”

ST AUGUSTINE.

THE life we have followed from birth to death was fifty-eight years: a far cry from the Napoleonic wars to another Austrian defeat—the campaign in Italy of 1859,—and yet a very little way in the eye of history.

And now, a half-century later, in our own day, the old problems confront us, altered by circumstances, the same in fundamentals. Austria must still be invented if she did not exist; still she is threatened from within and from without, and still her greatest strength lies in her Slav people. The conditions have changed: Germany and Italy are new names on the map and new political factors; but restless, fruitful, overbearing, gallant Hungary is still the Ireland of mid-Europe, and the fighting force of the Empire is still drawn from the Slav provinces.

In Vienna, last year, I was watching, with some hundred idle, show-loving folk, the daily ceremony of guard-changing in the courtyard of the Burg, where any citizen may stroll under his Emperor's windows and greet the ruler who is so dear to his people's hearts.

A detachment of a Line regiment was drawn up before the guard-house by the gate to be marched off, when, from the other side of the square, came a sharp yell, a wild cry followed by the ordered clatter of armed men. I cannot explain what strange feeling of the greatness of Empire, the meeting of races, and the permanence and change of things, came over me at the sight of the approaching guard of Bosnians, swinging out to take their turn before the gates of the Palace. One of the lads whose letters in 1848 I had just read hoped to see his Sereshans guard the Burg, and here were not the Sereshans, but their Bosnian brothers, against whom the Red-mantles had fought so often in the raiding days—the men whose fathers loved and feared Jellačić, served under him and attacked him, according to their lights.

Then the band struck up the old anthem, and we uncovered in honour of Kaiser Franz, who is still, as Schwartzenberg hailed him long ago, “an Emperor we can show to the soldiers.” It was all very ordinary to the Viennese; but to a foreigner, and to one who had been straying as a foreigner, unknowing and fresh-eyed, through the paths of Austrian history, the little ceremony was singularly striking. In England it is no strange thing for men of a different race to guard our King, and we never see it without a thrill of pride and a remembrance of the Imperial idea. An Austrian must share that pride, with an added sense of union. Slav and Magyar, Bosnian and Triestine, they should be equal under the same flag, and, in the heart of the Empire, the Kaiserstadt itself, the equality is recognised as a reality through the symbol of that splendid guard of red-fezèd Bosnians.

A week before I had seen a detachment of one of "our Croat regiments" march through the streets of Zagreb, and had looked at the level lines of sturdy men, with my thoughts away back in 1848, and the weary plains of Hungary and sun-smitten vineyards of Italy.

The spirit lives. No son of the house of Jellačić survives to carry on that glorious name and the idealism of those high souls; but the nation which produced such men as the Ban and his brother, Count Georg, will find heroes to her need, and their example of absolute loyalty and patriotism is a great inheritance for young Croatia.

Surely, some day an Austrian statesman will arise who will see the possibilities of the Slav future and use that magnificent prospect for the good of the whole Empire. Eastward, to the dawn, lies the hope for the future, where a down-trodden race is slowly developing itself, where men are still strong and primitive, a fighting folk and a simple people, with the full possibilities of state-craft, art, and commerce still far before them.

Austria has her chance to consolidate her great inheritance, and she has difficulties to cope with on that "wet and windy road" to true Imperialism, which need the best and most honest statesmanship in the world to overcome. It has been proved that the most effective weapon of Western against Eastern diplomacy is perfect truthfulness, and that the Eastern mind is most easily ruled by the man who follows the straight road unfalteringly. The policy of Metternich was, above all things, hidden, tortuous, and Eastern in its methods, and the tradition dies hard in the Ballplatz. If indeed, "on crossing the Leitha the Orient begins," there is all the more

reason for scrupulous integrity in the governors of Hungary and the Slav provinces. That, at present, injustice, abuses, and all the underhand dealings which lead to political corruption abound, I fear we cannot doubt, and the result is apparent in the mere surface-matters which come before a stranger's view.

One of the saddest sights I have ever seen was outside the Emigration Office at Zagreb on a summer afternoon. There were some thirty or forty young men crowding in to take their passages for America—great, fine lads in their beautiful native dress, with their vague blue eyes full of anxiety and already the bewilderment of foreign things and ways overshadowing them. That all this strength and vigour should go out of the country to swell the ranks outside a Pittsburg factory door, or to hurl sods from a railway-cutting in Nebraska, seemed to me the most pitiable waste of good material I had ever encountered. And the ripe maize was standing waiting to be cut in the Turopolje, and the trees of the illimitable Frontier woods crashed down in a thunder-storm, and lay rotting where they fell, with none to use the timber for fire or building, while the men who should have been wielding sickle and axe pushed into a squalid office and looked with utterly uncomprehending eyes at the garish pictures of life in that New World of which they hoped so much. Why does Croatia let them go? Why can one drive for a day along the old Frontier and see not ten houses or twenty cultivated acres in all that wide expanse? Why do the forest-trees crumble where they lie and waste the timber, which other countries are preserving as their most valuable possession? Hungarian horses are the best in the world: why cannot the land across the Drave have great studs



STATUE OF BAN JELAČIĆ, IN JELAČIĆ PLATZ, AGRAM.

and herds of fine yearlings? The little cattle, small as those of Kerry, flourish in the hills; but where are the huge bullocks of Tipperary in those lush meadows by the Save?

For my own pleasure, I would leave Croatia untouched: a lovely, wild, poor country, still primitive and strange, a Cinderella, beautiful in her rags; but for the sake of her people—those boys who were crowding to the Emigration Office—I must hope that better days are coming.

Mr Seton Watson has put the economical and political questions of the Slav people before the world in his closely reasoned and authoritative books, and we can only trust that the rulers of the Austrian Empire will see the points that seem so plain. It is no finished, decadent country, this of the Southern Slavs; there is all the future in which to grow to fulfilment, and we may hope to see the full day succeed at last to that dawn which Gaj and Jellačić welcomed.

I have tried to sketch round the central figure of the greatest Ban Croatia has ever seen, a picture of the times of our grandfathers. I have had to draw from other nations' histories, and I have used anecdotes and descriptions which are already well known; but, through it all, Croatia is the setting, and it is in her honour, through her great son, that this inadequate memoir has been compiled.

May her future be all that Jellačić wished it, all that he dreamed and longed and gave his life for—the realisation at once of the national and imperial idea!

The motto at the head of this chapter has been used already by Ostrovinski in 1848, above a suggestion of a constitution for Croatia. No such

constitution has ever been granted ; and the way to unity, liberty, and charity is still blocked by race-hatred, bureaucracy, and self-interest. Times are changing, even as I write this, and the eyes of Europe must soon be opened to the needs of a nation that is destined to play a great part in history. If in England we could realise more clearly Austria's position, and give more sympathy to her people's aims and desires, much alteration of the social and political situation might be effected. We adore Italy and write much nonsense and a few real appreciations of her people ; we have a cult for France and a deep interest in Germany ; yet some of us can still say : "Where is Croatia ?" and many have but small comprehension of the extent and characteristics of the Austrian Empire. It is part of our insular pride that "the Continent" means little to us, and this modern talk of the superiority of foreign ways and of our common humanity is a sign, perhaps, of our decadence. But better judgment comes from fuller knowledge, and the spirit of the time demands that we should know, and learn from history and novels, if not from personal travel, what manner of men there are "over the mountains."

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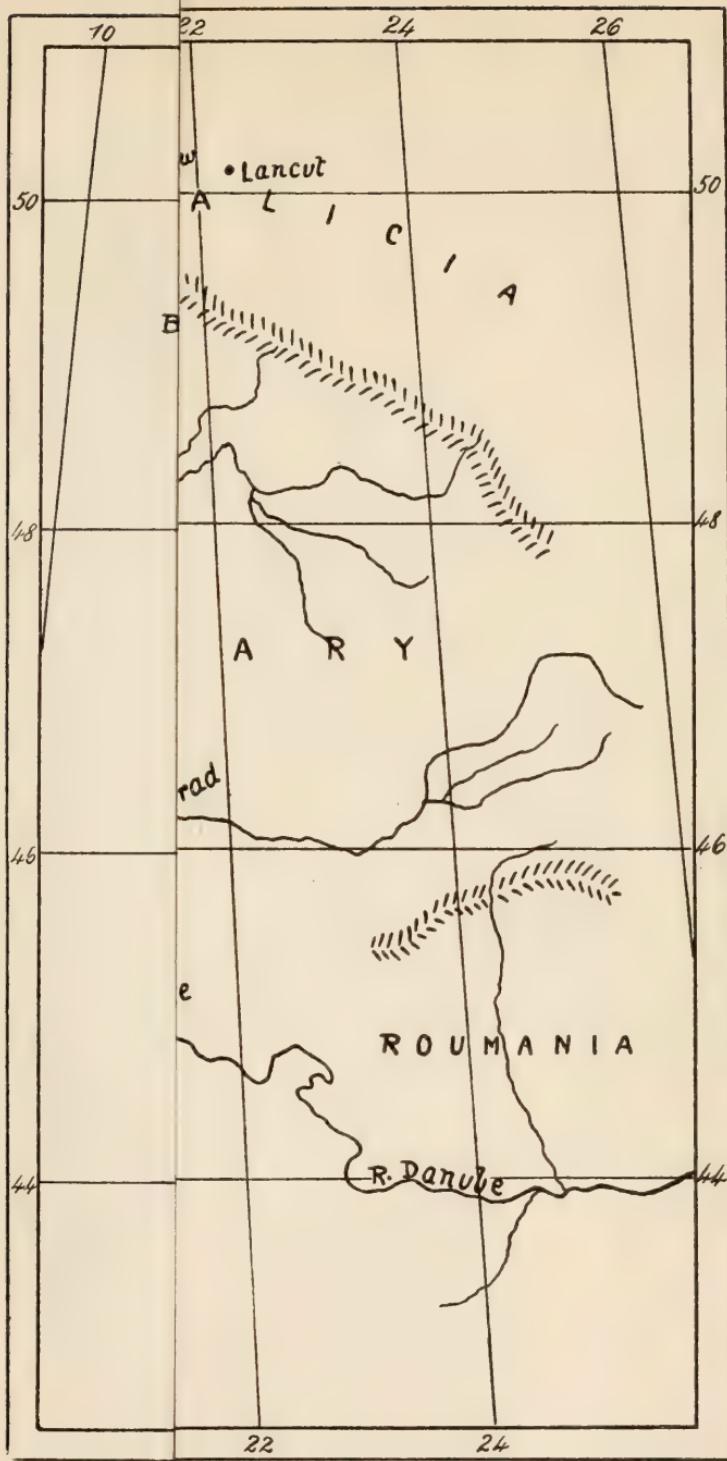
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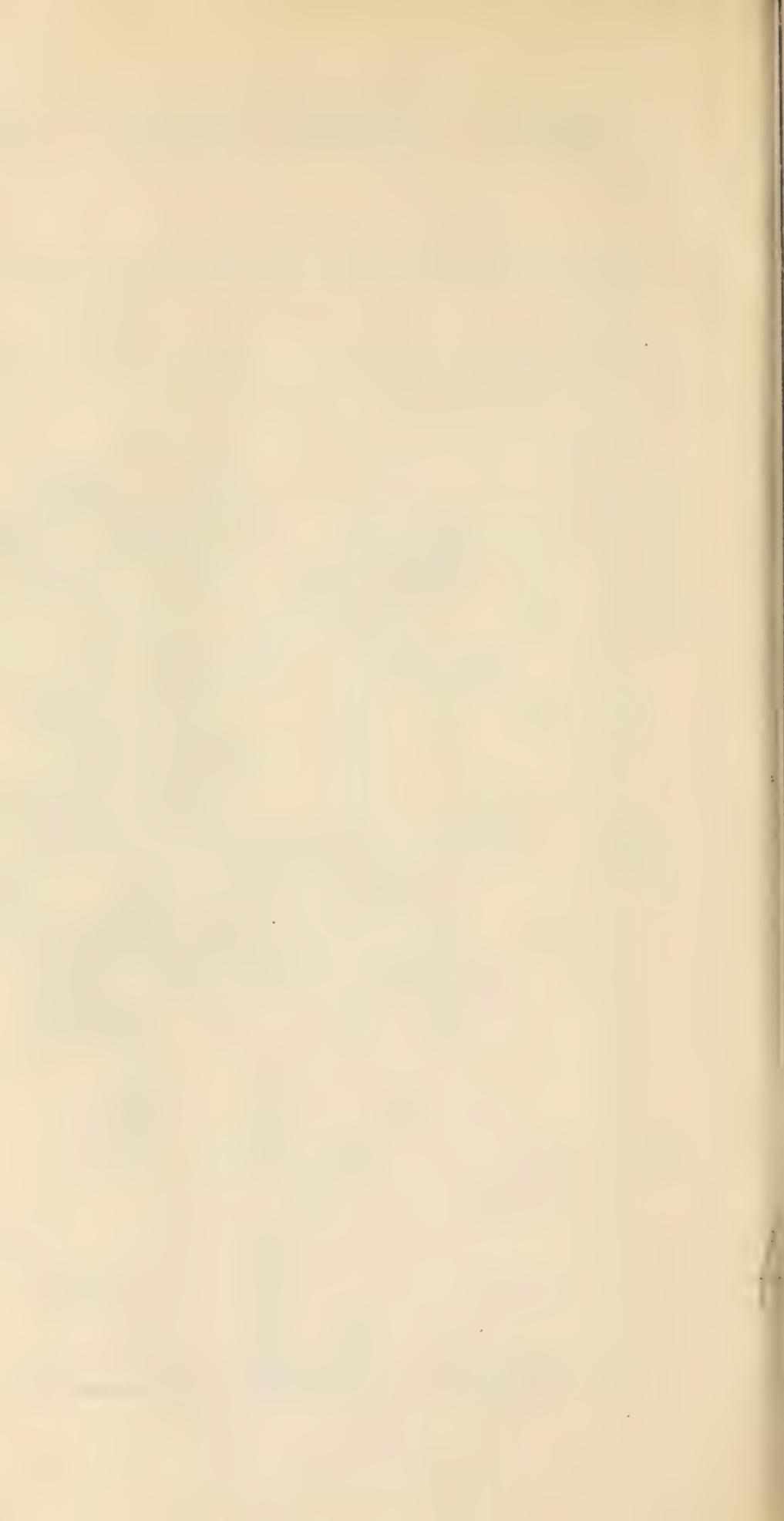
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